The Story Of Albion

By
ESTHER HEYES

Printed by The Bolton Enterprise
Bolton, Ontario, Canada
1961
Second Printing, 1968

Copyrighted

Preface

In these days when local history is receiving more recognition than it has ever been given before, when small museums are springing up all over the country and new historical societies are being formed where there was little previous interest, we are glad to know that Albion Township is not to be left behind. Here we have the history of the township, written by Esther Heyes, who is well qualified for such research and writing by her previous newspaper experience, and published by Werden Leavens of The Bolton Enterprise, well-known for his interest in historical projects.

Study of history shows that geographical characteristics usually influence the development of a district. So it was with Albion. The township lay outside the land included in the Toronto Purchase from the Indians in 1787-8. Being immediately to the west of the Toronto Purchase, it still belonged to the Mississauga Indians until 1818. The boundary between the two was known as the Indian line, and this name is still used. In certain places its exact location still poses a problem to land surveyors. While the first survey of King Township in York County was made in 1800, Albion was not surveyed until 1818-19. Thus, being Indian land and unsurveyed, Albion did not receive the influx of settlers from the United States which was experienced by the townships of York County. There is record of only one United Empire Loyalist family coming in those early days to Albion.

Esther Heyes has shown that Albion Township was settled mostly by newcomers from the British Isles, who have surely left their stamp upon the land. The English with their interest in horticulture have contributed to the fine appearance of Albion's homes. The Irish with their widely-famed imaginative qualities have added colour to the

township story. The good business sense of our residents may perhaps be attributed to the Scottish strain in our population! Many of our place-names are derived from those of the British Isles, too, including that of Albion itself.

The Humber River played an important role in Albion's history. Having a rapid fall from the small stream in the northwest corner until it leaves the township, it provides numerous mill-sites. Industry began in Albion in 1820 when James and George Bolton built the first flour mill on the Humber north of Weston. This encouraged settlement in the township since the farmers no longer had to travel so far to have their grain ground. As settlement continued, more mills were built, until in 1846, according to Smith's Gazeteer, there were four grist mills and two saw-mills in Albion.

Such histories as this one are possible only if records of the past are available. Esther Heyes has collected information from the Registry Office, from land papers and from official records in the Department of Archives, Queen's Park. However, she has also made use of private letters, diaries and account books, as well as the personal recollections of our older citizens. This should impress upon us the importance of preserving all papers of historic interest. The story of the Alexander Wood letter-books illustrates this point. These were four books of which Alexander Wood, a merchant in York (Toronto) had kept copies of his business correspondence from 1801 ot 1829. For many years the books were in the possession of the Warbrick family of Bolton. Finally three of them were purchased by William Perkins Bull, and passed through the hands of several dealers before arriving in Montreal, where they were purchased by the Reference Division of the Toronto Public Libraries. The fourth book was found in the home of the late Firth Jaffary, whose mother was a Warbrick. It, too, was turned over to the Toronto library, where Alexander Wood's letters are now a valuable source of information about business life in early York. They were miraculously preserved, but we cannot tell how much more has been lost.

Albion Township now has a written history and a local museum. We are indeed fortunate that the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority has restored the log house in the Albion Hills conservation

area. We can all help by making available suitable furniture and other articles belonging to the early days of our township. The house provides a display of pioneer furnishings in an authentic building where pioneer crafts are demonstrated. Albion Township is the first in Peel County to have such a museum.

It is the responsibility of our generation to pass on to succeeding generations a knowledge and appreciation of how we came to be where we are. We must all be on our guard to see that nothing perishes that should be preserved. Even today some resident may be burning the diaries or account books of a pioneer ancestor. We have no time to lose.

A. DAVID McFALL.

Author's Foreward

It was John Mitchell, author of "Yellow Briar," who said, "To explain the present one must understand the past that created it. A knowledge of pioneer conditions provides a sound foundation for the study of Canadian history. Yet in our midst a generation is growing up in ignorance of the life and times of their own immediate ancestors. The landmarks of the pioneers are passing from view. The world in which they lived is strange to many of us. The pictures we have of them are becoming indistinct with age. It might prove helpful to take some of them down and endeavour to freshen them up. 'Think of the past', wrote Walt Whitman, the poet. 'I warn you, in a little while others will find their past in you and in your time'."

This book, humble as it is, could not have been written except for the generously-offered co-operation of many people, and the information gleaned from numerous books written, with much greater skill, along similar lines. To these people, and to the authors of these books, we say a grateful "Thank you."—David McFall and his wife, Jean; A. Cameron McNaughton, a descendant of early settler Donald Cameron, who was instrumental in securing for this author permission to use a copyrighted manuscript; Dr. George W. Spragge, of Ontario Archives, Postmaster General's Office, Ottawa; Kenneth Higgs and other officers of Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority; Werden Leavens of The Bolton Enterprise; Reverend John B. O'Reilly, for his history of St. John's Parish, Albion; Mrs. A. G. L. Neelands and Mrs. Henry Wilson; Mr. James Harper; Imperial Oil, Limited, for prints from artist C. W. Jefferys' original drawings; Miss Kerfoot of the Ontario Legislative Library; the Toronto Reference Library; the University of Toronto Library; Humber Valley Conservation Authority Report of 1948; James H. Bolton's History of Bolton; Edwin C. Guillet's "Early Life in Upper Canada"; The Perkins Bull Historical Series; K. M. Lizar's "Valley of the Humber"; Mrs. R. P. Hopper's "Old Time Primitive Methodism in Canada"; Allan Read's "Unto The Hills" and others.

CHAPTERS

1. Albion's First Landed Gentry.
2. Earliest Palefaces in Albion.
3. Journey by Sea and Land.
4. The Intrepid Ones.
5. A Sweet and Sticky Story.
6. More Intrepid Ones.
7. Bees.
8. Eight Tall Silk Hats
9. Mills and Millers.
10. Old Cowskin Trunk.
11. Whisky.
12. Leading to Rebellion.
13. Rebellion of 1837.
14. Aftermath of Rebellion.
15. Municipal.
16. Fish.
17. On the Fringes of Albion.
18. Postal.
19. The Bagwell Letters.
20. Trees.
21. Schools.
22. From Caledon to Vaughan.
23. Agriculture.
24. Churches.
    - Roman Catholics in Albion.
    - Church of England.
    - St. James' Anglican Church, Caledon East
    - Presbyterian.
    - Early Methodists in Albion.
    - Congregational.
25. Villages.
    - Bolton.
    - Bolton's First Municipal Clerk.
    - Early Bolton Doctor - William Henry Dalton L.C.P.S.
    - Caledon East.
    - Palgrave.
    - Mono Mills.
    - Sleswick.
    - Mono Road.
    - Macville.
    - Sand Hill.
    - Centreville and Lockton.
    - Tormore
26. Log Houses.

The Story of Albion

CHAPTER 1

ALBION'S FIRST LANDED GENTRY

For some years now, erstwhile Toronto dwellers have been following a thirty-mile northerly trail beaten deep more than a century ago by first settlers in Albion. Weary of a bumper-to-bumper existence on urban streets they have turned their backs on the city, and are establishing homes on the ridges and in the valleys of one of Ontario's loveliest townships. While they look out from wide windows over acres of peace and perfection, the eyes of their minds bore into history to bring into focus a different picture. As late as the turn of the nineteenth century tomahawk-wielding, war-dancing, pow-wowing savages possessed their land. The only homes in Albion were Indian wigwams.

The first white settlers to find their way into the township were fortunate in that the Mississauga Indian was on the whole a co-operative fellow. He was bewildered by the intrusion of pale-faces on land which had belonged to the redskin almost since time began. He was resentful, but usually he could be won over with a show of friendliness, and gifts of a few cheap baubles if they sparkled sufficiently. But there were times when savagery boiled over, and the Mississauga gathered up his bow and arrow, knobbed wooden club, scalping knife and round shield covered with moosehide, and war-whooped off to do battle against the white man. Take that time in 1757 when 90 Mississauga Indians put their feathered heads together to plot a foray on the stockaded French fur-trading post near the mouth of the Humber. They wanted the kegs of brandy stored there, which at first they called "milk" because fire-water was unknown to the Indians before the white man came along. A pair of swivel guns from the little fort near the river sent the Indians scurrying back

to their wigwams without the brandy, and without the scalps which would entitle them to take part in a victory dance, and wear proud eagle feathers in their hair.

The Mississauga Indian himself was something of a newcomer to what is now Albion. In the early eighteenth century most members of the tribe abandoned old haunts on Lake Huron to join their allies, the Oneidas, farther south. Fur trading between the French and the Indians had taken on big business proportions, and the Mississaugas wanted to get closer to the pleasant picture. Striking eastward to Lake Simcoe, they made their way down the Holland River to a point where its waters would no longer accommodate their canoes. Portaging west to the first trickle of the Humber, and down the river valley to Lake Ontario, they followed a trail known to the Indians from the earliest days. It was then Mississauga wigwams sprang up in Albion.

The swift rhythmic tread of moccasined feet had worn a path a full foot deep into Albion soil before the year 1615 when the first white foot added its imprint. It was that of Etienne Brule, the young French adventurer turned half-Indian. On a friendly exchange basis Samuel de Champlain, the first French Governor of Canada, had sent his protege to live the life of an Indian for a year in the family of a great Algonquin Chief. At the same time, a young Algonquin brave had been welcomed into Champlain's headquarters, and it was agreed that other such exchanges would follow. Champlain and the Algonquin Chief hoped in this way to achieve a closer understanding between the white man and the Indian. History records that Brule accepted Champlain's challenge, "with alacrity." He employed his time well in the Algonquin Chief's home, learning the language, gaining first hand knowledge of Indian customs and practices, and perhaps most important of all to Champlain, spying out the land with an eye to its rich copper deposits. Etienne Brule returned to the "Father of France" well equipped to act as his mentor as well as his interpreter.

In September of 1615, the youthful Frenchman and 12 Huron Indians parted company with Champlain at Lake Simcoe. Turning south, the little group travelled "light

and with haste" along the Holland-Humber portage on the first lap of a journey to the Susquehanna River, traversing part of Albion en route. The French had been plotting with their Huron allies to wage war against the fiercely hostile Iroquois on the south side of Lake Ontario, and Champlain hoped through Brule to enlist the aid of the Oneidas along the Susquehanna. He had asked them for 500 warriors and Brule was to designate a time and place for the French and Indians to join forces. From the first, the battle with the Iroquois went badly for the French. The promised Oneida reinforcements failed to materialize, and the Huron allies got completely out of hand. Champlain was wounded, and his forces were routed.

In their relentless pursuit of beaver, the Iroquois had all but exterminated the valuable little animal in their hunting grounds south of Lake Ontario. Beaver was recognized as currency between the fur trader and the Indian. And also European gentlemen of fashion were demanding more and more tall beaver hats. It was imperative that the Iroquois push north to find lucrative hunting grounds. Along its whole length the Humber River Valley was particularly vulnerable to surprise attack, and the Iroquois were never happier than when they were waging war. Remembering their easy victory over the French and their Huron allies, they swept in and took over a wide area north of Lake Ontario, including what is now Albion. They all but destroyed the Huron tribe, and gained for themselves fine fresh hunting grounds and a seemingly endless supply of beaver. It was some time before an Indian of any other tribe, let alone a white man, dared to tread the Humber Trail. By 1665, however, a wholesome respect for French muskets had somewhat subdued the Iroquois and missionaries, explorers and fur traders once more threaded their way through the trees along the Humber River on the journey north to Lake Simcoe and the Huron Country.

Early French maps place the only Indian Village in the area—Taiaiagon—at a distance up from the mouth of the Humber which coincides roughly with the location of Baby Point. Over the years, quantities of Indian relics

have been dug up in this area, indicating a long and continuous occupation as an Indian Village. The Indians liked to locate their villages where they could see the enemy's war canoes approaching in time to ward off an attack, and Baby Point occupies high ground with a clear view of the river from three sides. For the Mississauga Indian coming down from the north and raising his wigwam in Albion, Taiaiagon was a centre of gaiety and excitement only a short canoe trip away.

In 1750, the French erected a small stockaded trading post nearby, which, incidentally, brought to the Humber River the first horses and the first white woman, the wife of the commandant. Early writers tell of double lines of Indians, male and female, queueing up between their village and the trading post to surrender heavy packages of furs. They received in exchange cheap colourful French fripperies with which they loved to bedeck themselves, and much French brandy. Father Louis Hennepin, a Recollet friar, recorded in 1698 that the whole village of Taiaiagon on the Humber was prostrate with drink for three days following a carnival celebration. True, French authorities did what they could to stem the flow of what the Indians themselves termed "devil's spittle". Summary justice at one time inflicted death on two men and a flogging on a third for selling liquor to the Indians and as far back as 1683 Bishop Laval excommunicated all traffickers. But laws and edicts were understandably almost impossible to enforce at such long range. British rule after 1760 only worsened the situation. English rum could be bartered to the Indians in twice the quantity since it cost just half as much as French brandy.

It was the simple gospel story brought to Taiaiagon by the early Methodist missionaries, and the influence of their own leader, one Peter Jones, which did most to bring the deeply debauched Mississaugas back to the stature of men. Peter was the son of English born Augustus Jones and his Indian wife. Named provincial land surveyor when Upper Canada came into being, Augustus Jones discovered for himself the Humber Trail in 1792, and his notes are penned on many early surveys along the Humber. His son, Peter, had been brought up by the Mississaugas.

Although he had been baptized into his father's faith, that of the Church of England, he was later converted to Methodism. In her book "The Valley of the Humber", K. M. Lizars quotes from Peter Jones' writings, which sum up only too truly the plight of the North American Indian when his land was usurped by the white man: "After the arrival of the big canoe with white wings carrying strange men white as snow and wise as gods, the red men gradually were pressed back; disease and the musket mowed them down, and fire-water came to gnaw their vitals and and spread contentions, disease and death. Where are the aborigines who thronged the shores of the lakes and rivers on which the white man has now reared his dwelling and amassed his wealth? What doleful tale do these bleaching bones tell which the husbandman has ploughed?"

One fine June day in the year 1825, John Strachan, who was to become the first Church of England Bishop in Upper Canada, and who was known among the common people of that day more for his arrogance and intolerance than for his Christian humility, arrived at the Humber with his wife and several gentlemen from York to distribute the customary annual bounties from the Crown to the assembled Indians. After the ceremonies their teacher, Peter Jones, gathered the children together so that the lady and gentlemen might hear them sing. Two Indian children read from the Bible and others from a school book. John Strachan said how gratified he was to see them all so changed for the better. He told the gathering of a plan to settle the Mississaugas on the Credit River where they might build themselves a village, and promised that the government would help them. After a prayer for "these poor natives of the woods", he and his party departed for York in his ponderous coach and four, with liveried coachman on the box. The Mississaugas did settle on the Credit, and in less than three years they built not only a village of Indian homes, but their own first church and school. They were encouraged and helped mightily by faithful, hardworking Methodist missionaries, while Church of England clergy ministering nearby did not trouble even to learn the language. They had long since given the Mississauga Indian up as a bad lot—someone be-

yond redemption.

In July 1828, Peter Jones was told to bring the chiefs and principal men to York to wait upon Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Lieutenant-Governor. On their arrival, an officer at the garrison delivered the Governor's message. The Indians must renounce Methodism and ally themselves with the Church of England or lose the Government's favor. The author of this book, who is proud to name herself a humble member of the great Anglican Church, hangs her head in shame at John Strachan's part in so monstrous an ultimatum.

At a later date, the Mississaugas retired to New Credit, a township in itself on the Grand River near Brantford, where they made a name for themselves by winning important agricultural awards in competition with white farmers. This diminishing tribe, whose ancestors dotted the Albion hills and valleys with their wigwams before the coming of the first white settler, has long been recognized as representing one of the most successful attempts of any American Indian group to assimilate the culture of the white people.

CHAPTER 2

EARLIEST PALE-FACES IN ALBION

After Etienne Brule, Albion played unwitting host to a succession of key figures in the early French and British regimes in Canada. Once they found their way up the St. Lawrence, missionaries, explorers and fur traders used the Indian path along the Humber more than any other to reach Georgian Bay and Lake Huron. They must have bivouacked many times in Albion's sheltered valleys.

There is some proof that the black-robed, cowled figures of Father Jean de Brebeuf, an early leader of the Jesuits in New France, and his companion, Father Chaumonot, made their way along the Humber River in 1640. From Ste. Marie, their mission station near what is now the town of Midland on Georgian Bay, they travelled south as far as Queenston, visiting nineteen Indian villages on the way, including those in the vicinity of Orangeville and

Beeton. Their attempt to found a Jesuit mission, which would serve these villages, met everywhere with upraised tomahawks, and Brebeuf returned to Ste. Marie to face unspeakable torture and final martyrdom at the hands of the most cruel of all Indian tribes, the Iroquois.

In 1674 Robert Cavalier de la Salle, the French explorer second only in importance to Champlain, established himself and his flotilla of small sailing ships on Lake Ontario. In his day, the Humber River was several times wider and deeper than it is now, and there were times when the little vessels found safe haven against wind and storm at the Indian Village of Taiaiagon, some distance up from the mouth of the river. Father Hennepin, who often accompanied La Salle on his exploring expeditions, was terse in the record he made of the Taiaiagon Indian's first encounter with white men in sailing ships. He wrote, "They could not sufficiently admire us."

La Salle, the great pathfinder in the New World, likened himself to St. Paul in that they shared a common experience of "perils often", but one wonders if even St. Paul's "perils often" would not pale before those suffered by La Salle. Shipwrecks, near-starvation, escape from poison prepared for him by his enemies, desertion and robbery, and the ever-present threat of Indian tomahawks were his every-day lot. But in 1677 we find him in his seigneury on Lake Ontario serenely raising poultry, horned cattle, wheat, pulse and pot herbs!

La Salle learned to know the Humber River well from treading his own tortuous way along its banks. While he conceded it to be "the shortest way" to Lake Huron, he employed lurid French words in his reports to tell of its discomforts and dangers. And the renowned explorer exaggerated more than a little when he wrote: "On this trail, all baggage must be carried over the crest of VERY HIGH MOUNTAINS." The ridges between Albion and the Township of King are high, but not that high! On one occasion it took La Salle and his party fifteen days to complete the portage from the mouth of the Humber to Lake Simcoe. No wonder! The backs of thirty men were weighed down with vast stores for Michilimackinac, the Frenchman's chief rendezvous with fur trading Indian

tribes, on the strait which joins Lake Huron and Lake Michigan.

Albion seems to have played host to her first British guests in 1687, but unfortunately for them their journey over the Humber Trail proved to be very much a one-way trip. Along with some Dutch allies, a party of English adventurers set out from Albany, New York, to seize the fabulous Michilimackinac, from which point fleets of from one to two hundred canoes at a time transported south their rich cargoes of furs. They had been told that the Indian tribes around Michilimackinac would support them in an attempt to oust the French. The Indians, however, must have had a change of heart, because the British and Dutch marauders to a man were promptly taken prisoner by the French, and they never did get back on the Humber Trail.

In time, La Salle's interest strayed from the Humber Trail to far-away, still unexplored territories. A visit to the Court at Versailles resulted in King Louis XIV granting a royal patent authorizing him to explore the whole continent south from the Great Lakes to Mexico, with the right to build forts therein, and to enjoy a monopoly of the trade in buffalo skins. For well over half a century, the Humber River and Albion were left to warring Indians and those French daredevils of the forests, the colorful and irrepressible coureurs de bois. Frenchmen have always loved danger and excitement, and every ship arriving in New France had its large quota of young men who, after making their way up the St. Lawrence, promptly and illegally fanned out into wilderness where they entered on a way of life which made the habitant's farm seem, by comparison, unbearably dull. They lived with the Indians, and given time, they outsavaged the savages themselves. Reaping too rich a harvest of furs without the formality of a license, they tampered with Government economy, and so worrisome did the problem become, edict after edict was aimed at them, each of greater severity than the last, and each as difficult to enforce. The law said that no white man could legally remain in the woods for more than twenty-four hours without a license. For the first offence he was whipped; the second was punishable by life in the

galleys, and for the third the sentence was death. But many, many miles of wilderness separated the coureur de bois from the law, and he continued on his merry, illegal way. In 1679, a fresh edict with a note of desperation forbade "bachelors" from hunting, fishing or trading. Finally the authorities gave up, and offered amnesty to the offender if he would return to the colony. While the coureurs de bois were in deep disfavor in peace time, when skirmishes with the Indians loomed up, the Government eagerly enlisted their aid. Their skill in woodcraft and their knowledge of the ways of the redskins often spelled the difference between victory and defeat for the French.

In 1759, when New France was about to fall to the British, the little palisaded French fort and trading post near the Humber was set on fire, and instead of five fortified buildings, the conquerors found five heaps of ashes. But such destruction did not lessen the importance of the Old Humber Trail. That the British from the outset were mindful of its value to fur traders is borne out by the fact that a group of Englishmen offered the new regime a thousand pounds—a fortune in those days—for one year's monopoly on peltries coming down the river.

Hustled unceremoniously over the Trail by his sixteen Indian captors one very hot summer day in 1764, Alexander Henry, a Scotsman, later wrote a colorful account of that journey down the Humber. In his search for adventure—and furs—young Henry had fallen into the clutches of some Indians around Michilimackinac, who disliked the British, and were not willing to concede, even at that late date, that the French had been defeated. They agreed, however, to escort him to Niagara, to be dealt with by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The heat was blistering, and the woods and swamps were alive with mosquitos. To add to Henry's misery, the Indians had packed his back with a burden of one hundred pounds or more. Over the whole length of the Humber-Holland portage the redskins kept up their customary quick steady pace, almost a lope "and" wrote Henry, "I loped too because I could not see myself being left behind."

At one point, the Indians stopped to make two elm bark canoes in which the party of seventeen crossed Lake

Ontario to Niagara. Cutting down a swamp elm tree, they stripped the bark in one entire sheet about eighteen feet long. The ends were sewn with roots of tamarack or cedar, split into thongs and soaked in water for added strength and suppleness. Two thwarts were fastened across the upper edge to keep the bark expanded. Cedar or pine gum mixed with pitch or resin prevented seams from leaking. As an extra precaution, a grinning young brave was separated from his chewing gum, and the wad was pressed into the end seams with a hot coal. So simple and swift was the manufacture of elm bark canoes, they were often discarded after a single expedition. It was easier to make new ones than to carry them over long portages.

A man with a healthy curiosity to see and know every part of the territory he controlled was John Graves Simcoe, named first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada in 1791. It is not surprising that we find him exploring the Humber Trail less than two years after his appointment. The surprising thing is that his charming and gifted wife was not exploring with him. She shared his spontaneous interest in everyone and everything, and was his companion on most expeditions. It was she who drew maps, made sketches, and kept a diary of exciting happenings which today lights up many otherwise drab spots in the history of that period.

Governor Simcoe's expedition up the entire Humber-Holland Trail was undertaken to study the advisability of making a canal route to Lake Simcoe, and what a different picture Albion would present today if that plan had been carried out. Accompanying His Excellency were four military officers, a dozen soldiers and some Indians, along with their canoes and packhorses. A diary kept by one of the officers, while not the sparkling literary gem Mrs. Simcoe would have produced, nevertheless tells the story: "Dined upon a small river which empties itself into the Humber, and to make the loads lighter took the bones out of the pork. After dinner reloaded our packhorses and pursued our way. Began to rain and we encamped on the Humber. Got some wild grapes and a quantity of craw fish. The trees uncommonly large and tall, especially the

pine; chiefly wooded with maple, bass, beech, pine and cedar. Passed several encampments of Indian traders. Shortly after leaving our fires went through a ridge of very fine pine and a deep ravine. Excellent land, black rich mould; timber maple, beech, black birch and bass. Three rangers erect a stage near the river to put the pork on. Cut trees to make a bridge over a bad pass in the swamp. Dragged canoes through quagmire with skin on surface very thin. Mississaugas came to visit their Great Father, the Governor, to whom they presented a pair of ducks, some beaver meat and a beaver's tail. His Excellency gave them some rum and tobacco. Borrowed a canoe from an Indian encamped with his two sons. Gave the father some powder and shot, and the boys a few yards of ribbon each. A kettle full of Indian corn and a few ducks for supper. Absent twenty-seven days. Short rations and illness caused delay."

The Governor was far from being enamored with the Humber-Holland portage, perhaps because there were times when he had to wade waist deep in liquid mud. Coming back, the expedition divided up and the Governor's party set out for York down what is now Yonge Street. No sooner had they started, than an Indian decamped with the major part of the provisions, leaving the travellers to face a five days' march to York with only two days' rations. "When they had supplies for only one day the Indian guides lost their way. The Governor had a compass, and just at dusk they came on a surveyor's line. The next morning Lake Ontario hove into view. "A delightful sight," wrote the Governor, "at a time when we were in danger of starving." Three years later Yonge Street was opened from York to Lake Simcoe, and the old Indian path up the Humber and across to the Holland River faded into history.

The Indians called the River "Tau-a-hon-ate." Later it was named St. John's Creek for the first white settler on its banks, St. Jean Baptiste Rousseau, known to everyone as St. John. When Governor Simcoe came along, with his liking for English names rather than Indian, he called it "Humber." Surely the very first Albion settlers, who were predominately English, would feel less homesick com-

ing into a township bearing the romantic name for England, and with a river winding through its breadth and length named "Humber" for one of the largest and most important rivers in England.

CHAPTER 3

JOURNEY BY SEA AND LAND

On a fine April day in the year 1821, a newfangled steamboat, her decks black with people, bustled importantly across Glasgow Harbour. Her destination was the sailing vessel "David of London", riding at anchor at the entrance to the harbour, ready for the long voyage from Scotland to Canada. Laughing and shouting in the sun, unmindful of the crowding and the din, newly married couples, parents with broods of lively children, footloose lads and a few lassies, men and women in their prime, yes and old folks, too, clambered aboard the sailing vessel, all eager to reach that transatlantic paradise so glibly and so falsely portrayed by immigration agents throughout the British Isles.

Among the four hundred passengers on the "David of London" was one John MacDonald from Glasgow. A small volume written by this young Scot, and published in Canada in 1823, tells in homely words the story of his two months' voyage across the Atlantic and still longer journey overland to the wilds of Upper Canada. Although penned by John MacDonald, it is in essence, the story of scores of first settlers in Albion, be they English, Irish or Scots, whose descendants, sometimes to the sixth generation, are still resident in the township, and proud to call Albion home—Evans, Downey, Goodfellow, Horan, Thomas, Patterson, Newlove, Robinson, Killeen, Finnerty, Doherty, Kelly, Wallace, Verner, McCabe, Smith, Sullivan, Logan, to name just a few.

John MacDonald begins his story by chiding the British Government for deceiving him and his "unhappy, unthinking and deluded countrymen". Immigration agents painted Canada as a land all sweetness and light, when, in truth, the hardships and privations the early settlers had

to face were such that only the stoutest hearts and strongest backs could endure. Inscriptions on tombstones in the first graveyards in Albion tell the significant story of too many young husbands, and a still greater number of young wives and mothers of little children who survived only a few years of the rugged life of an Upper Canada pioneer. Economic and social conditions in the British Isles had dropped to such a low level by 1820, the Government was forced to subsidize, in part, a plan for large scale migration to the colonies. The Napoleonic wars were over, and disbanded British regiments were vainly seeking civilian employment. Machinery was fast taking the place of manual labour, and year-after-year crop failures added their quota of misery. The wicked Corn Laws, passed by rich landowners in Parliament to maintain high prices and keep their own money-bags bulging, prevented cheap grain from being imported into Britain to ease the bellies of the starving poor. Hunger forced little children to work long hours in factories in return for a penny or two, and men were hanged for stealing a sheep to feed their starving families. Ireland was worst off. Her average life span fell to a pitiful nineteen years because so many babies and small children died and only one adult out of five lived beyond the age of forty. No wonder the first half of the nineteenth century saw the exodus of over eight million people from the United Kingdom. They crossed the seas in a procession of overcrowded sailing vessels, some condemned by Lloyds of London as being too old and too poorly equipped to carry insured cargoes. The safety of human cargoes was a matter of lesser importance.

That human cargoes in the care of unscrupulous ships' masters were, in truth, of lesser importance than consignments of gold in the days of sailing vessels is borne in the harrowing story told to her children and grandchildren by Frances Cromer, the wife of Edward Wallace, one of Albion's earliest settlers. Frances' parents and their four children were nearing Canada on a vessel carrying in its hold a cargo of extraordinary value. The captain, in league with pirates who planned to seize the cargo before the ship docked, kept the vessel well out to sea while awaiting their arrival. Something went amiss with the

plans, and the Captain's confederates failed to put in an appearance. Food and water for the passengers were long since exhausted, and the frightened captain dared not dock his ship. Coastal authorities were finally alerted, and took the vessel in tow, but not before many passengers had died from starvation and thirst.

To get back to John MacDonald's story of the voyage of the "David of London", not far out from the calm of Glasgow Harbour, the vessel headed into its first inferno of storm. For nine days gales whose ferocity seemed to employ all the winds of hell whipped the waves mountain high, and pounded with stubborn fury at the vessel tossing like a bit of flotsam on the sea. For safety's sake the four hundred terrified passengers were herded into the hold and the hatches were battened down. They were cold and hungry and crowded beyond belief, but they were spared the drenching waves and battering winds. Their tickets promised "fires and suitable hearths for cooking" throughout the voyage, but the heaving of the ship tumbled boiling pots into the hearths, and fires were put out. With no means of cooking, victuals for most of the trip were little more than meal mixed with molasses.

As late as the middle of the nineteenth century, passenger contract tickets for the voyage by sailing vessel from the British Isles to Canada offered only a bare subsistence even to second class passengers who paid thirteen pounds ten shillings in fare. A tattered old ticket, sold to a passenger on the Ship Brilliant sailing from Glasgow to Quebec on April 21st, 1845, is enlightening. It ensures the second class passenger "not less than ten cubic feet in the hold for his settler's effects"—a cupboard five feet high, two feet wide and one foot deep in which to store all one's prize possessions! The ticket holder "will be supplied with water daily at the rate of three quarts for all purposes, washing, cooking, drinking." He will "receive provisions after the rate of seven pounds per week of bread, biscuit, flour, oatmeal or rice, one half of the supply to consist of bread or biscuit. "Potaotes may be employed at the option of the ship's master in place of the remaining half of the supply, five pounds of potatoes being computed as equal to one pound of the articles enumerated." All

this would seem to add up to a maximum daily victualling scale of one half pound of bread and biscuit, and two and one half pounds of potatoes as an alternative to one half pound of flour, oatmeal or rice. And nothing else.

Passengers, if they had the money, brought along on the voyage their own small luxuries such as molasses to sweeten the rations of dry meal when cooking fires could not be maintained. On a shelf in the home of Victor and Ann Speers on the Sixth Line between Caledon and Albion Townships, stands a small battered tea caddy. It held all the tea consumed by Victor's great grandparents, Thomas and Ann Speers, and their family of twelve, during a six weeks' voyage from Ireland to Canada in 1828. When these hardy folk trudged from York to the land their great grandson still farms, they carried on their backs such proud family treasures as the grandfather's clock which, after far more than a century, is still raising its voice in the old homestead. And somehow they made room for the homely little tea caddy with a story.

As the David of London neared Quebec, the sailors set about making the vessel ship-shape for dock inspection by tossing overboard bedding and clothing which, although not much more than tattered fragments after six hard weeks at sea, would be sorely needed against cold outdoor sleeping during the long trek ahead. All the passengers, well or sick—and there were many sick—were ordered on deck so that the strong wind might rid their bodies of the foul smell of the hold before doctors came on board to look at tongues and single out the unfortunate destined for quarantine. The doctors pronounced "No contagious fever on the "David of London," and the ship's master lost no time recording in the log book the words "A good passage", a bit of fiction which would provide the ship's owners with pleasant reading.

On this voyage at least the David of London escaped the fate of other sailing vessels arriving in Canada from the British Isles with passenger lists depleted more than half by cholera. Bernard Kelly from Dublin, who became one of Albion's earliest school masters, and whose descendants are still on the old Kelly homestead, landed in quarantine at Miramichi Island, one of only thirty survivors

from a plague-ridden ship. The bodies of more than two hundred of his own countrymen had been committed to the sea.

At the entrance to Quebec Harbour a last sorry scene rang down the curtain on the first act of the drama, "Journey by Sea and Land". While transferring passengers and their effects to a pilot steamboat standing by, sailors were ordered by the ship's master to search for rum, which regulations said must be dumped into the sea before docking. Not all the confiscated liquor found its way to Davey Jones' Locker, however. Sailor fought tipsy sailor for the coveted loot, and angry passengers protested with blows and curses when the bottles were wrestled from them and the contents guzzled before their eyes by the ship's crew.

Rain fell in torrents all night on the crowded decks of the pilot steamer as it waited for daylight before moving across the harbour. Beds swam in water, and bread saved to make supper and breakfast was a mass of soggy dough. At dawn wagons lined up on the dock at Quebec, and while the men trudged alongside, women and children and the towering luggage jolted over rough corduroy roads on the first lap of the long overland journey to new, strange homes in the Canadian wilderness. At Lachine three hundred and sixty persons and their settlers' effects were packed into fifteen bateaux, some thirty people, counting crew, to a boat thirty-five feet long, five to eight feet wide, and four feet deep. A hoisted sail lent some speed when the wind was right, but for the most part a good natured French Canadian crew manned the oars, singing as they rowed. So heavy was the going, and so frequently did the oarsmen stop for a rest and a smoke, the French Canadian idiom for 'three quarters of a mile" became "une pipe" on the river.

When unnavigable rapids loomed up, cargoes were loaded into wagons and oxen hired to pull the boats through. Steep banks sometimes made such towing impossible, and emptied boats were dragged over rocks on hastily constructed skidways of small rolling logs. In shallower water, the heavily weighted craft often grounded on the bottom, and there was nothing for it but for all on board to jump into the water to their middles to float it

free. Even women with small children in their arms waded deep to lighten the load. Sometimes men, women and children spent whole days in the water and the mire, and there were few dry clothes into which to change. In blistering heat the none-too-pure river water quenched their thirst, but it also brought on an epidemic of fever among the passengers. Family groups were forced to remain behind to fare as best they could alone, when one of their number was too ill to go on.

At nightfall posts were driven into the ground beside the river, and wrapped around with branches. To Old Country people accustomed to the gentler rains of the British Isles such protection offered small comfort against Canadian storms so torrential as to plough up the ground around their beds. When shelter was sought in the farms along the river more often than not the seekers were driven out of the barns and outbuildings with brandished pitchforks or even loaded shotguns. Few could blame the farmers. Their hospitality, warm at first, had cooled to freezing after unscrupulous immigrants' depredations had run the gamut all the way from making off with farm tools and small implements and anything else they could carry away, to leaving cooking fires to destroy barns and live stock.

Arriving at Prescott, passengers from the David of London found, in words of John MacDonald, "a great multitude lying at this place, half of the passengers of one ship and all of another ship, exceeding a thousand people." It was three weeks before transportation could be found to take the latest comers on their way. To young MacDonald the delay had compensations. He missed his kirk in Scotland, and wrote happily of "three blessed Sabbath days in Prescott spent at divine service in the schoolhouse, thanking God."

With little money to spare for hiring wagons and boats, some families hoisted their belongings on their backs when they disembarked from early sailing vessels, and set out to walk the long miles to Upper Canada. There were those who, counting themselves fortunate to escape cholera on shipboard, came face to face with its horrors when they reached the town of York. They saw mass graves being

dug beside hospitals, and death carts piled high with gruesome cargoes, slipping and sliding through the streets up to their axles in mud. To escape, some pushed north until they found themselves in the clean hills and valleys and streams of Albion where, filled to bursting with the good pride of land ownership, they soon forgot the torturous journey by sea and land, and set about the business of founding happy, prosperous homes.

It was, of course, an Irishman who, having established his log shanty in the good potato growing township of Albion, wrote home with more imagination than veracity, "Shure in this Albion of ours we grow pratties so big and so many, we save ourselves time and trouble by just rollin' them gentle-like down the hills to the sacks lined up below, waitin' with their greedy mouths wide open."

CHAPTER 4

THE INTREPID ONES

Until she began to delve into Albion's intriguing history, the author of this book, like most people in the Township, believed that the first settlers were chiefly Irish folk bent on finding a goodly land in which to grow an abundance of potatoes. Nothing could be farther from fact. There was, of course, the usual mingling of English, Irish and Scots found in most early settlements in Upper Canada, but perusal of a list of the original patentees in Albion brings to light a surprising majority of names peculiarly English—Downey, Roadhouse, Robinson, Hudson, Bolton, Grant, Coates, Wilson, Squires, Lawrence, Smith, to name a few. Who else but an early predominance of English settlers would have favored giving the township the title "Albion", the ancient, romantic name for England? Feeling had long run high against England in parts of Ireland. England had broken old treaties, and repudiated old promises. Surely if a majority of Irish Roman Catholics had been the first settlers in the township, and the name "Albion" had been thrust upon them, they, like Napoleon, would have insisted on prefixing it with the adjective "perfidious."

THE INTREPID ONES

It was the "Mississauga Purchase" of 1818 which brought Albion into being. On October 28th of that year, a treaty was drawn up by which the Indians, in return for the sum of eighty-five hundred pounds sterling, relinquished to the British Government the Mississauga Tract of 648,000 acres, which included that area now comprising the townships of Albion, Caledon, Chinguacousy and Toronto Gore. It is significant that payment was made by the British specifically to the Mississauga Indians, thereby recognizing that tribe as "sole owners of the soil, whose rights must be extinguished before the Crown can lawfully take possession."

No sooner was the Treaty signed than surveyors moved into Albion, and homesteaders followed close on their heels. So keen was the demand for lots in the Township, settlement took on some of the aspects of a stampede. Agents came in on the gallop—if one can gallop through solid bush—to reserve areas for parties of settlers. Less than one month after the Purchase, the Governor was receiving memorials from go-betweens advising that they had scores of names on their lists for whom land could not be found. Although by no means settled, because the surveys were not yet completed, all the estimated acreage, except Crown and Clergy Reserve lots which made up two-sevenths of the whole, had been spoken for. The Canada Company, a corporation formed in England for the purpose of encouraging and assisting early settlement in Upper Canada for a price, did very well for itself by drawing thousands of acres in Albion. And the University of Toronto has the late Church of England Bishop John Strachan to thank for having patented a goodly number of lots in the Township under the University's early name, "King's College."

Surveyors completed their work in Albion in 1819, and before 1820 was out, all the lots on the First Concession were settled as far as No. 38, just two lots from Mono Mills. That most of the Crown and Clergy Reserve lots had been leased as early as 1821 was added proof that locations in the township were avidly sought, right from the first. Albion did not suffer, as did other townships such as Vaughan and King, from large tracts of land being granted

to favored absentee owners, who held them vacant until after the government began to tax unimproved land in 1829. The contracting surveyors in the township were paid in land which might be held vacant for a time, but early records show other non-residents to be few. Most of the grantees settled on their land in less than a year.

A generous sprinkling of the earliest arrivals in the township were sons and daughters of United Empire Loyalists who had settled around Niagara after 1783, when the American Colonies won their independence from Britain. After the war of 1812—this time won by the British—another influx of settlers from the United States found their way into Canada, some of them into Albion. Hailing from the British Isles, and newly settled in the land of the Stars and Stripes, they found themselves in an atmosphere strongly anti-British. They were glad to pull up stakes and head for Canada and the Union Jack. Then there were discharged soldiers from the War of 1812, who had served Canada well and were entitled to grants of land. The steadiest flow of settlers into Albion, however, was from across the sea, largely discharged veterans who had given their best in the Napoleonic wars, and small farmers and the cream of farm workmen from the British Isles. There can be no better evidence of their thrift than that they were able to pay passage out to this country for themselves and for their families, costing from fifty to sixty dollars each, and this at a time of deepest depression in the Old Country. With little money, without transportation but their two feet, without roads, without shelter until they provided it for themselves, they were not deterred.

From York they trudged up Yonge Street, their backs laden. Some optimistic folk hired wagons and teams of horses at York, only to abandon them en route. Three miles from Yonge Street, the road petered out. A narrow path through the forest led them to an isolated settlement on the south townline of King, where Anthony Hollingshead, who had taken up land back in 1811, welcomed them, fed and rested them and speeded them on their way.

The first intrepid one to find his way to the land he had drawn in Albion seems to have been William Downey, an Englishman and a bachelor, whom history records as

"the first white man to sleep overnight in the Township." The fall of 1819 saw him building a log house on the east half of Lot 18, on the 8th Concession, Albion. Since that time, six generations of Downeys have lived and are living on the hundred-acre homestead near Castlederg. In the Downey strong-box is a piece of paper, its tattered folds mended and reinforced. It is a one-hundred-and-forty-one-year-old Ticket of Location, the initial document issued to a settler applying for a Crown Grant in Upper Canada. In the strong-box it companions the Crown Deed to the old homestead. Inscribed on heavy parchment paper, this impressive document is executed on behalf of His Majesty, William the Fourth of England, by Sir Francis Bond Head, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Upper Canada, and is sealed with the Great Seal of that Province. In this, as in all other Crown Deeds treasured for more than a century in Albion strong-boxes, the reigning British monarch "reserves for himself, his heirs and successors, all Mines of Gold and Silver and all White Pine Trees that shall or may now or hereafter grow or be growing on said parcel or tract of land. To Britain the great White Pines of Albion were as precious in their way as Gold and Silver. They promised masts and more masts for her invincible Royal Navy. Crown Deeds were bestowed only after "settling duties" had been performed on the land by the grantee. They were, "to build a dwelling sixteen by twenty feet; to clear and fence five acres for every hundred acres granted, and to clear one half of the road in front of each lot, all to be completed in two years." A gigantic task in the year 1820 !

The rugged life of an Albion pioneer proved too much for William Downey. He lived just long enough to see his settling duties accomplished. His nephew, Henry Downey, came out from England to "heir" the homestead, only to be faced with disputes over boundaries and ownership. After a tortuous journey of several months from England to Albion, he had to turn right round and go back to the Old Country to establish his claim.

Settled at last on his Albion homestead, Henry Downey added to his land holdings, and at his death properties in the Downey name added up to four hundred and ten acres.

Later the Downey strong box held deeds to a whole block. Henry was a shoemaker in the Old Country, and the story goes that he paid for one hundred acres on the Castlederg Side Road, being east half of lot 16 in the Seventh Concession, with twenty-four pairs of handmade boots, a fair deal when we remember that Albion acres in those days were easier to come by than good comfortable long-wearing handmade shoes.

When Henry Downey died, David, the eldest of his three sons, inherited the home place. The next generation —the fourth—included twelve stalwart young men. They had their own football team—every member a Downey. One of the erstwhile footballers is Wilton Downey, a former Reeve of Bolton and Warden of Peel County. Another is his brother Orland — "Ollie" to his family and friends — also a former Reeve of Bolton and a former Warden of Peel County. Four of David Downey's five sons, George, Norman, Wilton and Orland, remained on the land. "No problem of hired help on our farm", they were prone to boast. Ross, the fifth son, entered the teaching profession to please his mother, which makes a little story in itself. At seventeen she had been hired for her first school-teaching job in Albion. Before the term started she fell in love with, and married David Downey. She never did get to teach, and so she determined that one of her five sons would make up for her dereliction. Ross later became School Inspector for Victoria County.

Two-generations-or-so-ago, life on an Albion farm held no dull moments for the Downey boys and others like them. Church and Sunday School, community projects, municipal affairs, the local school, Junior Farmers, sports and entertainment, organized and impromptu, all clamored for their attention. Like their contemporaries in the township with whom the author of this book has talked, they insist, "We had far more fun when we were growing up than the young people have today, but we made it for ourselves. We could drive out any evening in the big democrat and round up a nice bunch of girls and boys from neighboring farms. In an hour a gay party would be in full swing around the piano in somebody's double parlor, and in the big farm kitchen where the food was spread

out". Every farm in Albion had a family, and churches spilled over with lively young people. It was the church that formed the focal point for most of their good times. All five Downey boys were members of Castlederg Methodist Church choir. Sunday mornings and evenings, when all five filed into the choir loft, the rafters rang with the sweet, powerful melody of the old Wesleyan hymns.

Wilton Downey took over the homestead in 1906. In 1955, after nearly half a century of successful farming, he turned over the home place to his son, Verner Downey. Later in that year a sixth-generation Downey, David Edward, made his appearance on the historic homestead founded in the year 1819 by "the first white man to sleep in Albion."

Fairly stepping on William Downey's heels came William Roadhouse looking for the land he had drawn in Albion. In October 1819, at York, he and his son William Junior, and a younger son, Joseph, hoisted provisions for a week or more on their backs, and set out on foot up Yonge Street through the trackless forest of Vaughan and King Townships to the Ridges of Albion, hacking their way step by step with only the surveyor's blaze marks on the trees to point the way. After weeks of bewildered wandering the little party, hungry and lost, were forced to retrace their steps to York. Two months later the three Roadhouse men set out again for Albion. This time they were accompanied by Joseph Hudson, also an Englishman who had drawn land in the Township, and a surveyor named Grohount who ran a line across the Township of Vaughan to Albion, and thence to the Roadhouse and Hudson grants. William Roadhouse Senior had drawn two hundred acres comprising lot 23, Concession 9. William Junior patented the hundred acres adjacent to his father's homestead, being west half of lot 22, Concession 9. The younger son, Joseph, drew the west half of lot 21, Concession 6. In all the family were granted four hundred acres in Albion. Joseph Hudson, who accompanied the Roadhouse men into the Township, settled on the east half of lot 16, Concession 5.

The following April Elizabeth Roadhouse, the wife of William Senior, and Sarah, the Lancashire lass whom Wil-

liam Junior had married on the eve of sailing for Canada, were established in the log house their men-folk had erected during the winter. When they walked up from York to Albion, two cows ambled along with them to provide plenty of milk and butter for the new household, and later for Sarah's baby, Jane, the first white child born in the Township.

For two years, Elizabeth and Sarah saw the face of no other woman, but they hardly felt the lack. The first summer they helped the men plant and harvest from land around the stumps of felled trees enough potatoes, corn, pumpkins and small root vegetables to see them through the winter. When there was grain to be milled into flour, one of the men walked to Newmarket and back, a distance of some forty miles, carrying the heavy sacks on his back.

Like too many young wives of first settlers in Albion, Sarah Roadhouse, the comely young Lancashire lass, succumbed early to the hardships and privations which fell to her lot. She died in January of 1830. Two years later, William Roadhouse Junior married Sarah Knott. Her father was one of the Queen's Rangers who came to Canada from England with Governor Simcoe, and was later garrisoned at York. Early histories of York record that the Knott's principal bid to fame was that they produced the first baby of Old Country parentage born where Toronto now stands. The child was Sarah Knott's oldest brother.

After the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837, from which the older members of the extremely British Roadhouse family stood sternly aloof, William Junior was sworn in as Magistrate in Albion. As late as 1877 we find him, an old man, living at "Mount Pleasant," his Crown Grant in the Ridges. Mount Wolfe Post Office was located on the old Roadhouse homestead, and from 1876 to 1881 William's youngest son, W. C. Roadhouse was Postmaster. In the year 1912 a great grandson of the first William brought honor to Albion, when William B. Roadhouse, known to everyone as "Bert," was appointed Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, an office he held until 1934. He was also Chairman of the Ontario Agriculture Development Board.

Albion and the Downey family are the poorer for hav-

ing no one of the Roadhouse name in the Township today. As long as they were neighbors, the two families were as one. To the small fry of both families the grown-ups were uncles and aunts indiscriminately. All the Roadhouse connection were staunch Wesleyan Methodists, and until 1842, when a log church was built on "Mount Pleasant," William Junior's farm, the neighbors gathered in his home for prayer meetings and Sunday services. But the family did not only preach their religion—they practised it. On a bitter winter evening one of the Roadhouse men, wearing a huge fur coat, made his way down the Ridges to proffer sympathy and help to a bereft and bewildered young Scottish settler whose wife had just died giving birth to a girl baby. The neighborly call ended with the stalwart visitor buttoning the motherless little mite warmly inside the bosom of his fur coat for the long cold journey to the Roadhouse home, where she remained, a well loved foster daughter, until she left, at seventeen, for her husband's home. The "motherless little mite" became Mrs. David Downey, the mother of George, Ross, Norman, Wilton and Orland Downey, and their sister Leila, who married Eb. Armstrong.

CHAPTER 5

A SWEET AND STICKY STORY

The first white settlers in Albion were sugar-hungry. Only a small quantity of coarse cane sugar, at a price few could afford to pay, found its way into the country at that time, and then only into the large settlements. In the virgin forests of the township, giant sugar maples—great groves of them—far outnumbered all other species of trees. That first autumn when they flaunted their scarlet and gold for the newly arrived homesteader, he was awed and delighted with their beauty. He had yet to learn that in the spring right at his log cabin door the great trunks of the maples would offer for the taking an abundance of the "sweetin' " he and his family craved. It was the redskins who introduced Albion pale-faces to the gustatory delights

of maple syrup and maple sugar, and initiated them into the mysteries of extracting the thin sweet fluid from the trees and processing it into enough sugar to see them through the whole year.

It would seem that ever since there were North American Indians they practised the art of maple sugar making. Some time before 1640, the year the Jesuit Fathers, Brebeuf and Chaumonot, were in the vicinity of Albion, Father LeJeune, one of their Order, wrote home to France the story of the Indians in Upper Canada making maple sugar each spring from "a certain liquor that runs from the trees toward the end of the winter, known as maple water. There is a tree which they split in the spring to get from it a juice sweet as honey or sugar." Father LeJeune also wrote, "When the Indians are pressed by famine they eat the sweet inner shavings from this tree."

For the Indians, maple sugar time was a season of gay and noisy carnival. Each family group had its own clear-cut allotment of some three or four hundred trees. When the equivalent of "sap's runnin'!" rang out among them on a crisp sunny day in early spring, wigwams were deserted and the squaws old and young, scurried off to the "sugar bush" to set up camp, assemble their crude sugar making equipment, and gather enormous piles of firewood. It was beneath the dignity of the Indian brave to help an old squaw lift a heavy vessel of boiling sap, or to share in any way in the sugar making, except to help himself to great quantities of the finished product, and to disport himself at the merry-making which played a big part in an Indian "sugaring-off."

The trees were gashed in a slanting direction with a tomahawk and wooden chips were inserted to carry the fluid drop by slow drop into birch-bark troughs resting on the ground. The young squaw maidens flitted from tree to tree gathering the sap, and casting sheep's eyes at the grinning braves lolling about. It was springtime, and not only the new sap, but young romance was stirring. The sap from each tree was poured into one central container, a giant basswood log hollowed out by burning, and by scraping with sharp stones. This crude vessel held the equivalent to one hundred buckets of fluid. The sap was

sometimes boiled in earthenware pots made by the Indians themselves, but often red hot stones were dropped into the sap trough, and by the slow, sticky process of removing these when cold and adding more hot stones, the liquid was at long last reduced to syrup. When a ladleful ceremoniously dropped on the snow hardened to the right degree, the lounging braves came to life. It was the traditional signal for everyone to gather round the boiling pots to demand a taste of the delectable sweet.

In the winter, squaws sewed birch-bark baskets, some small, some large, in which to pack next spring's maple sugar for bartering at the trading posts. After "sugaring off," wide waterways, in what is now Albion, were dotted with elm-bark canoes expertly paddled by laughing squaws, and packed to the thwarts with sweet cargoes bound for the trading-post near the mouth of the Humber. In her famous diary, Governor Simcoe's wife tells of buying from the Indians some white birch-bark baskets containing in all thirty pounds of maple sugar for the equivalent of three dollars. Her payment was a generous one, because the Indians received only from four to six cents a pound at the trading post, payable in merchandise.

When sap was running, the fur traders deep in the wilderness took time out to manufacture their own maple sugar. So concentrated, and so richly sweet, it was easy to pack on the trail, and a relatively small amount quickly satisfied the deepest hunger. Alexander Henry, Scottish explorer and fur trader recorded: "There were times when each man in my party consumed a pound of maple sugar a day, desired no other food, and visibly thrived on it."

The white settler in Albion with a sizeable sugar bush on his land counted himself lucky. Busy as he was, he dropped everything at the tag end of winter to spend a few weeks making his year's supply of sugar. The aura of festivity with which the Indians surrounded the maple-sugar making season brushed off on the white settlers. From one "sugaring-off" time to the next, the hard-worked homesteader forgot the back-breaking labor around the boiling cauldrons, and remembered only the happy shouts of children playing among the trees, the shy pairing off of boys and girls in the spring moonlight, and the pleasant

neighborly fore-gathering of the older folk, for which the hard, rugged life of the settler offered too little time.

The pioneers went about the business of making maple sugar in a manner less crude than that which satisfied the Indians. Twigs, dead leaves and small accidental mingling of earth with the syrup mattered little to the aborigine, but the pale-faces quickly learned to purify their product. Eggs, beaten and stirred into the great pot of simmering liquid hanging on a crane over the fire gathered up the impurities and brought them to the surface, to be skimmed off, leaving a syrup clear and clean. In anticipation of the call "sap's runinn' !" sugar bushes were cleared of all underbrush and fallen trees. Fences were erected to forestall such catastrophies as cattle stepping into the troughs, spilling the precious sap, or drinking it all up and getting sick. Shelters against the weather were knocked together, and oxen drawing sleighs piled high with equipment tramped out rough tracks. Winter had all but gone, and whole families moved out into the woods where great fires were kept burning night and day.

The frosty nights and milder days of March and early April encouraged the sap to well up faster, and the first run made the best maple sugar. The more acid fluid at the end of the season was allowed to ferment, and was made into vinegar. After the acid syrup was boiled down to one third, a little yeast was added to the still warm liquid. The barrel was then rolled to a sunny place, and the family had its supply of vinegar for the year. It did not take the first settlers long to discover that the acid sap also made a very good beer with the addition of some ginger or essence of spruce.

For a century of spring seasons, the fine maple groves in Albion yielded a rich sweet harvest with no apparent weakening of the giant trees. When figures were compiled in 1851 the farmers in Upper Canada, still scattered, and scanty in number, produced that year close to 3,700,000 pounds of maple syrup and maple sugar. Of that amount Peel County contributed close to 50,000 pounds, and we can be sure that Albion, with a preponderance of sugar maple trees, produced more than her share. The peak was reached in 1860, when the figures for Peel County

totalled 51,998 pounds. From then on there was a steady drop in production. In 1890 only 4345 pounds of maple products were manufactured in the county. Since that time the amount has become even less.

It is understandable that as time went on, the increasing cheapness of imported cane sugar lessened the importance of the first settler's maple grove as a source of "sweetin' " for his family table. As for making money through the sale of maple products, farmers with few exceptions agreed that time devoted to the cleared land was more profitable than that spent in the sugar bush. One notable "exception" was the Rawn family, whose "Maple Grove Farms" are located on the first line of Albion. For generations their acres of sugar maples, many of them virgin trees, yielded sweet sap in abundance to add substantial sums each spring to the family exchequer. And the Rawns are still tapping their trees, but not by the old back-breaking boil and stir, lift and pour method. Robert and Hilliard Rawn, present proprietors of Maple Grove Farms, remember well their childish delight when sugaring-off time came on the farm, and they watched, in the firelight, the grown-ups hurrying from cauldron to cauldron to stir the bubbling liquid and, at long last, pouring some on the clean snow for the children. They recall the excitement on the farm that day some forty years ago when their father, Peter Rawn, drove home from the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto with his fine new maple syrup evaporator, one of the first in Albion. Eight feet long, and accommodating in its capacious maw four-foot lengths of firewood, it operated ingeniously and automatically on what might loosely be called an assembly line basis, doing several jobs at a time, and doing all quickly and well. The evaporator revolutionized the making of maple syrup and maple sugar on Maple Grove Farms.

Their earlier achievements in the maple products industry is not the Rawn family's only bid to fame, however. The first Jacob Rawn came from Markham Township and settled in these parts in 1806, twelve years before a survey of Albion was thought of. They were already old timers in the area in 1845 when Frederick Rawn patented the west half of lot 35, Concession 1, Albion, the present site of

Maple Grove Farms. But more about the Rawn family in a later chapter.

The author of this book, attracted into the maple groves by the beauty of the trees in the autumn, has stumbled on old maple sugar boiling centres abandoned long enough to dim the outline of wagon tracks, and to rust out battered cauldrons and cranes still stored in the rough shelters. Maple sugar making in Albion is today left largely to high school lads like Jimmie McMullen who, in the spring, can scarcely wait for "sap's runnin' " to indulge his hobby for making maple syrup the way the first settlers produced it. Jimmie is proud when he strolls across the road from his home to present the grandparents, Norman and Ena McMullen, with a pitcher full of the golden liquid with its rich maple tang. Pouring the thick, clear syrup on griddle cakes with a generous hand takes the older McMullens back to the days not too long ago when they and their friends gathered every spring in their maple grove on the Second Line of Albion for a jolly sugaring-off party.

In the book "Roughing It In The Bush," Susanna Moodie, in homely rhyme of an earlier day sums up the romance of early maple sugar making in Canada:

"When the snows of winter are melting fast, and the sap begins to rise,
And the biting breath of the frozen blast yields to the Spring's soft sighs,
Then away to the wood for the maple, good, shall unlock its honied store;
And boys and girls, with their sunny curls, bring their vessels brimming o'er
With the luscious flood of the brave tree's blood, into cauldrons deep to pour.

The blaze from the sugar-bush gleams red far down in the forest dark.
A ruddy glow on the tree is shed that lights up the rugged bark;
And with merry shout the busy rout watch the sap as it bubbles high;
And they talk of the cheer of the coming year, and the jest and the song pass by;

A SWEET AND STICKY STORY

And brave tales of old round the fires are told, that kindle youth's beaming eye.

Today the manufacture of maple sugar and syrup has yielded to the robot age, and with the old methods gone, so has the romance. They are collecting maple syrup by pipeline now. A network of plastic tubes, and plastic bags have superseded the Indian's birchbark trough. The pipeline system cuts labor fifty per cent, boosts output and quality, increases cleanliness, curbs loss through spilling and allows for the tapping of trees in the roughest terrain. The pipeline method carries the sap direct to the boiling pots. But the ways of nature sometimes run contrary to man's "best laid plans." One hazard is that as the syrup bubbles along the transparent tubing, small, curious animals attracted by the bubbles sometimes bite the tubing, and hold up production. Sugaring-off parties are still held by the maple sugaries, but they are highly organized, impersonal affairs, with an admission charge!

The biggest export market for Canadian maple products today is the United States, and—yes, it is true—by far the greater part of these exports are used in the curing and manufacture of tobacco.

CHAPTER 6

MORE INTREPID ONES

Surely the most intrepid of all the early settlers in Albion was the newly-widowed Mary Horan. In 1793 William Horan and his wife, Mary Minnock, set sail for Canada from Clounshaney, King's County, Ireland. His brothers waved goodbyes from the dockside, and followed them later. Their four sons and two daughters were all born in Canada. Cholera raged in the sailing vessel throughout the two months' voyage, but miraculously, the Horans survived. After they landed in Canada, however, what seemed to be a stroke of good fortune turned out to be tragedy. William was jubilant when he got work on the new Rideau Canal, and the family was

housed on what is now Parliament Hill in Ottawa, in one of the hundreds of huts erected to shelter Irish immigrants employed on the Canal. His wage—only a few pennies a day—spelled munificence to the Horans, fresh from Ireland where the poor had no pennies, and were dying like flies from hunger.

Irish laborers came to their jobs on the Rideau Canal totally ignorant of how to handle dynamite, and fatalities were many. Along with four fellow workers William Horan was killed by a "rock cut" in 1808, and his wife and children, bereft of their breadwinner, keened for him in the midst of strangers. The five men were buried in a field beside the road between Newboro and Westport, and the Government erected a headstone inscribed with names and details of the accident. While summer travelling through the beautiful Rideau Lakes region more than one Albion resident has pulled his car off Highway 42 to decipher the time-blurred lettering which records the too-early death of "William Horan, late of Clounshaney, King's County, Ireland."

As indemnity for the death of her husband the Crown granted to Mary Horan two hundred acres in Albion, comprising "broken" lot 24, Concession 11, and west half of lot 28, Concession 6. The Government sent a guide to direct the family to their property in the Ridges, and well they might. It was set in the midst of a storm-swept wilderness close to the highest point in the Township. This was between 1809 and 1810.

Cold weather was setting in, and the Horan boys erected a crude log shanty. Cedar torches lighted the windowless interior, and it was warmed by a fire laid on the earthen floor and confined with flat stones standing on edge. There was no chimney, but at least some of the smoke escaped through a hole in the bark roof. That first winter, mealtime in the Horan cabin meant—as it did in the log shanties of most early Albion settlers—placing a wooden hoop on the table along with a dish of salt. Into the hoop's capacious circle a huge pot of mealy Albion potatoes was upended. It was welcome fare for Irish folk who remembered too well the pangs of hunger they suffered in the old land.

MORE INTREPID ONES

A letter dated January, 1817, preserved in the Dominion Archives in Ottawa, is a hundred-and-thirty-three-year-old reminder of the Horans' first grim winter in Albion. Mis-spelled but eloquent in its appeal, it was written by someone other than Mary Horan, although it bears her name.

The historic letter was addressed to Lady "Serah" Maitland, wife of Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada. It reads, "May it please your Ladiship your petitioner is very poor and is now living in Albion and is destitute of Cloathing for herself and children at this inclement season of the year. She therefore begs the liberty of making her distress known to your Ladiship hoping to find favor in yr. Ladiship's kind and charitable dispositon by extending her yr. usual support to the distressed." There is no record of any response to the petition, with its pathetic touches of hard-to-resist Irish blarney. We can only hope that Lady "Serah" did have "a kind and charitable disposition" and that she did extend to the worthy Widow Horan her "usual support to the distressed."

To leap ahead of our story a few years the comely Mary did not remain too long a lonely widow. Simon Scully came a-courting to the Ridges all the way from the homestead he had patented in the Township, being east half of lot 10, Concession 3. She became the beloved "Granny Scully" of early Albion legend, living in modest comfort to a great old age. One of her stepsons brought a measure of wealth to the Scullys by operating a flourishing tobacco business in Toronto for many years. The family did not grow rich on Albion customers, however. When old neighbors dropped into his business premises in the City young Scully gave them their winter's supply of tobacco at bargain prices. Granny Scully retained her grant of land in the Ridges at least until after 1859, the year Tremaine's Map of the County of Peel was published. It is shown there under the name, "Mrs. M. Scully."

John, the second son who had emigrated with the Horan family, soon abandoned farming. The Indians had imbued him with a love of woodcraft. They imparted their skills to the friendly pale-face, and it was not long

before he became something of an Irish version of of the French coureur de bois, happily pursuing a life of hunting and trapping.

When Mary Horan's eldest son, William, turned his thoughts to marrying, he patented two hundred acres in Albion, being east half of lots 26 and 27, Concession 4. A Roman Catholic, he had fallen in love with Protestant Hanorah Shore, daughter of James Shore. The couple set off in fine style behind a yoke of oxen to exchange marriage vows at Wildfield, where the nearest Roman Catholic priest was located. Affectionately called "Pappy" by everyone, William lived to be one hundred and four years old, and there are old-timers in Albion who still remember him as "a gigantic fellow." A man of prodigious strength, he carried his first plow on his back all the way from Newmarket to his farm in the hills of Albion.

William and Hanorah Horan were the parents of fifteen children, nine sons and six daughters. It was a time of early marriages and large families—the bigger the better. James, the eldest, remained unmarried, but the next five children proudly presented William and Hanorah with forty-three grandchildren. After that history seems to have lost count. It was a present-day bearer of the name who, with true Horan wit, replied to a question put to him by the author of this book, "How many Horans are there in the Township? Well now, I wouldn't rightly know. But look out of any window in Albion and you're sure to see one."

When Lockton was a thriving little hamlet on the Fourth Line and Twenty-five Side Road which might well have been called "Horantown," R. W. Burrell decided it was a good place in which to start his newly-married son, Bill, in a general store. The little bride from St. Catharines, who helped her husband to serve customers, came to her father-in-law one day close to tears. "These people are so strange to me," she wailed, "I can't even call them by name." The senior Mr. Burrell chuckled, "Just call them all Mr., Mrs. or Miss Horan and you'll be right nine times out of ten," he advised.

The first William Horan bequeathed to his descendants his stature and his strength. All nine of his sons

were six feet and over. Frank was dubbed "the strong man of Albion." When he was clearing his farm he would come along and lift into the stoneboat, unaided, boulders which three of his helpers together were struggling to remove. It was a Horan who was challenged one day by a tavern-keeper helping to unload barrels of whisky into the hotel. "If you can carry one of these inside, it's yours," promised the proprietor, as he struggled, along with two other men, to shift a heavy cask. Young Horan hoisted a barrel, inch by inch, to his shoulder, and was well on his way to unloading it in the tavern when the challenger reneged on his bargain. "I was joking," he laughed, weakly. At that point the Horan lad saw no point in completing his part of the wager, and dropped the barrel of whisky at the tavern-keeper's feet with a resounding crash and a mighty splash.

The first William's grandson and namesake, Bill Horan, is the present owner of "Pappy" Horan's fine old homestead on the Fourth Concession. A small acreage has been sold off the original property to Arnold and Violet Warren, a husband and wife team of aeroplane experts who flew commercially and privately over most of the world before alighting in Albion to write of their knowledge and experience. Their many-windowed house is built on a hill so high a car balks at going all the way and the last lap of the upward journey must be completed on foot through the cedars. "Our million-dollar view makes the climb well worth while," say the Warrens who were "airborne" too long to ever be happy living in a valley.

Bill Horan's wife, Irene, was also born a Horan, which brings to the fore an interesting bit of early Albion history. Around the year 1845 two more families named Horan moved into the area. The three unrelated groups became known as the Big Horans, the Adjala Horans and the Yankee, or Little Horans. At first there was little love lost among them. The three factions determinedly maintained their separate entities even when it meant a merry old knock-down free-for-all, a highly popular pastime of the early days, which did much to keep Albion lively. But as time went on, romance, helped along no doubt by propinquity, changed the picture. Intermarriages among all

three families soon blurred and finally erased all lines of demarcation.

John Francis Horan, grandson of William, served in Albion Council with distinction for fifteen years.

Like the Downeys, the Horans had their own football team. Going strong around Locktown from 1916 to 1923, it was made up of brothers, cousins, uncles and nephews, a harmonious blending of the three early factions. Horans on the team were James H., William Vincent, Dennis Joseph, William Michael, Patrick Jr., John Cyril, James McSpirritt, Michael Sr., John, Harold, Leighton and Ignatius.

Of "Pappy" Horan's fifteen children, four stayed single. Ten settled on the 4th and 5th lines within 10 lots. Marriages of the remaining eleven linked the Horans with families of such early settlers as the Donohues, Coffeys, Grogans, Murphys, Dohertys, Hayes, Farrels, Minnochs, Higgins, Kellys, Walshes and Callaghans. Succeeding generations intermarried with Finnertys, Haffeys, Wallaces, Sullivans, McCaffreys, Egans, Carrolls, Gilmores, and many, many others. There can be few old Roman Catholic families in Albion without a "Horan" perched in their family tree.

CHAPTER 7

BEES — FOR WORK AND PLAY

A heaping measure of neighbourly conviviality did much to leaven and lighten the burden of work and the loneliness which fell to the lot of Albion pioneers. By gathering together for bees of every sort the settlers got work done in short order and—equally important—found for themselves a healthy channel for letting off pent-up emotional steam. After a day-long harvesting bee and a big supper the young men had energy to spare for friendly pitting of strength and skill, wrestling, jumping, throwing the hammer and putting the stone. When darkness fell they were ready to join the girls for an evening of dancing to the music of a fast and furious fiddle.

There were bees for raising log houses and barns,

plowing bees, hay-cutting bees, log-hauling bees and bees to build stone and rail fences. Each farmer had a butchering day when the men gathered at his homestead to slaughter and dress beef and pork for the winter. When the job was finished, to the storing away of the last sausage, fun and frolic got under way. While the men pitched in to finish a neighbor's harvesting, the women folk were most likely to be found indoors around the quilting frames, having a bee of their own. The rafters rang with laughter and lively woman-gossip, and fingers were nimble as they gave shape to quilt patterns brightened by dyes brewed from golden-rod and kindred flowers growing outside the cabin door. Food and drink a-plenty—not forgetting the pail of whisky on a shelf in the kitchen, with the dipper hanging handily by—were made ready for the men when work in the fields was finished. If a fiddler failed to show up for the evening's shindig, the dancers stepped out jigs, reels and hornpipes in lively fashion to the accompaniment of whistling, singing or music from a comb. It was early morning when parents reluctantly bundled up sleeping children for the trek home.

Pumpkins, planted in the rich soil around the stumps, were among the most prolific and most rewarding crops in Albion's early days of settlement. In return for a minimum of care they promised food in abundance for man and beast. Served up in a variety of tasty dishes they were staple food on pioneer dinner tables. When cane sugar was scarce and prices prohibitive, and the last of the family's supply of maple sugar had been eaten up, a strong, not-too-palatable molasses-like "sweetin' " was extracted from pumpkins by long boiling of the juice. Most of the settlers dubbed it "punkin sass." After the first frost, when pumpkins were harvested at their sweetest, the drudgery of preparing seeming mountains of the great golden gourds for winter use was side-stepped by calling together a pumpkin bee. Peeling and slicing, stringing the slices and festooning them from the rafters went on all day long, and the work was forgotten in the pleasure of neighborly get-together. When the last string was in place the workers turned to feasting, and the dancing which invariably rounded out a pumpkin-slicing bee.

Later on, when orchards came into bearing in Albion,

a gathering popular with young people was the apple-paring bee, when the prized Canadian fruit was peeled, cored and sliced, and arranged to dry on racks above the fireplace or kitchen stove. While the apple paring progressed there was much sampling of the biggest and rosiest specimens, but munching apples all day only tended to whet young appetites for the after-midnight spread which climaxed hours of spirited square dancing.

No young person in Albion ever willingly turned down an invitation to a husking bee. Great mounds of corn in the ear were piled on trestle tables in a barn lighted by candles placed high and well protected. Lads and lasses ranged themselves on benches alongside the tables, and at the signal "Go," husking began. From then on the great barn was in uproar. Boys searched and scrambled furiously for the big red ears of corn which, when found, entitled them to kiss the girls sitting alongside. Judging by the rising chorus of feminine squeals there were plenty of big red ears of corn. As the evening went on merriment mounted high, and just a suggestion of pink on a kernel of corn rated osculatory exchanges all around. When there was no more corn to husk, trestles and benches were whisked away, the barn floor was cleared of its thick layer of husks, and the fiddler and dancing young feet took over. In the deep dark before dawn the boys saw the girls home along the sideroads, with torches of dry cedar lighting the way.

Some pioneer farmers planted fields of flax which burgeoned into great carpets of heavenly blue in early summer when the flax flower came into bloom. The women enjoyed gathering together to spin the flax-fibre into linen thread, to be woven into course strong fabric for clothing for the family and household linens. The seeds from his flax crop ensured the farmer a plentiful supply of precious linseed oil. After most of the oil had been pressed out, the seeds, ground into meal, made nourishing fodder for his cattle. In a day when doctors in Albion were few and far away, medicine made from flaxseed—teamed up usually with a pint of good whisky—for soothing the inner man, and thick hot linseed poultices for healing the outer man, were home-grown remedies for almost any bodily ailment.

On most homesteads the settler's house, of necessity,

placed a poor second in competition with his barn. It was common in Albion to see barns spacious and strongly constructed to house crops and cattle, standing tall and proud beside unfinished log shanties spilling over with lively children. First things had to come first in pioneering days. The shanty could very well make do for another season or two with a blanket for a door, but crops would not wait to be garnered. Along with his house, the Albion homesteader owed his fine barn in large part to the neighborliness of those around him. The early log buildings, house, barn, church, store, mill, all were as like as peas in a pod except for size, and nearly all were erected by a "raising bee." As many as one hundred men coming from miles around pooled their strength to raise a large log barn after the framework had been put together on the ground.

A barn-raising was looked upon by those who took part as a sport, exciting and challenging. Two captains were appointed. They "chose up sides," and the race was on. Long pike poles were used to raise the framework into position. Then, working on opposite sides of the framework, each team stove mightily to finish its half of the barn first. When the winning captain was acclaimed there was no end to the back-slapping and cheering. Fiddlers were often hired to entertain the men at a barn-raising bee, and when the last man had climbed down from his perch on the rafters the whisky pail was filled and refilled. No liquor was distributed by the "whisky boy" or "grog boss" until the job was finished, and for reasons of safety many a barn-raising had to be called off at the last minute because too many men had visited too many taverns en route to the scene. Whisky and barn raising just did not mix.

It was unwritten law in Albion that the farmer whose barn had been newly raised would return his share of work, day for day, when any one of the hundred-or-so neighbors who helped him called a barn-raising bee of his own. He was also expected to invite all hands to supper and a dance. A typical menu for meals served after early barn-raisings around Bolton has come down to us from the pen of James H. Bolton. He writes, "The food was wonderful—big roasts of pork or of venison and sometimes bear, partridge, quail and fish in season, with turnips and

potatoes for vegetables; delicious home-made bread and buns, with maple syrup; pies and puddings galore." He adds, "Raisings usually ended up with a dance, old man Phillips, a violin maker and a right smart player, often being the whole orchestra."

Dramatic stories of barn-raising bees have dotted the columns of The Bolton Enterprise down through its seventy-odd years of dispensing news in Albion and fringing townships. Not all had happy endings. Accidents were attributed for the most part to intense rivalry between the two opposing teams. Excitement rose fever-high, and foolhardy risks were taken. Collapsing heavy beams crushed to death or crippled for life many a strong young Albion farmer helping a neighbor to raise his barn. Half a century ago The Enterprise reported a serious accident at a Palgrave barn-raising, when eight or ten men were pinned by falling timbers. The Editor's comment was terse, "The old-fashioned way of raising buildings with pike poles is a dangerous job at best, and many lives have been sacrificed to the undue haste which sometimes prevails. The slower and safer method should find more favor with farmers."

Stark heroism prevented one barn-raising from making sad newspaper headlines in the year 1910. Although Howard Clark was only a small lad at the time, he vividly recalls the day when a huge barn was being moved on his farm at the north end of Toronto Gore Township. All the neighbors were there to help. Howard's uncle, Harry Ezard, was in charge, and Bill and Jack Davy were appointed captains. Work had progressed successfully to a point where the barn stood on its new location, propped on posts cut from the homesteader's original log house. All at once the posts cracked and buckled. The whole thing swayed, and men's lives were in instant jeopardy. In a matter of seconds Bill Davy took command. At his orders, and with him in the lead, twenty men carried a great timber far under the barn to prop up the tottering structure. When it was over, all Bill Davy had to say was, "There were some bad moments."

"A gathering of neighbors to help . . ." is, in part, the dictionary's definition of an old time "bee." In settlement days in Albion a "chivari" was just that. The

charavari—shortened to chivari when it was introduced to Upper Canada—was a long established custom in French Quebec. The Albion version followed at first the simple pattern of neighbors converging on the newly-married's cabin in the woods to serenade them with music and singing, and to shower them with gifts for the home and food for the larder. What matter if the party grew a little boisterous as the evening went on, and more and more good-natured bride-and-groom jokes and jibes were handily parried by the ecstatic young husband. Parties to celebrate marriages have taken that turn since time began.

Somewhere along the way Albion chivaries lost their early wholesomeness, and took on aspects which at one time earned for the township the name "Black Albion." The chivari party would creep up to the home of the bride and groom after mdinight, and, at a signal, unholy noises would bellow from tin horns, horsebells, tin pans and kettles. If the bridegroom did not come out at once to meet demands for liquor, or money to be spent at the tavern, the uproar would go on all night, and often on succeeding nights. Frustrated roisterers were known to climb to the roof of the house and plug up the chimney to smoke out the cowering bride and groom. There were shootings, and sometimes fires started, damaging crops and buildings. Lawsuits were common aftermath of chivaries.

The author of this book is again beholden to Mr. James H. Bolton. Back in the 1870's, in his own witty way, he put on paper the story of a chivari which took place in Bolton in 1862. "Henry Shore was married to Miss Hull and came to live at the corner of James and Albert Streets. The small boys put on a chivari and asked for fifty cents when Mr. Shore came out, but he chased them. They came back for several nights but got nothing, and then the young men joined in and asked for two dollars. They were refused, so they put on a show with torchlight procession every night the following week, dressed in masquerade and showing in pantomime some alleged misdoing of Mr. Shore in the past. They wound up on Saturday night with a burning effigy of him on the back of an old horse "borrowed" from a nearby farm. When the kicking horse upset the flaming effigy on the road, the maskers gathered it up, and digging a grave in

the snow, solemnly held a regular funeral service. The devil, Jack Legatt in a tight fitting black suit with a long black tail pointed with tin, was the officiating minister. Mr. Shore had offered the young men ten dollars to quit some nights before, but as their expenses had already got to forty dollars, they would not take anything less than that. It was a great show, and was enjoyed by hundreds of folk, as people from all around the country, even as far as Schomberg, came in to see it. The performers got up a concert the next month 'for the benefit of the poor,' and the old Town Hall was crowded. Nearly everyone understood it was held to defray expenses of the chivari. Jack Legatt in his Satanic masquerade dress came to the front of the platform with the money that had been taken at the door in his hands. He thanked the people for their attendance and appreciation of their efforts to help the poor, and started stuffing the bills into his pockets, saying, 'we are the poor.' The applause was terrific for it was taken as a great joke. However, the boys had enough over expenses to send flour, meat and fuel to all the needy ones around, and they did it."

The chivari has worn itself out in Albion, although there are some who would revive it as it was in the early days, all good-natured ribaldry and wholesome neighborly fun. Now-a-days a hall is hired when the couple return from their honeymoon, and the bride and groom are guests of honor at a dance, when they are presented with a fine gift from their neighbors. True, it lacks the excitement and deviltry of the old chivari, but no one gets shot, and no fires are set, and no one "goes to law" because of it.

CHAPTER 8

EIGHT TALL SILK HATS

For a hundred years eight tall silk hats of varying sizes, one small enough to be worn by an eleven-year-old boy, occupied their own special niche in the Patterson homestead on the Third Line of Albion. The hats adorned the heads of John Patterson and his seven sons when they, along with John's wife and two daughters, landed in Canada on Christmas Day in the year 1850, from County Caven, Ireland. Sturdy and strong as they were, the toppers finally succumbed to something like a century of neighborly frolics, amateur theatricals, charades, masquerade parties and ice carnivals, where they were in constant demand. Not too long ago they were reluctantly consigned to the fire, but John Patterson's stout blackthorn shillelagh, highly prized by his Albion descendants, looks to be good for many more centuries. In the early days Irishmen coming out to this country believed—and with good reason—that devouring beasts lurked at every turn in the wilds of Upper Canada. On the journey to Albion, battling their way through seemingly endless miles of snow, the knobby shillelagh was no doubt brandished menacingly by the head of the Patterson family from the minute he stepped off the sailing vessel.

John Patterson's brother, William, was a footloose and adventurous Irishman whose world-wanderings in the early eighteen hundreds took him to such far-away places as Australia and India and America, and always back to Ireland. It was he who fired John and his family with enthusiasm for emigrating to Canada. Preserved by the Pattersons, along with Crown Deeds and other historic documents, an old Indenture reveals that early in 1851 John Patterson bought one hundred acres, improved and partially cleared, being the west half of lot 36, Concession Three, from one Allan Jaffary, for the sum of eighty-seven pounds, ten shillings. Shrewd old John must have driven a hard bargain, because another Indenture discloses that as early as 1840 Allan Jaffary had paid to Elisha Lawrence, the original patentee, one hundred pounds for the property, at that time less cleared and less improved than when he sold it to John Patterson. Elisha Lawrence, a United Empire Loyalist, had come into the area from New Brunswick

in 1824, and was one of the first to take up land in Albion. He was well and favorably known as a roadbuilder in New Brunswick and later in Upper Canada, and the Government rewarded him for the excellence of his work with Crown Grants in Albion and Toronto Gore.

Predeceased by his wife, John Patterson died in 1867, Canada's Confederation year. Still another Indenture in the Patterson's fireproof strong-box records that four years before his death he sold the homestead to his son, James, for four hundred pounds—a lot of money in 1863. Old John liked to see everything put down tidily in black and white, and so, in addition to the four hundred pounds, James agreed in writing to provide "annual food and lodging for his father and annual food and lodging for his father's cow and calf!"

James Patterson did not go far afield in search of a bride. From the time he came into Albion he had been casting sheep's eyes on "the girl next door." His marriage with Margaret Ann Carson, who lived on the adjoining farm to the east, brought about the union of two prominent pioneer families in Albion, and added through subsequent inheritance, sixty-five acres of the Carson farm to the Patterson holdings. Like the Elisha Lawrence Crown Deed, the Carson patent is one of the earliest in the Township. It granted to Charles Carson, a discharged English soldier, one hundred acres, being the east half of lot 36, Concession Three. This veteran of the Napoleonic wars is the great grandfather from whom Carson Patterson, the present-day owner of the old Patterson homestead, gets his christian name.

The Patterson men were Orangemen all. A capacious carved oak chest carried into Albion by John and his sons was filled with Orange regalia heavy with insignia of their exalted rank in the Old Land. After the family settled on their Third Line homestead it was no time at all before they were lending their full weight to the advancement of the Order in and around the Township.

An early newspaper, brittle and yellowed, has been preserved by the Pattersons along with other mementos of bygone days. Dated July, 1870, it is an issue of the Orangeville Sun which describes itself on the title page as "The Albion, Adjala, Amaranth, Caledon, Erin, Garafraxa

and Mono Advertiser." Its pages carry a long, lively story of how the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was celebrated in Mono Mills ninety years ago, when James Patterson was Worshipful Master of Loyal Orange Lodge No. 192. Before sunrise on the Glorious Twelfth a steady stream of wagons packed with farmers from miles away rattled into town to find pandemonium already the order of the day, what with the ringing of bells, the shooting off of firearms, and the loud, rhythmic clanging of the village blacksmith anvil. Lodge members, liberally rosetted and ribboned in orange and blue, had gathered into session as early as six a.m. When their deliberations were over, and it came time for "King Billy," in the person of Worshipful Master James Patterson, to mount his elaborately caparisoned white horse and lead the "Orange Walk" to the measured music of fife and drum, more than one thousand people crowded the village thoroughfare.

The old Orange Hall, built of logs and boasting an enormous flag pole, was the first public building to be erected in Mono Mills. It was opened with ceremonial flourish in 1835 by the founder of Orangeism in Upper Canada, the great Irish leader, Ogle R. Gowan himself, who came to this country in 1829 to settle on a four-hundred-acre homestead near Brockville. From there he made his way, sometimes on horseback and often on foot, into the forest-covered hinterlands of Upper Canada to encourage small struggling Orange Lodges, and establish new ones. The first head of the Orange Order in Canada had a special feeling for Albion. Ogle's uncle, Henry Halton Gowan, came from Ireland in 1832, and settled on the east half of lot 13, Concession 7, Albion, which he had purchased from John Kerr, the original patentee. Henry Gowan's son, Robert, later became Sir James Robert Gowan, L.L.D., K.C.M.C. He attended an early private school in Albion, later served in the militia, studied law, founded the first law journal in Upper Canada, and was judge for Simcoe District, all before his twenty-ninth birthday. He held the office of Grand Secretary in the Orange Order for a number of years, and, in all things Orange, was Ogle's right hand man. In 1885 he was appointed to the Senate.

Built to seat fifty men, the original Lodge Hall in Mono Mills became too tight a fit for its membership, and

a fine large rough-cast building took its place. From this newly-opened Hall the Orangemen set out on that Twelfth of July, 1870, "with splendid colors and soul-stirring music and accompanied by a great concourse of people"—so said the Orangeville Sun. Flags flew and streamers fluttered on a parade route marked by a succession of triumphal arches decorated with traditional evergreen branches. The procession finally wound up at the home of Squire George McManus, himself a dyed-in-the-wool Orangeman. A great circle was formed on the lawn, the fifes and drums were silenced for a bit, and a resolution and an address were presented to Mrs. McManus and Mrs. James Patterson. They read:

"It was moved by Brother Vance and seconded by Brother McCandless that the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Mrs. George McManus and Mrs. James Patterson for their kindness in presenting this Lodge with a valuable gift, consisting of chairs for the Worshipful Master and Deputy, seats for the Brethren, table, cover, lamps, &c., &c., and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the two ladies above named."

"In addition to the above resolution, we, the members of Loyal Orange Lodge No. 192, desire to express to you personally our high appreciation of your present. As we have our Hall completed and paid for, it is owing to your united and persistent efforts that the interior presents the gay and comfortable appearance which should characterize a building set apart for so noble a purpose. Allow us to assure you that we will still endeavour to merit your approval, as a Lodge of Orangemen, by a strict regard for the rules, regulations and principles upon which our Order is founded. Lastly, that you and your much respected partners may enjoy a long and happy life, will ever be the prayer of Lodge No. 192."

Squire McManus voiced the thanks of the bashful ladies "for the flattering address," and conveyed their assurance that "they only considered what they had done, in collecting funds to furnish and beautify the Hall a pleasant duty which they felt called upon to perform as lovers of the principles that Orangemen upheld, and upon which the Order was founded, namely, to fear God and honor the Queen and love the Brotherhood." After a further, leng-

thy discourse on his own to the effect that the spread of Orangeism would go a long way toward curing all the ills of the world, the golden-tongued Irish Squire McManus retired "amid loud applause."

Prolonged "Hip, Hip, Hurrahs" were given in turn for the Queen, Mrs. McManus, Mrs. Patterson and Squire McManus, after which the thirsty Orangemen and the equ thirsty "great concourse of people" were treated to beer, ginger wine and cakes "of which Mrs. McManus had provided an abundance." That there was an abundance we can well believe, because, said the Orangeville Sun, the Adjala Lodge and the Hockley Lodge, along with their followers, stopped by to enjoy their fill of the McManus beer, ginger wine and cakes.

When the dinner hour arrived Kidd's Hotel and Squire's Hotel were crowded to the doors. To quote again from the Orangeville Sun "the tables were loaded with all the delicacies of the season, and everything substantial to replenish the inner man, to which the company did ample justice. After discussing the merits of the viands they all assembled again and marched to the Agricultural Hall where some very lengthy and eloquent addresses were delivered. The large assembly gave three rousing cheers for Her Majesty the Queen, and three rousing cheers for the speakers. Shortly afterwards the different Lodges left the village, highly pleased with the proceedings of the day. This was the best celebration that has ever been held at Mono Mills. Nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of the day. All was sober and orderly in every respect and highly creditable to the masters and officers of the different Lodges. This day's proceedings will raise the Orangemen of Mono Mills and those in its vicinity in the estimation of the thinking public; and well their conduct on that occasion deserves the approbation of all right-thinking people. Long may they go on in the same way, and prosper."

Along with the old chest from Ireland, sacred to Orange regalia, and the spinning wheel with which the women folk provided their large families with plenty of warm clothing against the long, hard Albion winters, a century-old walnut cradle in antique spool design, with a high canopy bar, holds a place of honor among the Patterson heirlooms. It rocked to sleep not only all thirteen

of James and Margaret Patterson's children—five sons and eight daughters—but also the babies of succeeding generations. It is still brought out to be frilled and furbelowed for the cradling of new arrivals in the families of relatives and neighbors.

A diary inscribed on the cover "James Patterson—His Book," has provided hours of fascinating reading for this author. Started close to one hundred years ago, and meticulously kept for twenty years, it throws a bright light on the homely, comfortable living of Albion farm families in the second half of the eighteen-hundreds, an era of welcome prosperity for thrifty, hardworking early settlers. One entry tells of the purchase of a new harmonium for eighty-five dollars, and there are subsequent records of payments for the musical education of James' and Margaret's eldest child, Anne Jane—eleven dollars in all—an investment which paid off handsomely. At the age of nine, Anne Jane played the harmonium in St. John's Anglican Church, Mono Mills. The Patterson's rested their hardworking horses one day out of seven, and so Anne trudged the five miles every Sunday morning, carrying the smallest baby in her arms while her parents shepherded the numerous in-between children. Long after church service was over the enthralled congregation kept the little girl playing the old hymn tunes over and over until her smiling churchwarden father finally lifted her from the organ stool, handed her the baby, and started her off in the direction of home. Anne Jane remained organist at St. John's for sixteen years, until wifehood and motherhood asserted priority rights.

James Patterson was made a Justice of the Peace for the County of Peel in 1871, and jottings in "His Book" at that time revealed much of the life of a hardworking Albion farmer qualified and willing to add community leadership of a high order to his burdens. Along with entries relating to his interest in the Orange Order the pages take note of big and little transactions around the homestead; of satisfactory sales of farm produce; of generous donations of time and funds to church and clergy. At one point he waxes lyrical about a day in March "so warm the butterflies and bees were out in numbers, so sure were they that summer had come." And

when too many farm facts and figures might tend toward dull reading, he makes the pages come alive with whimsical bits of his own poetry!

Scattered throughout the tidy old book are directions for preparing medicines and salves for the relief of ailments running the gamut from fever to stomach ache to "charley horse" to cuts and sprains and bruises, "to be taken when it hurts." It must be admitted that the ingredients called for most often by the worthy "Squire" in concocting his medicines was "a pint of good malt whiskey."

October 15th, 1887, was written large in "His Book" by James Patterson. It was the day father, mother and thirteen children moved out of the crowded old log house into the proud red-brick five-gabled, seven-bedroomed home. Because it was set in a cool, tangy grove of balsam firs, they named it "Balsam Villa." One of the many entries in the book having to do with the new house records a special trip to Durham to bring home the long, gracefully turned oak balustrade and carved newel post present-day visitors to the Patterson home so much admire. The price paid was fifteen dollars!

Other facts and figures set down by James Patterson are important to the story of Albion because they present not only an accurate cost-pattern for the building of his new home in the year 1887, but also the approximate cost of scores of similar brick farm homes which sprang up all over the township in that period of easier money. For two hundred and forty dollars, so said the book, James Dick contracted with James Patterson to "build house and do mason work and plastering according to plan, in first class workmanship-like manner;" fifty dollars to be paid when brick work was completed; fifty dollars when plastering was finished; and balance at end of year. William Cole agreed to do the carpentry work—which included much elaborate hand-carved "gingerbread" trimming—also "in first class workmanship-like manner," for the sum of two hundred and eighty dollars; fifty dollars when the framework was completed; fifty dollars when the roof was on; eighty dollars when the whole job was finished; and balance of one hundred dollars at end of year. Thirty thousand bricks were used in the building of Bal-

sam Villa, at a cost of three dollars a thousand. Neighbors did the hauling from one of the several brick-yards in Albion, setting out at daybreak to get the job done before turning to their own chores. They would have been offended if money had been offered for this neighborly service.

At the end of the year, when all the bills were paid, James added up his spending on the building of a very fine, very spacious, very handsome Albion farm home. It totalled eighteen hundred dollars.

Squire Paterson lived only two years to enjoy Balsam Villa. He died in 1889, and in time his youngest son succeeded to the farm. A quiet, church-loving, home-loving man, Edgar Patterson cared little for entering public life, although he was often urged by his friends to do so. He was, however, Chairman for his district in the Conservative party, and for ten years he headed the Board of Trustees for the historic Dingle School on the Second Line, where he himself had been a pupil. Edgar married the daughter of an old Elmvale family, the comely Mary Strath who, as a young girl, often came a-visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert McElwain, on an Albion farm not far from Balsam Villa.

The Edgar Pattersons had three sons and a daughter, Carson, George, Jean and Howard. On the death of their father at the comparatively early age of fifty-six, Carson and George took the burden of the farm on their very young shoulders. George was wounded in World War Two, which necessitated his relinquishing farm work for something less strenuous. Howard, the youngest, pursued his studies at the University of Toronto, winning a scholarship every year, and graduating with a B.A. Well qualified for a place on the staff of a Secondary School, Howard prefers to teach children of public school age.

Carson Patterson bought the old home place from his mother at the time of his marriage to Mildred Rawn, whose forebears of that name settled in the area long before even the Carsons or the Pattersons. The senior Mrs. Patterson, known to all her friends as Polly, has remained an honored, loved and wholly congenial member of the family circle, a circle enlarged by a son and daughter, Robert and Sylvia, who are fifth generation Pattersons living

on the original homestead. Balsam Villa, like most old farm homes in the Township, continues to be a centre of easy hospitality on an elastic scale. On Sunday afternoon it is not unusual for the family to press twenty-five or more relatives and friends to "stay to supper."

An aggressive and progressive young farmer, Carson Patterson was one of the first in Albion to avail himself of a comprehensive farm planning program offered to Ontario farmers by the Department of Agriculture. An aerial plan of the farm was made, and experts in agriculture, basing their findings on many years of scientific research, co-operated with Carson in planning and operating his farm to the best advantage. The scheme included testing of soil samples, with resultant soil improvement; irrigation, fertilization, the planting of trees, fencing, rotation of crops and other phases of up-to-date farming. Careful records have been kept, and results have been such that Carson Patterson is one farmer in Albion who has never regretted the step.

An impressive collection of ribbons and trophies, engraved silver trays and other table pieces tell the story of Carson's success as a potato grower. He has been Grand Champion of the Peel County Seed Fair on two occasions, and one year he won the Ontario Crop Improvement Association's highest award with a yield of six hundred and thirty-two bushels to the acre. He has repeatedly won high awards in the Caledon Potato Club.

With all this, our busy young farmer finds time to play an active role in matters educational in Albion. For some years he has represented Albion on the Orangeville High School Board. Carson Patterson maintains a deep and abiding interest in the welfare and advancement of St. John's Anglican Church, Mono Mills, where he has held the highest office a church of England congregation has to offer a layman, that of People's Warden. In this he has followed a pattern set for him by his father, Edgar Patterson; his grandfather, James Patterson; and his great grandfather, John Patterson.

CHAPTER 9

MILLS AND MILLERS

When this author chatted with nonagenarian Mrs. Elizabeth Melon in her childhood log home at the corner of Twenty Side Road and the Fifth Line, she remembered her father and mother, John Mary Hayes, telling her of some "squatter" neighbors who spent the first winter in Albion without a roof over their heads. They appeared on the scene one day trudging along in the deep snow beside a yoke of oxen drawing a piled-high vehicle of sorts. After putting up a crude shelter for the oxen, and building an enormous fire, they settled down cosily in the makeshift sleigh until their log shanty was leisurely completed some months later.

While there were times when they could and did survive without shelter, even in the cold of an Albion winter, the first settlers kept right on getting good and hungry three times a day with painful regularity. When a small area of land was cleared of forest, and the first meagre crop of grain was harvested, it had to be ground into some semblance of flour before it could be baked into bread. But how? To reach a grist mill someone must walk from Albion to Newmarket—to Weston—to Brampton—and back, roughly forty miles, carrying the full sacks on his back.

Obviously, such excursions to enable the family to indulge in the luxury of stone flour could not be embarked upon often. Settlers tore a leaf from the Indians' book, and ground their own grain, tedious and laborious and unsatisfactory as the process was. It took most of the precious evening hours to produce enough flour for the next day's needs, and the overworked men vowed they would rather chop down trees in the forest all day long than grind one bushel of grain. A number of methods were tried, but all produced only a brown, unappetizing meal, so coarse that the parents of small children often had no choice but to chew the corn kernels in their own mouths to make them soft enough to offer to the little folk.

The simplest—and slowest—method was pounding the grain on a flat stone with the blunt end of an axe. Another was the revolving of two grinding stones against

each other by using a crank turned by hand while feeding grain with the other hand into a hole in the upper stone. The third and least laborious method, which continued to be used in Albion for years, was crushing the grain in a hominy block or plumping mill. A hardwood stump was hollowed out in the centre while keeping the outside wet. Usually there was some neighbour who could come up with—of all things—a cannon ball, a souvenir of some past war or other. Passed around from settler to settler, it was heated red hot, and a neat hollow was rounded out in the stump in short order. The interior was scraped and cleaned with whatever tool was handy. Even a sharp stone would do the job. With the addition of a long handled pounder of the hardest wood the contrivance was ready to crush a bushel of grain at a time. At first only a pair of strong hands operated the pounder, but later the labor was lightened by the use of a sweep pole similar to a well pole, attached to a tree. To speed the grinding some settlers boiled the corn in strong lye made of wood ashes until the kernels burst. In spite of repeated rinsings in quantities of water, and drying before pouring it into the hominy block, the result was often a highly unpalatable mass.

A story which has come down through the generations to present-day descendants of the Hamilton family in Adjala and Albion, tells us what happened to the first five bushels of fall wheat harvested in Adjala. Eighteen-year-old Jane, the daughter of James Hamilton, on whose homestead the wheat was grown, decided that it rated something better than inadequate grinding in the homemade plumping mill, and also, she was hungry for bread made from good white stone flour. Along with her younger brother she set out for the grist mill at Newmarket with the wheat piled on an ox-jumper, a crude contraption somewhat resembling a sleigh. It was made from two young saplings selected from the forest because they were curved like runners. Short poles were fastened across from runner to runner to form a floor, and the ox-jumper was complete, ready to run more or less smoothly over the soft, springy blazed trails through the woods.

Young Jane and her brother were away from home for

five days. They spent the first two nights in the forest, and the third night they rested on the mill floor at Newmarket before starting the return journey. The fifth night they encountered wolves, but they had been told by their parents what to do. A huge fire was kept burning all night to keep the animals at bay, but the pack hovered so close, the firelight reflected on fierce, flashing eyeballs which seemed to the excited youngsters to be myriad in number. The fifth day saw Jane and her brother and the ox-jumper safely home with a load of fine stone flour.

Albion homesteaders were jubilant when George Bolton's grist mill was ready for operation in 1823. Built on lot 9, Concession 7, Albion, it was the first mill to be erected on the Humber River north of Weston. In the beginning it had only one run of stones. Settlers from Albion, King, Tecumseh, Adjala, Caledon, Toronto Gore and Vaughan Townships brought one, two or three bags of grist to the new mill, and some came on foot. Often there were so many lined up ahead, they had to wait over a day or two for their wheat to be "floured up", but the bachelor miller of Bolton Mills was a friendly man, known for his hospitality, and customers were his guests.

The amount of grain the miller kept for himself as payment for grinding the settlers' grist was firmly set in 1792, at the first Parliament in Upper Canada. The law passed at that time was one which has brought broad smiles to the faces of readers of Canadian history down through the years. When the sixteen members of the Legislative Assembly gathered at Niagara, there were long and heated debates as to what was a fair share of the grist for the miller to keep as his own. One tenth for the miller "for grinding and bolting" was about to be made law when one Member of Parliament, who was a miller, but who obviously did not know his fractions, jumped to his feet and clamored for more. He held out stubbornly for "at least one-twelfth", and his fellow law-makers, who could not have known their fractions either, ended up by giving in to the miller-member's demand for "more." They passed a law permitting millers to keep for themselves one-twelfth, instead of the one-tenth they had first proposed. Somewhat later, however, Albion grist mills

were trading one barrel of flour for five bushels of wheat.

As payment for surveying the whole of Albion, Surveyor-General James G. Chewett of York was granted 2635 acres for himself, and his was the first patent issued in Township. On June 5th, 1821, George Bolton purchased two hundred acres from Mr. Chewett, and proceeded to build his mill. That he was fortunate in securing such a fine mill seat in Albion—or any mill seat at all—is evidenced by a terse letter written on October 23rd, 1819, to Surveyor-General Thomas Ridout by the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. It reads, in part, "As soon as Albion shall be ready for location, you will locate all who have orders in Council for their grants, who desire to settle there, reserving, however, for His Excellency's special disposition Mill Seats or lots possessing extraordinary advantages." Conferring such lots on friends of high government officials was usually His Excellency's method of "special disposition."

Perhaps the practice was peculiar to Albion, but from the earliest days down through the generations nearly every man had a nickname. If he were liked it was complimentary, but if he were disliked it was the reverse. Either way, it was always used, and a man's Christian name was all but forgotten. Instead, he was addressed, solemnly and for some good reason, as Tamarack, Starlight, Buckle, Rich Dinnie, Cooper, Master, Irish, Yankee, English, Honest Jack, and even Sniffles. George Bolton was known to everyone as "Boss Bolton", and his young nephew, James, who was head miller at a salary the equivalent of one hundred dollars a year, was "Squire."

After some twenty years of operation, Boss Bolton sold his mill to the Squire, and the ancient deed recording the transfer from George Bolton to James Bolton, is still preserved. The change-over took place in 1845, after the mill dam had been destroyed in one of the many floods which occurred around the Humber River with what historians describe as "monotonous regularity".

James set about rebuilding the mill on its present advantageous site, and equipped it with three run of stones. Another Bolton, James H., has left us the story of what he calls, "a tremendous undertaking at the time." He wrote,

"The big clay hill had to be tunnelled through to build the race, and a high racebank was built right up to the old dam, but it was a great improvement as it gave the new mill a head of thirteen feet while the old one had only four and a half." The new mill was a five storey frame building, which soon proved inadequate. In 1850 an addition was built, which doubled its size.

James Bolton was popular, and his enterprise was highly successful. In the early fifties the Crimean War cut off supplies of Russian wheat to Europe, and brought boom times all the way to Albion. The price of grain shot skyward unbelievably, and the "Squire" found himself with plenty of money to pay for the new mill.

In 1854, at the peak of the boom times, James Bolton sold the mill to Edward Lawson, who used the original mill building to house a soda biscuit factory and steam bakery. Our historian, James H. Bolton, tells of one man, John White, being kept busy all the year round making wooden boxes to hold what must have been a fine, tasty product, because he adds, "Everybody ate the biscuits."

The next custodian of the destines of the Bolton Mill was John Gardhouse. He acquired it, soda-biscuit factory, steam bakery and all, as well as a large general store, from Edward Lawson in 1859. Besides doing a large custom trade, the mill had a daily output of 125 barrels of flour, each containing 196 pounds. The general store—which opened at six-thirty in the morning and closed any time from ten to twelve o'clock at night—increased its fall trade from fifty dollars a day to anywhere from six to eight hundred dollars. It was not long before John Gardhouse found himself something of a business tycoon in and around Bolton. By 1875 the annual turnover from all his enterprises amounted to about half a million dollars.

In 1881 the McFall family came into the Bolton Mill picture, and remained there for sixty years. Andrew McFall, the new owner, was the son of William McFall, an Irishman and a staunch Presbyterian, who settled on a farm in King Township in 1842. Having learned mill management at Kleinburg from H. S. Howland, member of a family widely known in the milling industry, young Andrew operated the mill at Thornhill for a year before

taking on the Bolton Mill.

The mill business under Andrew McFall grew apace, so much so that Francis McDonald, the cooper, was often hard put to it to keep up his end. Almost every day, and sometimes more than once a day, his wagon with its rack built high to transport one hundred barrels at a time, rattled over the rutty road from the cooper shop to the mill. When the milling season was at its height Francis employed about twenty coopers, keeping on seven or eight the whole year round. Some of the highly decorative barrel ends are still around, prized by their owners as souvenirs. Those containing "Albion's Pride" depicted an early steamship with high masts for the sails which were often needed to provide auxiliary power. A picture of the handsome mill owner appeared on others, along with the brand name of the flour, "Pure Gold", two words which could well be employed to describe the McFall family also.

Andrew McFall died in 1894, and his twenty-two-year-old son, Arthur, picked up the reins, handling them skillfully for thirty years. In 1924, at the age of fifty-two, he succumbed to a brief illness when his only son, David, now a lawyer practising in Toronto and Bolton, was still a small boy. Arthur's sister, kown to everyone affectionately as "Aunt Annie" McFall, courageously took over the running of the mill, and that she did the job extremely well is borne by the fact that sixteen years later about the time the property was sold to Hayhoe Brothers of Woodbridge, government figures gave the output of flour alone at ninety barrels a day.

To keep up with the times, change followed rapidly upon change at the Bolton Mill throughout the McFall regime. It was one of the first in Ontario to install a full roller system. Available water power was not sufficient to take care of the greatly expanded business, and a steam plant was introduced. In 1907 the steam plant gave way to the gas producer engine, and some ten years later an electric motor replaced the gas producer. To meet the rising trend toward cattle raising in Albion, a special machine was added in 1908 to chop vast quantities of grain for feed. Altogether, it was a far cry from the days of "Boss" Bolton and his simple mill machinery, when the

miller lay on his stomach for hours on end, with his apprentice lying beside him, watching and learning, while his master sharpened the faces of the stones with a little pick-axe, and the racing water carried on from there.

Hayhoe Brothers, of Woodbridge, acquired the mill around 1940, and operated it only briefly. By selling out to James Goodfellow they unwittingly forged a link in the history of Albion which brought a chain of events in a full circle right back to the first days of settlement. While George Bolton was building the first grist mill in the Township with its modest run of one stone, James Goodfellow's great grandfather, another James Goodfellow and one of the first settlers in Albion, was making his way on foot up Yonge Street with his wife and six small children, enroute to his hundred acres, being lot 5, Concession 5. When he harvested his first crop of wheat, and had grist to be floured up, the first James Goodfellow had only to carry it on his back two concessions over, to the mill his great grandson would own nearly a century and a quarter later. Goodfellows are still occupying the old homestead on lot 5, Concession 5, but the historic Bolton Mill passed from the ownership of James Goodfellow in 1959. It was purchased by the Woodbridge Farmers Company, who have added it to their several enterprises.

A success story fabulous enough to rival anything American author Horatio Alger was offering avid young male readers around the middle of the nineteenth century, had its beginning in an early Albion grist mill. In 1840 Thomas Milburn and his sons came into the Township from around Allandale, near Barrie, and settled on lot 23, Concession 2. In a short time, under the name Allendale Mills, they were operating a grist mill, a saw mill, a store and a highly remunerative distillery, turning out whisky in a steady flow. The ratio was five gallons from one bushel of "tailings", which, to the uninitiated, means the "refuse" grades of grain, such as frosted or rusted wheat. The grist mill and the distillery carried on until around 1911, and oldtimers still remember long lines of wagons lining up with grain to be ground, flanked by equally long lines of empty wagons waiting to load up with whisky to be teamed to thirsty Toronto. The Milburns ended up by

moving away to the big metropolis, to become millionaires many times over through the mammoth manufacture and sale of Burdoch Blood Bitters and Milburn Pills, in the days when bottles of such patent medicines were on almost every kitchen shelf, to be poured down gullible throats by the gallon, as a panacea for every ill.

Old neighbors of the Milburns in Albion still relate with a chuckle the story of the buried whisky. One dark night some young roisterers "lifted" a barrel of whisky from the distillery and buried it nearby, for future exhumation and consumption. The next day those concerned were hazy about the exact location of the interment, and the whisky has lain underground to this day. Its location was never discovered, but not for want of trying. "For the longest time these were the most dug-over parts in the whole of Albion", old residents declare, their eyes bright with reminiscent laughter.

CHAPTER 10

OLD COWSKIN TRUNK

When, in 1918, the McFall family of Bolton bought the old farm on which John Godbolt had settled after emigrating from England in 1829, a shabby old cowskin trunk was found in one of the upstairs bedrooms of the first farmhouse. To the vendor, John Godbolt's son, Robert, who was a very old man, it seemed not worth taking away, but to the McFall's who were, and still are, deeply interested in things historic, its content of old papers dating back to the earliest days of Albion settlement proved to be treasure-trove.

John Godbolt had married Harriet Bolton, a member of the historic family who gave the name to Bolton town. Among the miscellany with which the trunk was stuffed was a letter written to "Dear Aunt", by the Godbolts' young daughter, Elizabeth. Headed, "Albion, Bolton, December 30th, 1846. Wednesday afternoon." it reads,

"My Father and Mother wish to hear about my aunt Sarah's Family, and all our relations and enquiring friends. We are very glad to hear that you are staying

with my Uncle Lewis, and we hope that you have a comfortable home there.

My Father has not been able to do any work for eighteen months. Thank Heaven that my brother Robert is able to attend to the farm and our crops was very good last season. We had an abundance of fruit, currants, cherrys and plumbs, and pair the apples and dry them. We make our soap and candles. We spin our wool, and make up all our own clothes. We have plenty of stock and farming implements for the use of our farm. Since my uncle James Bolton lived in Bolton Town it has improved very much. There is an English Church and also congregationist, and a ranter Methodist Chapel. We have a very good day school. We have an English teacher. We had a public examination of our Day School on Christmas eve and the Children said their pieces remarkable well. There are also two Sunday Schools. Cousin Ruth and Lambert Bolton, my brother and myself are teachers in our Sunday School, and my Sister Emma is one of my Scholars. There is a library in both Sunday Schools and the Children have a book out every Sunday, and we have a subscription library. My Brother is one of the Subscribers.

Uncle James Bolton has put in a good Saw Mill and a large grist mill with three run of stone in it. They have just begun to grind. Aunt Ellen Bolton have been very ill. We are happy to say that she is much better now.

There are three large stores, three wheelwrights, three blacksmiths and two Cabinet makers, two Coopers, and one tannery, one butcher, one Saddler, one harness maker, two tailors, Carpenters and Shoemakers past count, one soap and tallar (tallow) Chandler, two Inns. There are also two Stages run from Bolton to Toronto once a week. We shall soon have a market for all our Commodities. We generally sell our beef, pork, mutton, butter and eggs, also hides, in Bolton Town.

Uncle Samuel Bolton and Family returned to Canada last October after an absence of eight Years. He is now living with Mr. Nunn his Fatherinlaw. When he was in Indiani he had very poor health. Since he returned to Canada he has much better health.

The winter has been favourable. At present we have had very little snow. The roads are very muddy now. We hope that we shall have sleighing this month. Brother Robert is dressing the wheat up to take to the mill to have it floured up for market."

Elizabeth's mention of her Uncle Samuel Bolton's return to Albion from "Indiani" in the United States, after an absence of eight years, is a reminder of tragic happenings in the Bolton family back in 1837. After the fiasco of the Mackenzie Rebellion Samuel and his father, the first James Bolton, both of whom were deeply involved in rebel activities, fled to the United States with soldiers close on their heels. James Bolton died a year later, a broken, remorseful man, old before his time. Samuel and his family remained in exile in Indiana until an amnesty was signed in 1836, permitting them to return to Albion.

John Godbolt was also known to be an ardent follower of William Lyon Mackenzie, although he escaped the punishment which swiftly caught up with most of the rebels. In 1918, when the McFalls took over the Godbolt farm, the old trunk yielded up evidence which could have landed John Godbolt in jail if it had been unearthed from its hiding place in the months following the uprising, when the hunt for rebels was hot. It was one of the "firebrand" booklets printed by the rebel leader in 1837. Entitled, innocently, "Common Sense", it contained enough of what the Government could label "treason" to render suspect anyone in whose possession it was found.

One old paper found in the trunk throws a bright light on how teenagers were handled in Albion in 1829. An Indenture, signed jointly by John Godbolt and seventeen-year-old James Bolton reads,

"This indenture made the nineteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine. Witnesseth that James Bolton, son of James Bolton the elder, aged seventeen years, eight months and twenty-eight days, by and with the consent of his father the said James Bolton the elder of the Township of Albion, in the County of York, Upper Canada, and of his own free will hath placed and bound himself apprentice to John Godbolt, of the said

Township of Albion, farmer, which said calling or occupation the said John Godbolt now useth, and with him as an apprentice to dwell, continue and serve from the day of the date hereof unto the full end of term of three years, three months and two days (or until the said James Bolton shall have attained the full age of twenty-one years, which will be on the twenty-first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three), during all which term the said apprentice his master shall and will faithfully serve, his lawful commands gladly do and obey, hurt to his master he shall not do, nor wilfully suffer it to be done by others, but of the same to his utmost powers shall faithfully give notice to his said master. The goods of his master he shall not embezzle or waste, nor lend them without his consent to any. At cards or dice or any unlawful games or pastimes he shall not play, or frequent neither taverns or tippling houses. Matrimony he shall not contract. From the service of his said master he shall not at any time depart, or absent himself without his said master's leave; but in all things as a good and faithful apprentice, shall and will demean himself toward his said master during the said term. And the said master in the said occupation of a farmer which he now useth, with all things thereunto belonging, shall, or will teach, instruct or cause to be well or sufficiently instructed after the best way and manner he can, and shall and will also find and allow unto his said apprentice, meat, drink, washing, lodging and clothes fit and convenient during all of the term aforesaid whether the said apprentice be in sickness or in health, and shall also at the end of the said term give or pay to the said apprentice the sum of thirty pounds of lawful money of Upper Canada and also two suits of decent clothes; in witness thereof the parties have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year above written.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of

Allan Jaffary. James Bolton.

his

Charles Bolton. John X Godbolt.

mark

James Bolton Senior.

Almost lost in the trunk's widely diversified mass of content, such as a well-thumbed very old music book entitled "Aniversary Hymns and Music", two highly colored fashion plates depicting the last word in ladies' fashions in the eighteen-seventies, and some printed prayer cards from the Church of England Service, was a tattered Indenture of Bargain and Sale. It tells us that in the year 1830 John Godbolt, yeoman, paid George Bolton, yeoman, the sum of fifteen pounds for sixty acres, being part of lot 9, in the Seventh Concession of the Township of Albion. Land values around Bolton must have trebled in the next fifteen years, because another Indenture of Bargain and Sale shows that in 1845 John Godbolt paid George Bolton, this time described as "Gentleman", fifteen pounds for twenty acres adjoining his original sixty acres. With the wide Humber flowing swiftly through its well-treed valleys, this Godbolt farm was a picturesque part of the original Bolton Mill property.

John Godbolt died in 1856. His Last Will and Testament, a copy of which was also unearthed from the old papers, followed the basic pattern of most wills executed by Albion "yeomen" of that early day. When he had firmly fixed the homestead in the family name by bequeathing it to his son, he turned his thoughts to securing the comfort and well being of his "beloved wife Harriet", after his death. Nothing was left to chance. If Harriet chose to live with her son Robert, well and good, said the will. If not, in addition to certain moneys being paid to her annually to "support and maintain her in the position in life as she has been accustomed to during her life," Robert must build her "a reasonable dwelling house on a convenient part of my present farm, enclosed in a quarter acre of cleared land, properly fenced, and to have a well of water therein." Harriet was to help herself to "all such bedding and household furniture and kitchen and dairy utensils as she may think proper, and Robert must see that she had sufficient wood cut and delivered at her house for the continued use of two stoves." The bequest to the widow of "one good milch cow, with sufficient pasture and feed for its lifetime", seems to crop up in nearly every early Albion farmer's will; and John Godbolt's was

no exception. He saw to it that not only his wife, Harriet, but also his two daughters, Elizabeth and her young sister Emma, were assured of "one good milch cow" each. Along with the cow, Elizabeth got one hundred pounds, and Emma, fifty pounds and "a suit of clothing suitable to her station in life". Perhaps because John Godbolt could only sign his Last Will and Testament with "His Mark", he devoted one long paragraph to provision for his daughter Emma's uninterrupted education until she reached the age of eighteen years. Judging by her letter to "Dear Aunt" in 1846, the older Elizabeth was already a young lady well versed in more than the "Three R's".

The kindly John, and later his son, Robert, encouraged the people of Bolton to look upon the beautiful wooded "village end" of the Godbolt farm as a public park. Historian James H. Bolton records, "For over fifty years day school and Sunday School picnics were held there, and parents and children roamed through on Sundays and holidays gathering wild flowers, May apples, pepper root and leeks by the basket. There were a couple of beautiful clear cold springs on the side of a hill, and in every way it was an ideal place for an outing." Mr. Bolton recalled one Twelfth of July when thirty fife and drum bands and three brass bands held forth in Godbolt's Flats, and three lodge drums, to use his own word, were "busted" during the day. It was a celebration for the whole County, and the Flats were alive with Orangemen from all over, gathered for what they could hear of the speechifying, most of them resplendent in red plush pants and orange vests, and wide straw hats covered with orange lilies, like their wearers, more than a little wilted from a long day in the July sun.

The town's "old swimmin' hole" was beside Godbolt's bush, out of sight of the road, and the scandalized eyes of some staid villagers. It was there town champions were made. Jim Lundy, remembered Mr. Bolton, was champion fast swimmer. He could swim the race from the dam to the Mill and back in twenty minutes, but Jake Shore was the best under water. He would dive off the boom log at the dam and not be seen again until he was half way to Queen Street Bridge.

Robert Godbolt believed in improving his cattle stock, and was one of the first cattle men in Albion to introduce pure breds. Perhaps his chief bid to fame, however, was his uncanny skill as a weather prognosticator. Lacking the cut-and-dried scientific aids the present day weather man employs, he studied, among other phenomena of nature, the behaviour pattern of birds and little ground animals in relation to the weather. "And somehow," said his mystified friends and neighbors, "he nearly always came up with the right answers."

CHAPTER 11

WHISKY

If this author followed her inclination to write just a pretty story of Albion in which she ignores the earthier aspects of life in the early days, and emphasizes only the sweetness and the light, her depiction would be far from true.

As early is 1652 philosopher Robert Burton wrote, "Many and sundry are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart and divert fixed cares, but in my judgment none so powerful, none so appropriate as a cup of strong drink, mirth, musick and merry company". The pioneers in Albion were, for the most part, a lonely lot, cut off from their home folk by endless miles of sea and land. Their days were filled with hardships and privations. It is understandable that, "to exhilarate a sorrowful heart and divert fixed cares," they sought solace when they could in "mirth, musick and merry company", and the pail of whisky on a shelf behind almost every kitchen door, with the dipper close by, ready to be dipped deep.

Whisky metaphorically ran like water in the early days. It was cheap—from six pence to a shilling a gallon—and distilleries, legal and illegal, abounded. More than one "shebeen" flourished in the township, such as the low, illicit drinking place operated by Adam Beetham, a former revenue officer in England, and son of Thomas

Beetham, who for his services in the Napoleonic Wars was given a military grant in Albion, being the east half of lot 28, Concession 6. When his father died, Adam, who had no liking for hard work, sold the farm for a pittance, and squatted on the Eighth Line between steep hills at the juncture of lots 24 and 25. The road curved sharply at this point, and Adam's log house, with its capacious cellar filled with a fearsome brew, hugged the ground almost out of sight, in a hollow on the road allowance.

At early logging bees the supply of whisky seemed limitless. There were men who came only for the liquor, soon became helpless, and never once raised an axe. The loggers were divided into competing gangs, and the excitement of rivalry, plus the whisky, led to cheating and ended in fights. Before the settlers had won their battle of extermination against the man-eating wild beasts lurking in the Albion forests, some men failed to reach their homes after a logging bee. Only a few shreds of clothing in a fence corner, where they had dropped down "to sleep it off", revealed their fate. A parody written by J. W. Dunbar Moodie tells its own story. It goes, in part,

> There was a man in our town, he made a logging bee,
> And he brought lots of whisky, to make the loggers frisky,
> At his logging bee.
> And there was lots of swearing, of boasting and of daring,
> Of fighting and of tearing,
> At that logging bee.

One story coming down through the generations tells of neighbors dropping in on some homesteaders for a friendly visit, to find the whole family, young and old, male and female, lying out in the sun in alcoholic stupor. True, the keg of whisky and the jug often accompanied workers in the fields, but what the neighbors saw was, obviously, the exception rather than the rule. Among Albion settlers the rule was industry, courage and dogged determination, with time out now and then for "letting off steam". How else could they have achieved so much?

Not even Methodist camp meetings escaped the infil-

tration of intoxicants in pioneer times. Held in the woods, and lasting several days, such religious gatherings were popular in Albion with young and old. But Church leaders were beginning to have second thoughts on the wisdom of continuing prolonged outdoor meetings. They were receiving reports that "Sons of Belial often tempted the Children of Light by selling fire-water on the very fringes of the sacred service". Camp meetings were steeped in emotion, and even though it stemmed from religion, such emotion, mixed incongruously with strong drink, could well get out of hand. Perhaps worried Church leaders recalled the pathos of Abraham Lincoln's story of the little negro boy who, when the President enquired about his parentage, replied, "No suh, ah ain't got no pappy," adding, with what he, at least, thought was justifiable pride, "My mammy says ah's a camp meetin' baby."

Early in its history the Town of York devised its own ingenious method of handling one phase of the whisky problem. Too many troublesome stumps dotted the newly made roads, and also too many "drunks" staggered their way among the stumps. Following the passing of the historic Stump Act, any person found intoxicated on the streets could be ordered by the Magistrate to remove one or more stumps from a road, as a deterrent against future lapses from sobriety. By the time the inebriate had sweated out his sentence to the accompaniment of ribald shouts of encouragement from a rabble of onlookers, he was cold sober, if not repentant. The enforcement of this law cleared York streets of topers and York roads of stumps so successfully, other municipalities were quick to adopt it.

Nowhere did whisky dominate the situation more thoroughly than at an Albion Wake, when, the night before the burial, neighbors from all over crowded the log house to pay their respects to the dead, and enjoy a good visit with the living. There was nothing solemn about such an occasion. It could be said that an aura of festivity surrounded it, thanks to the oft-replenished pail on the shelf in the kitchen. Even the women, who more often than not left whisky-drinking to the men, sat down com-

panionably at a wake, and accepted far too many glasses of hot sugared toddy. As the level of the liquor went down, so the spirits of the guests soared. They grew merrier, but disrespect to the dead was farthest from their minds. True, they laughed uproariously at jokes cracked about the deceased which he might not have enjoyed too well had he been able to hear them, but they also paid him unceasing extravagant compliments which would have surprised him no end if he had been alive. When it was well past midnight, and the gathering reluctantly started to break up, small wonder that some who were deep in their cups were wont to murmur drowsily, "We should have these wakes oftener."

Originating in the United States, Temperance and Total Abstinence Societies gathered swift momentum in Albion in the eighteen forties and fifties, and excessive whisky drinking correspondingly lessened. Enormous quantities of cider, cooled in the well, took its place at most gatherings. True, when the call went out for help at logging and raising bees sans whisky, the response at first was far from one hundred per cent, as it had been in the days when the grog boss promised "a gallon of whisky for each yoke of oxen." There were times when so few local men turned up at loggings where no hard liquor would be handed out, appeals for assistance had to be made to the Methodist Indian Mission at Port Credit.

To keep step with the times, the Orange Lodges in Albion advocated temperance—of a sort. The Black Horse Orangemen—who met originally in a little log lodge hall at Sandy Hollow on the Tenth Line, and whose destinies were guided by such early settlers as Thomas Wolfe, James and Lewis Lipsett, R. W. and W. B. Lowery, William, John, Thomas and Robert Bryan, John McCabe, and his sons, John, Anson and Ralph, and his brother James, to name just a few—passed a resolution on March 10th, 1859, which started off drastically, but ended up not too dismally even for its thirstiest members. It began, "There shall be no likker allowed in this lodge for one year from this date," and continued on, "There shall be three glasses of grog each night, one be four the lodge opens and two after the lodge closes. William Elliott shall be grog deal-

er. John Mcloughlin shall be teetotler Master."

When the glorious Twelfth of July came round, to set out on the Orange Walk when he was in no condition to tread a straight line was a cardinal sin for any Orangeman. One lodge passed a bylaw whereby a member would be fined five shillings "without rebate" if a majority of his fellow-walkers agreed that he had imbibed too early and too freely on that great day. And, the bylaw added, his own protestations of sobriety would not be listened to. One such offender was suspended from his lodge for three years for "getting drunk and falling off his horse."

Up until 1881 whisky was sold across the counters of general stores in Albion simply as another item in the grocery order. When the practice was outlawed in that year, some storekeepers promptly closed up shop, insisting that most of their profits came from liquor sales. However, many of the stores carrying on, solved part of the problem by keeping a keg of whisky handy in a back room, where good customers could be given enough drinks to put them in a humour to buy anything and everything.

In the eighteen sixties and seventies there were five hotels in Bolton catering to the travelling and drinking public, and doing a roaring trade. Each hotel had a dance hall, usually over the driving shed, and much, much space was given over to the bar. Mr. James H. Bolton enlightens us in his history of Bolton,

"Cost of living at the hotels was very moderate—board by the week ten to twelve shillings (less than three dollars) with a liquid appetizer before meals thrown in . . . In 1840 drink cost a penny a glass, but in the seventies the price was five cents for a two ounce glass of whisky or a pint glass of beer." After a few rounds, Mr. Bolton writes, less liquor was poured into the unsuspecting drinker's glass, and that is where the big profit came. When a man got too much he was carried out to the barn and laid on the hay in the box stall to sleep it off. In winter they laid them out in the back room. Quarrelling was an every day affair, but real fighting with fists was usually reserved for fair time, or after some big, exciting day of sports.

Mr. Bolton decried the treating habits in the hotels.

It was to blame, he declared, for many of the drunks around the village. It was custom for a stranger or a commercial man to treat all hands when he came into a bar room, and many of the farmers, enjoying a rare night on the town, did the same. When there was a lull, and fewer drinks were being ordered, the bar tender would invite all hands to have a free drink, and thus start the ball rolling again. The great blot on the hotel business, Mr. Bolton felt, was that few hosteleries paid any attention to laws and regulations. They sold to minors and habitual drunkards. They sold after hours and on Sundays, and they had ways of finding out in plenty of time just when the Inspector would be around.

In 1905 the License Commissioners made one small concession to the now loudly clamoring Temperance Societies by removing the too-comfortable chairs from under the bar room drinkers, leaving them only the liquor and the brass rail. In March of 1906, after long months of nightly speechifying by the pros and the cons, a vote was taken which showed not too much difference, numerically, between the pros and the cons. Local Option carried 101 to 90. Hotel rates promptly advanced to a dollar and a half a day, and the hungry had to find forty cents for their meals.

The new law went into effect officially on March 4th, 1906. In the Bolton Enterprise of June 29th, 1906, Mr. Frank Leavens, the Editor, reported to his readers with his own special brand of wit,

"Our town gets along fairly well since local option, but not so much stir around the hotels as used to be. The bill of fare is higher, but no one can blame the hotel keepers for raising the price of meals from twenty-five to thirty-five and forty cents, for a hungry man will eat ten cents worth of meat alone, besides other things. We don't mean to say that a Scotchman would eat that much, for he would sometimes prefer a good plate of porridge or a good supply of "s-gadden" (herring) and potatoes, but even potatoes run high at the present time, and if a man would or could eat a quart of potatoes and three herrings—let us see, three into twenty-five, eight times and one over, or eight and a quarter cents for herring and five cents worth

of potatoes, thirteen and a quarter cents for potatoes and herring. And how much for all the other finery—bread two cents, pudding three cents, cake five cents, tea two cents, sugar one cent, cream (if any) two cents, one quarter of a fruit pie, three cents, making a total of thirty-one and a quarter cents. Allowing five cents for preparing the food for each person, that will make thirty-six and a quarter cents.

So we see there isn't much profit in selling meals, as there was in selling the good old glass, as some term it with sorrow; for when six or eight or more thirsty old chaps (for sometimes they are the worst) would meet at the old familiar hotel, Sandy would treat first. Be Jabers, says Pat, this is my trate. Coom, says George, this is my treat. By Jimny, I wish not to be behint, says another countryman, we'll have beer. Aye, Aye, says old John, we'll hae a gude glass of auld rye the noo. So when all is done the majority of the crowd are full. Fifty cents would buy all they drank, and the hotel keeper got—eight by forty—$3.20, making a clear profit for the landlord of $2.70. No wonder they feel blue!"

CHAPTER 12

LEADING TO REBELLION

From the time Albion was first organized as a Township the settlers had their own rough time of it at the hands of the governing clique at York, who were dubbed "The Family Compact" in the pages of history, with more than a touch of contempt. Members of the clique were for the most part pseudo-aristocrats related by blood or marriage, obsessed with a profound belief in their omnipotence, and possessed with a low, grasping greed. Family Compact scorn for humbler folk was but thinly veiled when Chief Justice John Beverley Robinson, one of their number, publicly defined himself as "someone of finer clay who must regretfully discipline the lower orders." To their many sins they added that of land grabbing, saying, in effect, "If Peter Russell can get away with it, why

cannot we?" The Honorable Peter Russell succeeded for a time the wise and kindly and truly honorable first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, John Graves Simcoe. During Russell's brief regime as Acting Lieutenant-Governor, the Land Office at York handled many documents which started off brazenly, "I, Peter Russell, convey to you, Peter Russell," and ended with that gentleman's characteristic flowing signature. Filed alongside those executed by Peter Russell in favor of Peter Russell were many land deeds just as shameless, executed in behalf of Family Compacters.

Because of the Family Compact's well developed propensity for land grabbing, vast tracts of choice lands around York and in some of the townships to the north, remained tractless wilderness far too long. Held vacant by their wealthy owners for a rise in values, they cried out for settlers who would clear the forests, build homes and roads, raise families and grow abundant crops to feed the population of York. As the situation was, foodstuffs were imported in quantity from across the border which could just as well have been grown at home and sold for much less than the exorbitant prices charged in the United States, a matter of small moment to the well-heeled Family Compacter, but of major importance to ordinary folk. These large blocks of tenantless lands, along with two-sevenths set aside as Crown and Clergy Reserves resulted in township populations too scattered and too scant to provide enough churches and schools and roads. Absentee owners did not share the working farmers' obligations to build and maintain roads in front of their lots. Roads, in fact, halted abruptly at an absentee's holding, only to be resumed when a resident farmer's land was reached. While settlers labored to exterminate the wild beasts infesting their homesteads, these savage denizens of the forest multiplied and roamed uncontrolled on the tracts of unoccupied land, making raids on precious live stock and menacing the very lives of farmers and their families. To add to the injustice of it all, the entire burden of taxation fell on resident owners. In 1818 a Bill was introduced into the legislative proposing to tax vacant lands, but the vested interests — the family Compact — were

strong enough to defeat it. It was not until 1829 that even a start was made to tax unimproved lands.

An unpalatable pill the people in the townships had to swallow was the iniquity of the Clergy Reserves, one seventh of all surveyed lands set aside by the Crown for the support of "Protestant Clergy." Just who were Protestant Clergy? That question was debated in and out of church circles and in and out of Parliament with increasing fury for half a century. The Reverend Doctor John Strachan, when he appeared on the Canadian scene and found his way into the bosom of the Family Compact, had no doubts on the matter. When he was appointed to the Executive Council—the inner circle of Parliament—he assumed control of Clergy Reserve funds, and first as Archdeacon of York and later as Bishop of Toronto he fiercely contended that revenues from such lands were for the exclusive enjoyment of the clergy of the Church of England, which was to him at least the Established Church of Upper Canada. To justify his stubborn stand he more than once stooped to blackening the good name of other religious denominations, particularly the Methodists. They in turn clamored loud and long for a share in the Clergy Reserves and for other rights, reminding the arrogant head of the Church of England in Upper Canada that their numbers far outstripped those of his Church in spite of numerous devious devices he employed to bolster its membership when the time rolled round for an ecclesiastical report to be sent to Britain.

Church of England clergy labouring in the townships were pitifully few, and the territory they struggled manfully to serve was too widely spread. It was the itinerant Methodist circuit rider who was welcomed most often into the scattered wilderness homes by settlers and their families rushing joyfully out into the dark, their flaming torches held high to silhouette the figure of the weary shabby parson drooping against his weary shabby horse, whose saddle bags bulged with coarse food for the journey, and all the paraphernalia of his rider's calling. It was the travelling Methodist parson who most often gathered a group around a stump or packed them into a log shanty to tell them the gospel story in language little more

polished than their own. It was to him bashful couples, deeply in love, came most often to be married. When he told them that although he was an ordained minister in the Methodist Church, he was not permitted by law to solemnize a marriage in Upper Canada, and they must wait for the unlikely arrival of a Church of England clergyman, too often the disappointed young people turned to the dubious solace of a common-law marriage. In a Parliamentary session of 1824 a Bill was passed by the Legislative Assembly empowering Methodist ministers to perform the marriage ceremony, but the higher Legislative Council, where John Strachan exerted a powerful influence, promptly threw it out.

One historian depicts John Strachan as "a man who held high ideals in his own way, and who also held high ideas for feathering his own nest." At one point in his career his enemies, who were far from few in number, claimed that he was accepting nine salaries for nine offices he held. The schoolmaster son of an Aberdeenshire quarryman, he was Presbyterian before taking holy orders in the Church of England. A story is told of James Strachan, who had not gone up in the world as high as his cleric brother, arriving one day from Scotland to pay "Jock" a visit. Agape with astonishment at his first sight of the sumptuousness and size of the pre-episcopal palace, he bellowed, "Jock, Jock, ye've a hoosie like a king and a wifie like a queen. Eh, mon, I hope it's a' coom by honest." Revenues from the Clergy Reserves helped to provide money for the "hoosie like a king," and for church schools in York for sons of the Family Compact, but there was none, not a penny, for the education of young Canadians growing up in the townships roundabout. Hardpressed young parents fighting to survive in a strange new land had to find money to build their own little schoolhouses and pay someone—anyone—to teach their children the rudiments of the three "R's." These and other abuses and oppressions led straight to the armed uprising of 1837.

Albion's sizzling role in the Mackenzie Rebellion can best be understood when we remember that the Township formed an important part of William Lyon Mackenzie's

own constituency, the Second Riding of York. Five times in succession stubborn Albion electors cast their votes to return this fiery little champion of the common man to the Legislative Assembly, only to see him unjustly and indeed illegally ejected the same number of times, more often than not by the scruff of the neck.

In 1833 the second Riding of York followed its usual pattern and returned Mackenzie—this time by acclamation—in a by-election made necessary by his previous expulsion from the House on a trumped-up charge of libel. When Parliament convened and he presented himself at the Bar to be sworn in, Albion electors swelled the throng of friends and constituents who poured into the galleries, filled the lobbies and invaded the floor of the House to see that this time justice was done. In spite of Mackenzie's warning to remain quiet, his supporters hissed and catcalled vigorously when once more the sergeant-at-arms was ordered to oust their elected member from his seat. Quite rightly, we are forced to admit, the hissers and catcallers were hustled outside, but when they saw their beloved "Mac" also being pushed roughly through the door, they swarmed back in, under and over a barricade of desks hastily erected by the outraged Honorable Members. Bedlam was loose. Never before had the Family Compact—the "finer clay"—been subjected to such distasteful proximity with the sweating flesh of the "lower orders."

The "lower orders," in spirit at least, continued to press uncomfortably close to the Family Compact as long as William Lyon Mackenzie could retain even a brief foothold in the Parliament to which he had been elected, or could scrape up enough money to publish his numerous newspapers wherein his vitriolic pen recited their wrongs and battled for their rights. During every session of the House, and in every issue of his scandal sheets, he needled the Family Compact with such questions as "Why does it cost a poor settler seven shillings or more to send a letter to England? Why are the roads in such appalling condition that the mail coach can seldom make the trip between York and Montreal? Does the House know that election officials are bribed, and that elections are purposely held

in hard-to-reach places to discourage the rural vote? What is the Bank of Upper Canada but a source of gain to a few rich merchants, and of political influence for the Government? Why are Government contractors making so much money building the Welland Canal? Why is the salaried Chaplain of the Legislative Assembly always a Church of England priest of Archdeacon Strachan's choosing in spite of the fact that other denominations have left that Church far behind numerically? Why are female lunatics chained together in the filthy cellar of the County Jail?" After one such needling, Attorney-General H. J. Boulton, who envisioned the Family Compact's control of "purse and place" threatened, so far forgot himself as to stride part way across the floor of the House with fingers curled, ready to throttle the meddling little upstart with the piercing blue eyes and the flaming red wig usually awry on an overly large head.

That the man whom the Family Compact looked upon as a meddling little upstart had many staunch followers in Albion is evidenced by the calling of a township meeting for November 23rd, 1833, over the signature of sixteen Albion freeholders, "to take into consideration the renewed insult and injury inflicted upon this County (York) in the rejection of our worthy member William Lyon Mackenzie Esq. during this parliament, and then and there to devise and use such constitutional means as may be adopted to prevent if possible a recurrence of the like in time to come." A large body of angry men, who had witnessed the fourth expulsion of their elected Member from the House of Assembly, responded to the call, and at ten o'clock in the morning overflowed the home of Thomas Mulloy on lot 19, Concession Two, where township meetings were invariably held.

Numerous wordy, repetitious and obscurely threatening Resolutions were adopted, all of them unanimously. The first, moved by Mr. Love Newlove and seconded by Mr. William King, read, "Resolved that this meeting, taking into consideration the frequent and unjustifiable expulsions of the W. L. Mackenzie, Esq., view it as a tyrannical usurption of British rights, and as such are determined not to bow to decisions which, if persisted in, will call

forth other and more coercive measures." Another Resolution, moved by Mr. John Monkman, seconded by Mr. James Johnson, recorded that "this meeting considers that His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor was guilty of a gross and partial dereliction of his duty in not dissolving the House of Assembly when he cannot but see they are expending the resources of the country in their repeated expulsions of our worthy member, W. L. Mackenzie, Esq."

The last and wordiest Resolution was undoubtedly penned by the mover, James Bolton senior, whose frequent and fluent writings in support of his friend, William Lyon Mackenzie, finally brought about his exile to the United States. It reads, "Be it resolved that an address of thanks be voted to our most worthy though rejected W. L. Mackenzie, Esq., for the manly integrity with which he has supported our civil and religious rights notwithstanding the contempt and abuse which have been heaped upon him by the enemies of our King and Country." The Address of Thanks was read twice to the meeting, and, of course, adopted unanimously. It reads, in part,

"Sir: We present our grateful thanks for your watchful and energetic fulfillment of the duties devolving upon you as our representative in the Commons House of Assembly—for the manly and honest stand you have so long and so constantly made in defence of our constitutional rights and liberties against the inroads of arbitrary power —against banking monopolies and legalized fraud in every shape—against the corrupting system of favoritism and privilege—against the system of anti-christ in the form of state churches and state paid priests, which ever did and ever will support those measures which confer all the power, all the learning, all the wealth, yes and all the enjoyments of the goods of life to the control of the few, and consign the multitude whose labor is the source of all those goods and enjoyments, to poverty and ignorance. But above all we thank you for your strenuous and unyielding efforts to extend the means of education to all, especially to the poor and destitute.

"Should we not appreciate your inestimable work, how could we meet the looks of wife and children? The fields we have cleared, would they not reflect scorn? Yes,

the very rocks of our mountains would reflect scorn, if they did not fall on us."

Mr. James Bolton's Address of Thanks to William Lyon Mackenzie went on and on and on. One cannot but wonder at what small hour the next morning these men of Albion, who gathered at Thomas Mulloy's home bright and early on a November day in 1833, returned to the bosoms of their families.

Another outcome of this historic meeting was the affixing of sixty-eight signatures of Albion freeholders to a letter which, in the light of later developments, could incriminate all sixty-eight. It tells its own story,

"William Lyon Mackenzie, Esquire, M.P.P.
Dear Sir,

With the highest esteem and regard we offer this simple tribute, this mark of confidence and affection to real worth, with a humble belief that whether rational freedom is ours, or whether long suffering humanity is again doomed to silence and to shame, the period will notwithstanding arrive when, if our humble names are the only names inscribed to a testimony so notoriously just, posterity will revive this record of the men of Albion, and engrave it imperishably beneath the name of William Lyon Mackenzie."

So many of the signatories were original patentees of land in Albion, the list reads almost like a page torn from Land Office records in York. Some were only able to make their mark. The names are, William Parker, Farqhuar McKinnon, Peter Mitchell, Thomas Hainsworth, Edwin Hudson, George Hudson, David Downey, Joseph Roadhouse, Joseph Wardel, William Storr, Elijah Store, T. W. Therwood, William Downey, James Black, Thomas Hethern, Rabey Parker, William Williamson, John Shore, Samuel Sterne, James Ward, James Coates, William Barger, Joseph Hudson, Charles Bolton, James Wilson, George Godbolt, John Monkman, James Monkman, Lyon Harvey, William Copeland, Benjamin Roadhouse, William King, Thomas Mulloy, William Wilson, James Squier, Robert Watson, John Watson, John Sullivan, James Blois, Henry Bolton, James Johnson, James Bolton Jr., William Switzer, George Bolton, John Godbolt, Thomas Langtree, Sam-

uel Bolton, Henry Nunn, Allan Jaffary, Thomas Rogers, George Bolton, George Snider, Love Newlove, John Smith, James Hall, Thomas Clarridge, William Rogers, Arthur Squier, James Bolton, William Cheavine, Parshall Terry, William Squier Jr., William Squier Sr., Thomas Younge, Hugh Mulloy, James Younge Jr., Joseph Hudson Sr., John Jaffary, Chairman, and James Monkman, Secretary.

In February of 1834 the elected member for the Second Riding of York took his place once more in the Legislative Assembly. This time he was sworn in on direct orders from the Lieutenant-Governor, who had received peremptory instructions from the Colonial Office on England. Notwithstanding all this, he was forcibly pried loose from his seat and expelled for the fifth time, although he had committed no offence. On March 6th of that year the Town of York was granted its Charter to become the City of Toronto, and it must needs have a mayor. Elections were held on March 27th, and one short month after his humiliation at the hands of the Family Compact, the first city in Upper Canada proclaimed William Lyon Mackenzie elected to the highest office it had to bestow. During his term as mayor cholera took over the city, paralyzing business and emptying the streets. One person in four contracted the disease, and one in ten died of it. It was His Worship, Mayor William Lyon Mackenzie who drove the cholera cart, scarcely eating or sleeping until he became a victim himself. He allowed little time for recovery before he was back on the cart shuttling between the stricken homes and the hospital day and night, with his sorry load.

If a search had been made all over England it could not have turned up a man less fitted than Sir Francis Bond Head to be Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada during the explosive years which followed his swearing-in at Toronto on January 25th, 1836. The appointment of such a totally unsuitable person may be explained by a story which leaked out later from the Colonial Office. It was whispered that it was never their intention to offer Francis Bond Head the job. Sir William Head was the man they had in mind, and the invitation had been extended in error to his undistinguished but opportunist

cousin, who accepted it on condition that he be given a baronetcy. On his arrival in York His Excellency airily admitted to all within sound of his voice that he had never bothered to vote in his life, and he avowedly judged the character and ability of a man by whether or not he was "an agreeable dog at dinner." It was not long before he was irreverently known as "Sleeping Sir Francis" because it was usually necessary to rouse him from a nap when a delegation called on him by appointment. When he addressed the Legislature for the first time he announced nonchalantly that he "had nothing either to promise or profess." He already harboured a profound aversion to William Lyon Mackenzie, however. Someone in the Colonial Office had slipped Mackenzie's Book of Grievances into the new Lieutenant-Governor's portmanteau before he sailed for Canada, for him to study and ponder over on shipboard. He skimmed through it, and thereafter referred to it derisively as the "Book of Lamentations."

When Parliament assembled in the year preceding Sir Francis Bond Head's appointment, William Lyon Mackenzie's friends were in the majority in the House of Assembly, and he stayed in his seat. The Upper House—mostly Family Compacters who were appointed for life—used their prerogative wantonly to throw out Bills—as many as from twenty to thirty in one session—passed by the elected Legislative Assembly, and designed to secure government responsibility to the people. To redress themselves against the Family Compacters, there was one step the Legislative Assembly could, and finally did take, a step so drastic it had never before been considered in Upper Canada. Colonial Legislative Assemblies were empowered by Constitution to hold up the passing of the Supply Bill until proven grievances had been remedied. And so, with one fell swoop they cut off lesser salaries and pensions and all the multitude of Parliamentary running expenses. They would have dearly loved to cut off the salaries of the Lieutenant-Governor and other top officials, but the wily Family Compact had forstalled just such action by having a Bill passed in 1831, when their supporters were in the majority in the Legislative Assembly, which Mackenzie labelled 'The Everlasting Salary Bill." It en-

sured the chief officials' salaries being paid without say-so from the House of Assembly.

Sir Francis Bond Head childishly vented his anger on the Assembly for cutting off supplies by refusing to put his signature on any Bills sent up to him that session. The result was total confusion. Banks clamped down on credit, a trade slump developed, and unemployed workers in droves turned their backs on Canada to seek jobs in the United States.

Although it had run barely half its natural life, in May of 1836, the Lieutenant-Governor dissolved a Parliament he could not control. Writs were issued for a new election to take place in June. Determined to rid himself—no matter how—of William Lyon Mackenzie and his ilk, and egged on by the Family Compact, he personally harangued the crowds, a shocking spectacle in the face of the neutrality he was pledged to maintain. Taking the stump, he cunningly sought to divert the issue away from the simple Reform platform of Government for the people. A vote for Mackenzie, he shrilled, is a vote for separation from the Crown, and for absorption by the United States. The result was that many bewildered Albion freeholders climbed on the polling platforms for all to see and hear, and openly voted Family Compact for the first time, to prove their loyalty to the beloved Motherland.

The Family Compact raised a large corruption fund. The Bank of Upper Canada, under orders, offered leniency to those whose notes were due if they would vote "Compact," and threatened to "put the screws on" those who refused. Electors were openly bribed outside the polling booths. Tickets of Location for choice lots were torn off a pad and passed out to drifters not entitled to hold them, in return for their votes for Family Compact. Hired mobs of ruffians, plied with whisky, and armed with guns, stones and bludgeons, chased Reformers from the polls. At Streetsville, the polling place for Mackenzie's Second Riding of York, His Excellency, attended by Sheriff William Jarvis, sat on his horse and watched the debacle with glee.

When the votes were counted William Lyon Mackenzie went down to defeat for the first time in his political

career. Reformers were all but driven from Parliament. Sir Francis Bond Head lost no time writing to the Colonial Secretary that he had "saved the Canadas," and that he "had engaged single-handed in one of the severest moral contests on record in the Colonial Office." William Lyon Mackenzie retired to a friend's home, and his weeping was pitiful to see.

CHAPTER 13

REBELLION OF 1837

The hotbed where the seeds of the armed uprising in Upper Canada were sown and nourished was only eight miles from Albion's Boltontown. On June 30th, 1837, William Lyon Mackenzie and some of his former constituents in the Second Riding of York met secretly at Lloydtown, a mile from what is now Schomberg, in King Township. A resolution was passed, simple and brief in wording, but for the first time spelling out "Revolt." It read, "After striving for years without success to secure our just rights by Constitutional means, there is nothing left but to arm ourselves in defence of those rights."

Later on, in an issue of "The Constitution," one of Mackenzie's many newspapers which circulated widely in Albion, a signer of the Resolution defended it. He wrote,

"All along we expected to straighten things out at the polls until Sir Francis and his crowd swamped us out of the election in the summer of 1836. Why, his men distributed tickets giving titles to farms on the shore road and the bush that no one ever knew were farms. With these tickets in their hands the bribed men would go to the polls as freeholders and swear that they got four dollars a year out of farms they did not own nor no one else ever did own. But these ticket holders swore enough votes through to beat us Reformers who had property in the country. After that we saw there was nothing before us but a fight."

The electors in Upper Canada suffered a rude awakening after the cataclysm at the polls in 1836. Methodists

by the hundreds who had supported Sir Francis and his henchmen by swinging several constituencies to the Family Compact, found themselves the victims of a wicked hoax. In return for their votes they had been promised a generous share of Clergy Reserves revenues, something they had long clamored for as their right. This promise, along with others, was blithely ignored when the election was won. There were dismissals right and left of judges and other officials of high calibre whose only defection was a belief in what Sir Francis termed "low grovelling principles of democracy." Flushed by their spurious victory, the Family Compact whipped up their mounts afresh to ride roughshod over the "lower orders." There were the old familiar abuses, and others were added. To top it all, a strange, sinister unrest throughout the whole country played its part in bringing about still deeper economic depression. More than one Albion farmer took a last long look at the homestead he had wrested with his own hands from the forest, before taking his place in the steady stream of migrants crossing the Border into the United States to begin all over again.

As late as the spring of 1837 there were Reformers who held on to the hope of one day securing by Constitutional means a Government responsible to the people. William Lyon Mackenzie himself seems to have been one of them. He had added the operation of a bookstore in Toronto to his manifold activities, and the month of March found him in New York absorbed in buying books. On his return home, however, the last straw was laid on the camel's back. After the 1836 elections he had filed a charge of electoral fraud against his successful opponent—a relative of Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson—in the Second Riding of York. He also asked for a recount of votes. Serious illness laid him low before he had time to prepare his case, and friends secured for him an extension of the legal deadline. When he presented himself well within the extended time, armed with stacks of irrefutable documents to support his claim, the Government had hurried second thoughts, and on the flimsiest of technical grounds refused him and his witness a hearing.

In the weeks following the secret meeting at Lloyd-

town, when "armed forces" was whispered for the first time, gatherings of Reformers were held all through the townships, and Resolutions were adopted committing the signatories to "rebellion if reform is denied us." A meeting in the Township of Chinguacousy went a step farther. They added to their Resolution, "When a government is engaged in systematically oppressing a people, it commits the same species of wrong to them that warrants an appeal to force against a foreign enemy . . . A Governor who shuts the gates of justice on the public restores them to their original right of defending themselves."

Meetings in Toronto late in July culminated in the passing of a Resolution which stopped just short of being a declaration of independence. With astonishing recklessness Mackenzie printed the near-subversive Resolution word for word in his newspaper "Constitution" of August 2nd, 1837. From then on there was no looking back. Over two hundred gatherings of Reformers were held openly in the remaining months of the year. Albion, so close to the seething Lloydtown, had her full share.

Early in August Mackenzie toured the townships organizing vigilance committees all the way. From Toronto he travelled on horseback to Newmarket and across to Lloydtown where on both sides of the main thoroughfare, banners already blew in the breeze lettered "Give me Liberty or Give me Death," a sweeping sentiment which surely tended to dismay the more cautious inhabitants. Not all—not quite all—in Lloydtown were signatories to Resolutions advocating armed revolt. All were agreed that they could do with more liberty at the hands of the Family Compact, but all, even in Lloydtown, were not ready to die for it.

Fifty farmers, riding horseback and carrying arms, escorted Mackenzie from Lloydtown to "the bald hill behind Boltontown," a favourite meeting place for the Reformers. Surprisingly little notice was taken of their increasing activities, but there was one fracas at Bolton when enough heads were cracked to earn for it a place in the history books. Mackenzie's men were holding forth in a blacksmith shop near the mill when outsiders, spoiling for a fist fight, descended on them, broke up the meeting

and chased the Reformers across the bridge over the Humber and out of town. In their headlong flight they were met bv a group from Lloydtown riding toward Bolton on the way to the meeting. Well reinforced in numbers, the local Reformers turned on their attackers who were gathered around the bridge catching their breath after the first fight. In the merry battle which followed more than one combatant leapt for "safety" into the swift flowing river, and time had to be called on both sides until he was fished out. This time the former victors went down to defeat. An aftermath of the melee was a terse little paragraph in Mackenzie's newspaper, "Constitution," written by a Reformer who no doubt was nursing a sore head, "We separated with the understanding that to produce good order there must be hickory sticks, pikes and rifles at our future meetings. Outsiders stand in need of such special constables, and with them are as meek as lambs."

Mackenzie travelled from village to village surrounded by dusty carriages, wagons, ox carts and riders on every variety of horseflesh, from cart horses to thoroughbred racers, a motley collection which somehow took on the lustre of a triumphal procession. At every stopping place the little Scot harangued the fast-gathering crowd, often emphasizing a point by his favorite gesture—sweeping off his red wig and holding it high in both hands, or, in his excitement, tossing it far into the cheering crowd. His platform was usually atop a wagon seat, and many a time mischievous "outsiders" executed a surprise attack, closing in in numbers to grasp the shafts and transport him and his platform far out of earshot of his audience, an outrage which Mackenzie's friends did not take lying down.

As autumn advanced fires burned through the night in Albion blacksmith shops, where men worked around the clock fashioning sharp pointed iron pike heads to be attached later to ten foot poles. Ancient fowling pieces, muzzle loading muskets and other fearsome firearms were brought out, and target shooting began in earnest. Rifle practice went on daily in the guise of pigeon and turkey shoots. As time went on caution was abandoned, and men and boys to the number of three or four hundred gathered to drill on the "bald hill behind Boltontown."

There were mounted lancers, well appointed and smartly uniformed, and there were youths carrying butcher knives fastened to fishing poles. No one stayed home for lack of a weapon. If nothing more warlike presented itself men showed up for drill brandishing walking sticks and umbrellas. Often the instigator of it all, the little man with the red wig and a brace of pistols in his belt, would emerge out of the dusk, unannounced, to prance about, encourage and applaud.

The Lieutenant-Governor was kept well informed of Mackenzie's goings-on in the townships, but he refused to take them seriously. The foolish little man was too busy bombarding his superiors in Britain with dispatches full of such wishful thinking as, "Upper Canada is now, as I have assured your Lordship, sound and healthy at heart." And "The more seriously I contemplate the political tranquility of this Province the more steadfastly am I confirmed in my opinion that cool, stern, decisive, unconciliating measures form the most popular description of government that can be exercised toward the free and high-minded inhabitants of the Canadas." After the triumph of the 1836 elections Sir Francis toured the townships, where disquiet was such that arms and ammunition were soon to be brought in surreptitiously from the United States, and forges would soon fashion bullets and weapons of revolt twenty-four hours a day. On his return home he sat down and summed up his findings for the Colonial Office, "Upon the loyalty of the people of Upper Canada," he wrote, "His Majesty's Government may now build as upon a rock." Apparently unperturbed by it, Sir Francis recorded his version of Mackenzie's strange activity in the Townships, "First he wrote, and then he printed, and then he rode, and then he spoke, stamped, foamed, wiped his seditious little mouth, and then spoke again; and thus, like a squirrel in a cage he continued with astounding assiduity the centre of a revolutionary career."

Hard times continued throughout the summer and fall of 1837. For the farmer money was almost non-existent. His was a desperate struggle to make a bare living for his family, and in this he was helped but little and hindered mightily by his government. One young

homesteader who later succumbed to wounds suffered in fighting for a cause he thought was right, put his story on paper before he died. It read,

"The author has been in Canada since he was a little boy, and he has not had the advantage of a classical education at the King's College nor even the lesser advantages derived from a District School. The greater part of his time has been spent watching over and providing for an increasing and tender family. He has had in most instances to make his own roads and bridges, clear his own farm, educate himself and his children, be his own mechanic, and except now and then he had no society but his own family. He had his bones broken by the fall of trees, his feet lacerated by the axe, and suffered almost everything except death. He waited year after year in hope of better days, expecting that the government would care less for themselves and more for the people. But every year he has been disappointed."

It was not just coincidence that Lower Canada was also in the throes of secret preparation for a similar revolt against their Government. Mackenzie had deputed Jesse Lloyd, of Lloydtown, to act as liaison between the leader of the Patriotes, Louis J. Papineau, and himself, and on October 9th, 1837, Lloyd passed along the word that in Lower Canada "the hour for a brave stroke of liberty had arrived," along with an invitation to the patriots of Upper Canada to share that hour with them.

With revolt beginning to flame right on his own doorstep, the Lieutenant-Governor, for reasons of his own, ordered all the troops garrisoned in Fort York and Fort Henry to Lower Canada to be used against the revolt of the Patriotes there. Some ten field pieces had been moved from Fort York to the City Hall, along with four thousand stand of arms, muskets with bayonets, and ammunition, and placed under guard of one lone constable! Later, Sir Francis published two flustered, contradictory explanations. In one he vowed he knew nothing about an uprising until he was roused from a sound sleep at midnight on December 4th. In the other he said he sent the troops to Lower Canada because he wanted to inveigle Mackenzie into prematurely showing his hand. Lord

Durham, when he was sent out from Britain to sift reasons why the Canadas should rise in armed revolt against their governments, found truth in the Lieutenant-Governor's second shameful admission. He reported, "It appeared too much as if the rebellion had been purposely invited by the government, and the unfortunate men who took part in it deliberately drawn into a trap by those who subsequently inflicted so severe a punishment on them for their error."

On receiving Papineau's message, Mackenzie was all for proceeding with his own rebellion the next day, or even that day, but those who were close to him urged caution and more caution. He finally agreed to tour the townships once more to make sure everything was in readiness. After all, the impatient and often indiscreet little zealot could wait no longer. Without consulting anyone he gave sealed orders to the captains of townships to assemble their forces on Thursday, December 7th, at Montgomery's Tavern on Yonge Street, north of Toronto. Worse still, he exultantly imparted the plan to an outsider, who promptly galloped off to Toronto to win glory by sharing his scoop with a sleepy Lieutenant-Governor, who only wanted to go back to bed.

Those assembled at Montgomery's hostelry, the sealed orders advised, would proceed in a body four or five thousand strong from the tavern to Toronto, where they would be joined by most of the citizens. They would march to the City Hall, overpower the one constable on guard, and seize the four thousand stand of arms stored there. The Lieutenant-Governor was to be taken prisoner along with his cohorts. The capture of the garrison, the calling of a convention to frame a Constitution, and the forming of a provisional government would neatly round out the insurrectionary program. It looked wonderful on paper. But it did not work out that way. The armed uprising in Upper Canada in 1837 was indeed a fiasco. Nearly everyone did the wrong thing at the wrong time and in the wrong way. And, ironically, historians agree that the rebellion could not have failed if the leaders had had a common plan of operation, and had been in harmony with each other. Up to the last minute His Excellency

appeared to be contentedly "contemplating the political tranquility of the Province," while his Capital's unpreparedness for attack was such that a handful of rebels under strong leadership could have won the day.

Fresh from delivering his sealed orders to the captains of townships, Mackenzie arrived at Montgomery's Tavern on Sunday, December 3rd, to prepare for the horde of hungry and footsore rebels who would converge on the hostelry from all directions on Thursday, December 7th. It was then he learned of the defeat of the patriotes in Lower Canada. But that was not all. A message was handed to him from his Advisory Council in Toronto. They were shocked, they wrote, at his indiscretion whereby the Family Compact knew all about the December 7th program before they did. And did he know there was a warrant out for his arrest? To "jump the gun," they had decided to put forward the date for the patriots to gather at the Tavern to Monday, December 4th, and they had sent couriers from Toronto to advise the captains of townships of the change of date.

As it turned out, some couriers got through in time to start the rebels on the march for the earlier rendezvous. Some did not. The upshot was total confusion, and from that time on William Lyon Mackenzie gave every indication of having gone more than a little mad. He sent his own couriers galloping north to countermand the Advisory Council's instructions, but companies from the Lloydtown area—some of them from Albion—were already slogging along the side roads weighted down with muskets and ammunition, or dragging ten-foot-long pikes through thirty or forty miles of a mild December's snow and slush. Picking up reinforcements on the way, they poured into the tavern three or four days before they were expected. By early Monday morning the hostelry was housing an unhappy rabble of some five hundred men. And the larder was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard ever was.

One Company from Halton County gathered sixty strong to set out for Albion where they were expected to join with a company there. Before they were ready to march quite a few had second thoughts, and their number

was reduced to twenty-two. When they reached Chinguacousy they had their own little battle with a party of men unfriendly to the rebel cause, who were holding a chopping bee. They stopped their chopping to rush the marching men, but their upraised axes were soon fended off with a show of muskets. By that time the rebels from Halton County had all they wanted of combat. All but five remembered urgent business at home. The five who carried on arrived at Montgomery's Tavern too late to fight, but not too late to be taken prisoner. And they were not too late to witness Sir Francis importantly trotting up from his safe position to order the burning of Montgomery's Tavern and the nearby home of one of Mackenzie's friends, 'to mark," said His Excellency, "the death of that perfidious enemy, responsible government." From the prisoners' enclosure they could hear the screams of farm animals wantonly shot down, and those of a terrified woman and her four small children who had escaped from the burning house, and were huddled together in the road.

Monday evening, December 4th, saw the first two fatalities of the Rebellion. Intent on carrying news of the marching rebels to the city, Colonel Moodie, a resident of Yonge Street north of the Tavern, whipped up his horse to break-neck speed and broke through two of three cordons of rebel guards. At the third he was shot by one of the guards after Colonel Moodie, himself, had fired his pistol. Carried to Montgomery's, he died two hours later. The second fatality was a major disaster for the insurrectionists. Riding up Yonge Street, Alderman John Powell, a Family Compacter, ventured too close to the Tavern, and was taken prisoner by Captain Anthony Anderson, of Lloydtown, who, with Mackenzie and some others, had been on a reconnoitering expedition. Powell gave his word that he was unarmed, and Anderson, although he demurred, gave in to Mackenzie's quixotic notion that the prisoner should not be subjected to the humiliation of a search, having given his word of honor. Riding ahead of Anderson on the way to the Tavern, Powell, quick as a flash, reined his horse back into a position where he could shoot his captor in the back with one of two pistols hidden on his person. Galloping hell bent down Yonge Street he

fired a second shot at Mackenzie, but it missed its mark. Captain Anthony Anderson was one of the few experienced military leaders the rebels had. For months he had drilled raw recruits around Lloydtown and Bolton. His patience and skill and understanding had won their respect, and their love. The Family Compact acclaimed Alderman Powell a hero, and as a reward for shooting in the back a soldier who had accepted his word of honor that he was unarmed, they made him the next Mayor of Toronto!

Back in the city Powell pushed his way into the Lieutenant-Governor's bedroom, and this time Sir Francis really roused himself. In a few minutes the bells of the city were clanging a noisy warning, and frenzied people were pouring out of their homes and crowding the streets. They knew only too well that all the preparation Sir Francis had made to cope with a threatened armed rebellion was to keep a vessel riding at anchor in the Bay, ready to carry himself and his family to safety, should the need arise. A hurried appeal was made for volunteers to defend the city, but so disliked and distrusted were Sir Francis and the Family Compact, and so sympathetic were so many to the rebels, only three hundred men came forward—three hundred out of Toronto's male population of three thousand. Soldiers were hastily brought from Hamilton and other points, and small companies of farmers trickled in from the rural areas around Toronto, but historians suspect that more than a few of these were like the contingent of Irishmen from up Mono Mills way. Arriving with their pikes at Montgomery's Tavern to throw in their lot with William Lyon Mackenzie, they found the rebel cause all but lost. Prudently shedding their pikes, they kept on marching down to Toronto to acquaint Sir Francis with the fact that they had come a long way to help him save the city.

Meanwhile, Montgomery's Tavern was a scene of indecision, insubordination, disillusionment and desertion. When attempts were made to marshal the rebels into some sort of marching order for an attack on the city, they recalled Napoleon's truism that a soldier is braver if his stomach is full, and instead of lining up for battle they

demanded their long-overdue dinners. Some men who reached the tavern on Tuesday and Wednesday turned right round and plodded home again when they saw the aimless milling about, the dearth of arms and ammunition, the lack of a commissary, and above all, Mackenzie's strange, foolish antics.

The insurgents' first brush with the enemy might be termed pure comedy if one dare call anything comedy which brought about in the end the public putting to death of Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews, two brave men who believed so deeply in the rightness of what they had done, they calmly declared at their hanging that they would do it all over again. Early Tuesday evening, as it began to get dark, seven hundred men swung out of the Tavern and down Yonge Street, those with rifles smartly in the lead, followed by men carrying pikes, old muskets and shotguns, while the rank and file brought up the rear armed only with clubs and shillelaghs. Colonel Lount, who deserved to lead a better army, marched at the head, and Mackenzie, a grotesque little figure, rode alongside astride a white pony. In the hope of warding off bullets he had buttoned himself to the eyes in layer upon layer of greatcoats.

All went well until Lount's men ran foul of a picket of twenty-seven badly frightened defenders of the city whom Sheriff William Jarvis had posted behind a garden fence on Yonge Street. Twenty-seven rifles responded bravely but raggedly to the Sheriff's order to fire on the rebels, and then every last picket turned tail and made for the city, paying no heed to the Sheriff's angry commands to halt as he pounded along ignominiously, far in the rear. After Colonel Lount's riflemen had emptied their firearms in a return volley, they remembered Captain Anthony Anderson's drilling on the "bald hill behind Boltontown," and fell flat on the ground to permit those behind to take a shot at the fleeing enemy. But they, sure that the front line had been mowed down to a man, fled from the scene as fast as the pickets, but in the opposite direction. Soon the two sides had put a good mile between them. Lount and Mackenzie tried to rally their men, but all seven hundred of them made it very clear that they had had enough

shooting for that day.

The atmosphere at Montgomery's Tavern lightened a little on Thursday, but not for long. Colonel Anthony Von Egmond, a Dutch veteran of the Napoleonic wars, arrived from his farm in the Huron tract. Having a wealth of military experience behind him, he had been invited some time back to assume supreme command of the rebel army. In no time at all he clashed with Mackenzie, whose plans for attack he termed "stark madness." So violent was their quarrel, Mackenzie at one point ordered the elderly hero of numerous past wars to be taken out of the Tavern and shot, a command to which, of course, no one paid any heed. The men were bewildered at the disorganized actions of their beloved "Mac." In the last few days they had lost much of their taste for "armed force." They were farmers with families. They only wanted to go home, and many of them did just that.

In the city, by high noon on Thursday eleven hundred men had been mustered from over a wide area, and were lined up before the Archdeacon's Palace, well armed and ready to march against the rebels. On the stroke of twelve they stepped out to the sprightly music of two military bands, which made up in part for the unsoldierly bearing of hurriedly assembled, untrained warriors. In their midst rode the plump little Sir Francis on a huge black stallion. John Strachan, for whom it can be said he never lacked courage in any situation, jogged alongside. Two ancient cannons did their best to keep pace, their wheels bumping over the rutty road which was Yonge Street. A shouting rabble of men and women hung out of windows and tagged along behind.

In due time one of the rebel sentinels near the Tavern thought he heard music from below the long hill. When distant figures of marching men were sighted, Mackenzie and Von Egmond called a truce to their quarrels, and galloped down to a point where they saw company after company of government troops advancing over the brow of the hill to do battle with a foe whom they outnumbered by more than two to one. During the morning Colonel Von Egmond had dispatched sixty of his best riflemen to the Don River, to divert the Government by burning the

bridge and cutting off the eastern part of the city. Only two hundred men with arms remained in the Tavern. These hastily took positions in a wood nearby, while the two hundred or more men for whom there were no arms remained inactive in the Tavern—inactive, that is, until a red hot cannon ball, crashing through the hostelry's dining room window, brought the unarmed rebels—all two hundred of them as simultaneously as possible—swarming out of doors and windows like a cloud of frenzied bees from a crushed hive.

The battle which spelled finis to the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada lasted twenty minutes. Cannon balls, fired high, sent heavy trees crashing down on the rebels. Mackenzie's men bravely stood their ground in the face of volleys from enemy muskets, and got in some firing of their own with telling effect before a detachment of Government men as large as the whole rebel force outflanked them from the west. In minutes the whole insurgent army was in flight. Mackenzie, Von Egmond and Lount stayed to fight until the last possible moment before galloping off northward barely in time to escape capture. Mackenzie, who was the last to leave, was chased up Yonge Street and across fields and through forests for miles, but he was too fast for his pursuers. Besides, unlike them, he knew every step of the way.

CHAPTER 14

AFTERMATH OF REBELLION

A shabby old carpet-bag bulging with papers spelled nemesis for more than one Albion farmer innocent of any part in the Rebellion of 1837. On that dreadful Thursday, the 7th day of December, when the smoke of battle had died down, and the rebels fled, William Lyon Mackenzie's bag with its damning contents, was seized by the soldiers who searched Montgomery's Tavern before carrying out the Lieutenant-Governor's orders to burn it to the ground. It contained not only a record of Mackenzie's avowed supporters, but also names of those he had vainly

hoped to enlist in the cause, responsible, respected men who agreed with him that reform was desperately needed, but who would have no part in a shooting war.

Armed with lists of names gleaned from the papers in the old carpet bag, emissaries of the Family Compact fanned out all over the country, hellbent on swift and terrible vengeance. Spies were planted on every Concession. Farms and homes were despoiled and destroyed, women and children were terrorized and maltreated, and men were dragged from their families and thrown into jails already bursting with both the innocent and the guilty. It was not long before the hue and cry rang out over Albion, a township particularly suspect because Lloydtown, the breeding-ground of the insurrection, was just over its eastern border, and only eight miles from Boltontown.

Albion was fortunate in having in its midst at this time one Edward Wallace, a highly respected Justice of the Peace whose descendants are still resident in the Township. As Captain Edward Wallace of the Eighth Regiment of North York Militia, he led his men against the rebels on the day of the uprising, but when the battle was over and won, he lost no time in shedding his military accoutrements, and resuming his role of beloved Squire Wallace of Albion. He went surety for the future good behaviour of rebel neighbors, who were by this time in jail, and more than a little remorseful. Most of them were permitted to return to their homes, on his bond. But there was no kindly Squire Wallace in nearby Lloydtown. Every second man in the village was a rabid insurrectionist, and many were the stiff prison sentences meted out. The Government rubbed salt into the wounds of the people by erecting a large barracks in the heart of the town, and filling it with soldiers who kept a close watch on the sullen, brooding inhabitants, miserable in their defeat.

Before the sun had set on the day of the uprising, a price of five hundred pounds, taken dead or alive, was placed on the head of the gentlemanly Jesse Lloyd, who founded the village and gave it his name, but it was never claimed. His pursuers failed to catch up with him before

he was over the border and into the safety of the United States. Lloyd was accompanied in his flight by the elderly James Bolton, founder of the village of Bolton, and Samuel, one of his younger sons. They also had prices on their heads. James Bolton died in exile a year later. Before leaving Albion he penned words which echoed the thoughts of many a disillusioned rebel in the Township, "My heart has bled to see the poverty, ignorance and misery which a high and unfeeling hand is bringing upon my wretched country and posterity, and notwithstanding my life of toil I have used many opportunities and borne an honest testimony in speech and in many writings against these oppressions with the hope to promote better measures by peaceful means. At length despairing to do this I have been betrayed into the belief that force might be resorted to and that resolution and union existed in the people to effect their emancipation with little or no loss of life or waste of property. Alas, too late I wakened up to the fatal opposite conviction. Oh may God forgive me. Man never can."

"For sheer melodrama his adventures are unparalled in Canadian history." These are the words with which one historian sums up William Lyon Mackenzie's escape to the United States. With the entire rebel army fleeing northward after the fiasco below Montgomery's Tavern, their leader stayed on until he was almost within the avid clutch of enemy hands. The numerous greatcoats he wore when he went into battle must have fulfilled the purpose for which he donned them, because he was fired upon many times. When he finally turned and ran across a ploughed field into the shelter of some trees, he was met by a friendly farmer who dismounted from his horse and handed the reins to the hard-pressed fugitive. Without a horse Mackenzie would have been a prisoner in minutes. The farmer, barely screened from the enemy by the trees, was the first of a hundred loyal friends who, in the next several days, jeopardized their own freedom to set "Mac" a little farther on his way to safety. They remembered that he was the only Member of Parliament who tramped the narrow blazed trails of the forest to attend their town meetings, and make their troubles his

own; the only man who spoke up for them when times were hard and injustices many. All along the one hundred and twenty-five miles from Montgomery's Tavern to Buffalo they fed him and warmed him and clothed him, and pressed money into his hand. He slept in their beds, exhausted, while they stayed awake outside in the December cold, to keep watch. They gave him their boats, their horses, their rickety old carts and their handsome buggies with servants to drive him. While the militia searched the log shanty he was hidden in the haystack, and when the coast was clear they brought him bread and butter and bottles of hot water to warm his feet. And there were Government soldiers who looked into his face with recognition, and turned the other way. When the pursuers pressed close the farmer and his wife sent their prettiest daughters out to flirt shamelessly with the militiamen so that the bemused lads forgot what they came for long enough for the object of their hunt to slip out the back way into the protective woods. And always they turned their backs on the Lieutenant-Governor's offer of one thousand pounds reward for Mackenzie's capture, posted on the trees all along the way. Of these loyal friends Mackenzie later wrote, " . . . now when a fugitive, I found them more ready to risk dungeon by harboring me than to accept Sir Francis Bond Head's thousand pounds."

Heading his borrowed horse north and west from Montgomery's Tavern Mackenzie "had supper with a friendly farmer." There were scores of "friendly farmers" in Albion who would have gladly risked their freedom on that dark December evening to give him supper and a place to rest. There was William Wilson, known to everyone as "English," whose homestead on lot 21, Concession Two, Albion, was a rendezvous for reformers in the Township. Some sixty years ago the Wilsons sold the fine property to the Gott family, who continued to call a spacious, sunny apartment in the "old part" of the home, "Mackenzie's room." The story had come down that in the days of "English" Wilson it was kept in constant readiness for the many unheralded visits he made to his constituents in the Second Riding of York.

AFTERMATH OF REBELLION

A history of the Ruston family who came from England to settle in Albion a few years before the Rebellion helps to bear out a story that Mackenzie found sanctuary among his friends in the Albion Ridges after the Lieutenant-Governor had placed a price on his head. Now in the possession of Donald R. Featherstone, a Brampton lawyer, and a descendant of the Ruston family, the history was written in 1935, after intensive research, by Will Ruston, grandson of James Ruston who patented lot 23, Concession Ten, Albion. It reads in part, "Mackenzie Hill is a hill on a farm adjoining James Ruston's homestead on the boundary between Albion and King Townships. The rebels were accustomed to meet in a cave on this hill. James Ruston knew of these meetings, but it appears that he took no part in the actual Rebellion, although he was a Reformer in politics. After the revolt Mackenzie in his flight spent some time in this cave and James Ruston supplied him with food. For this assistance to a fugitive he escaped punishment though the authorities seized and never returned a rifle he had brought from England."

Colonel Samuel Lount made his way north toward his home in Holland Landing when hope of winning the revolt was lost. He may well have been the "rebel leader" whom legend in Albion says took refuge for the night in the Boltontown home of Charles Bolton. While his host was serving him a late supper a sharp rap on the door brought word that an officer and sixteen soldiers were galloping down the hill into the village. Blowing out the candles, Charles bundled his two small boys, Lambert and John, into their sleeping garments. Tearing the straw "tick" from their bed, he shook the filling to each side, leaving the middle flat. The "rebel leader" laid down on the slats with his face to the floor, and the tick was smoothed over him with never a suggestion of hump in the middle. The boys stretched out each on his own side of the bed, and pretended to be asleep. When the officer arrived he apologized for disturbing the family, particularly when Charles Bolton was known not to have taken part in plotting the Rebellion, but, he said, he had been told that a rebel leader was in the house. The sixteen men swarmed over the house, the orchard and barns and

the bank of the river, but the drowsy boys and their uncomfortable bedfellow were not disturbed.

Safety for Mackenzie lay only across the border. In company with a nineteen-year-old rebel named Allan Wilcox we find him jouncing along the Dundas Highway toward Sixteen Mile Creek, hidden in a borrowed farm cart. It was here he had one of his closest calls. A mounted patrol appearing from the rear broke into a gallop at sight of the cart ahead, and was fast closing in. In front of the cart, on the bridge over the creek, other mounted men sat their horses, poised, ready for the capture or the kill. Abandoning the wagon the two fugitives plunged deep into the forest bordering the road, with the soldiers almost, but not quite, on their heels. In the dark, at a point safely distant from the bridge, they slithered down a steep ravine to the river, swollen and swirling from bank to bank from November and December rain and snow. Of his escape across the Sixteen Mile Creek Mackenzie later wrote, "We stripped ourselves naked and with the surface ice beating against us, and holding our garments over our heads in a bitterly cold December night, we buffeted the current, and were soon up to our necks. I hit my foot against a stone, let fall some of my clothes—which my companion caught—and cried aloud with the pain. The cold in that stream caused me the most cruel and intensive sensation of pain I ever endured. We got through, though with a better chance of drowning. The frozen sand on the bank seemed to warm our feet when we once more trod upon it."

Were the clothes William Lyon Mackenzie held high over his head while he forded the Sixteen Mile Creek the voluminous intimate garments of Mrs. John Brennan, whose husband was known all over Albion in the early days as "Honest John Brennan"? If that worthy lady were alive today she would vehemently vouch for the story that still persists that Mackenzie owed his escape at Oakville to the fact that he had disguised himself in stolen female garments. Mrs. Brennan told and retold to her children and grandchildren the story of the theft, going so far as to enumerate the articles of clothing "borrowed" from her clothesline by Mackenzie's Albion friends.

Too ill from cold and fright to continue, the young lad, Allan Wilcox, was left with friends, and Mackenzie went on alone. At the Niagara River he found that all the smallcraft had been seized by the militia. However, one boat locked in a shed had been overlooked. The pretty daughters of a friend, who lived back from the river, kept a patrol of soldiers pleasantly engrossed, and their comely and lively mother, twittering away, held the elderly officer's attention while the boat was launched and headed toward Grand Island. With every pull of the oars the hangman's noose loosened a little from the neck of William Lyon Mackenzie, the instigator of the Rebellion of 1837. In less than an hour he was on United States soil.

Not so Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews. They were hanged by the neck in Toronto on April 12th, 1838, before as noisy a rabble as ever gathered at the old jail on Toronto Street to mock and laugh and jeer and weep at a public execution. The two men died with calm and control, only reiterating that they believed in the rightness of their cause, and would follow the same course again. Scores of settlers from around Holland Landing and deep into Albion came down to plead for Samuel Lount's life. They said when the going was hard his purse and his granaries were freely opened to them. He was their friend. Even the Indians came to tell the Court that Lount had fed them and forged their axes in his blacksmith shop without charge when crops were poor and money scarce. The discredited Sir Francis Bond Head had gone back to England within a month of the uprising. He was replaced by Sir George Arthur, who had held for years the governorship of the penal colonies of Van Dieman's Land in Australia, and who knew little of mercy. When Mrs. Lount, the mother of eight young sons and daughters, fell on her knees weeping, and holding out a petition pleading for a reprieve, signed by five thousand people, he pushed her away with his foot. Two weeks too late orders came from England to stay the executions, but the Family Compact, to forestall just such a move, had used their power to hurry on the hangings. An eyewitness recorded that when Chief Justice John Beverley Robinson put on the black cap and pronounced the death sentence, "it was as

if he were eating honey." But Sheriff Jarvis openly wept, and embraced the condemned men before they were taken away.

Colonel Anthony Von Egmond, hero of past wars, and last-minute military commander of the rebels was captured a few hours after he took refuge in a farmhouse near Montgomery's Tavern. Blessedly, the brave old man was not called upon to suffer long for his defection. He died in the cold and filth of a Toronto jail less than a week after he was taken prisoner.

All through the summer of 1838 trials for treason went on. Prisoners one hundred strong—some from Albion—were roped together and marched into Toronto. When they passed Mackenzie's house on York Street every man of them slackened his pace and raised his hat. Ninety-two men, most of them from the Home District of which Albion was a part, were sentenced to spend seven years, fourteen years or life in the penal colonies of Van Dieman's Land. Of the ninety-two, twelve escaped the horrors of that hell on earth by tunneling their way to freedom through a wall four and a half feet thick, at Fort Henry near Kingston, where they awaited transportation to Australia. In a Toronto newspaper, dated May 17th, 1890, John Stewart of Halton County, one of the twelve, told the story. For hair-raising situations, split second escapes and unadulterated melodrama, it runs a close second to the get-away adventures of William Lyon Mackenzie.

Stewart was sentenced to Van Dieman's Land because of a letter found among Mackenzie's papers, signed by him, and labelled "Treason" by the Family Compact. Along with John Montgomery, owner of Montgomery's Tavern, and others, he was put in a cart, heavily ironed, and taken to a boat at the foot of Church Street in Toronto, jeered, spat upon and hissed all the way. In the crowd he sighted a neighbor from Halton County, and lifting his manacled foot as high as he could, he pointed to the irons and shouted, "Tell them at home that I showed you the medal I won for them." On the boat the prisoners were thrust, chained together, into the midst of stamping, biting horses to discourage any thoughts of es-

cape they might be harboring.

From the day they were locked and double locked in the Fort at Kingston, they plotted escape. Working at night under a candle shrouded in an old black hat, with small scraps of iron they picked out the mortar, bit by bit, hiding the debris in the woodpile. In five days the hole in the wall was big enough for a man to crawl through. John Montgomery's bed was shoved against the aperture, and in the daytime his huge bulk hid any suspicious goings-on as he sat with his back to the wall assiduously reading his Bible! Historians agree that for coolness and daring the escape of the rebels from Fort Henry in 1838 has few parallels, but the fact that their gaoler was a bridegroom of only three days no doubt had more than a little to do with its success. On the day when they planned to try their luck through the hole in the wall, the guard acted with alacrity on his prisoners' suggestion that he spend an hour or two with his brand-new wife instead of supervising their usual airing. Not only that, but in his eagerness to join his bride the bemused young man forgot to lock up the canteen, and enough biscuits were carried away to dole out two a day to each man during the hungry week that followed the escape. As the men dropped one by one through the hole into a deep ditch below, the moon shone brilliantly and dangerously, and then, all at once, heavy wind and rain blotted out all sight and sound.

The conspirators had loosened a plank under a bed, and had gouged out rough toe-holds. On this crude ladder all but one man scaled the outer wall safetly. It was John Montgomery who missed a toe-hold, falling heavily into a gun-pit, and breaking his leg. From then on he had to be carried by his comrades, and he was the heaviest man in the party. Once over the wall two of their number made off into the darkness on their own, and paid for their perfidy by being recaptured at the first bridge they tried to cross. They knew the locality, and had sworn to lead the party to the nearest point where they could cross the river into the United States. Because of their desertion the remaining twelve men stumbled about in the forest, cold, famished and bone weary from futile tramping

this way and that. After a week they agreed that at least some of them might escape if they broke up into groups of four, and John Stewart, the injured John Montgomery and two others set off on their own. Venturing into a wayside inn on what proved to be a road to Brockville, they posed as Yankee smugglers whose boat had been seized at Brockville, and who wanted in the worst way to get away before Canadian smuggling laws caught up with them. The rascally landlord, who knew all about smugglers, extorted his "pound of flesh" before he would consent to row them across the four and a half miles of river. In less than an hour they landed at Cape Vincent, and stepped straight into the welcoming arms of the other eight Fort Henry escapees, while American sympathizers tossed hats into the air and cheered mightily. That night a big public dinner was given by the townspeople in their honor.

In 1843 all rebels except William Lyon Mackenzie were granted amnesty, and John Stewart returned to his farm in Halton County. John Montgomery also returned, and when the Rebellion Losses Bill was passed in 1849, indemnifying even rebels for property destroyed in the Rebellion of 1837, he rebuilt his tavern on Yonge Street at Government expense. He lived to the patriarchal age of ninety-six, and fulfilled at least half of the prophesy he made to Chief Justice John Beverley Robinson and the Family Compact prosecutors at his trial, "I tell you that when you are all frizzling with the devil, I'll be keeping tavern on Yonge Street."

At first William Lyon Mackenzie busied himself in exile fanning into flame American enthusiasm for supporting revolt in Canada. Later, when United States authorities entertained second thoughts on the matter, they put the little Canadian agitator on trial and sentenced him to eighteen months in Rochester jail for "inciting American citizens to an attack upon foreign territory." But he still had friends. A steady flow of petitions brought about his release after eleven months. For varying periods he was, among other things, an actuary, an unsuccessful lawyer, a humble archives clerk in the customs department in New York City. And he published his radical

newspaper even when he was in jail. When he was at his lowest ebb financially, to put food into the stomachs of his wife Isabel and their seven young daughters, he sold the melted-down gold from his huge medal and chain inscribed, "Presented to William Lyon Mackenzie, Esq., by his constituents in the County of York, U.C., as a token of their approbation of his political career. July 2nd, 1832." It had cost, for the gold alone, two hundred and fifty pounds, to which his Albion electors had contributed generously. It was his most precious material possession. He wore it always, and when he joined a group of friends he would take it from around his neck and toss it proudly into the nearest lap, to be passed about for all to admire. To part with it for money must have been like selling his own life blood.

The longer William Lyon Mackenzie lived in the United States the more disillusioned he became with American politics. In one of his many letters to authorities in England pleading for a pardon, he wrote, "I frankly confess that had I passed nine years in the United States before, instead of after the outbreak of the Upper Canada Rebellion, I would have been the last man in America to engage in it." In 1849 the unhappy man was at last permitted to return home. His first night in Toronto was spent listening to the frenzied howls of people gathered outside the house where he was staying, and fending off their attempts to get inside to make good their threats to lynch him.

After twelve years of exile Mackenzie came back to enormous changes. Lord Durham had come and gone, and had laid before the young Queen Victoria his answer to the questions, "Why the Rebellion of 1837?" Action upon the Durham Report was swift. "The Canadas" were now united in one "Canada." The tyranny of the Family Compact was a bogy fast receding into history. Government responsible to the people—the dream for which Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews and others died—was now reality.

Rather than wait for the York County voters to put him back into Parliament at the next general election, Mackenzie won his seat a few months after his return

from the United States by heading the poll in a by-election in Haldimand County. He still had friends! He also started another of his eternal newspapers, a sounding board for "grievances." But somehow no one took too seriously any more, the little man with the red wig on a too-large head. It was Lord Elgin, the Governor General of Canada, who wrote, "I confess I do not view Mackenzie's return to Parliament with much apprehension. He will, I have little doubt, be about equally troublesome to every party." When a general election loomed up his pre-Rebellion constituents, who had, in the heyday of his political career, gathered up two hundred and fifty pounds to present him with a gold medal, hinted that they might not support him this time. York County badly wanted a branch line railway, and it would not do, they said, to have someone representing them whose newspaper denounced as dishonest everything and everyone connected with the building of the Grand Trunk Railway.

It was this hint of rejection by his long-time supporters in York County that did most to break Mackenzie's spirit. Before Parliament prorogued he relinquished his seat. Bodily and mentally his strength ebbed away, and he became almost a recluse. The doctors called it softening of the brain. His still loyal friends, many of them in Albion, gathered money to buy the Mackenzie family a house on Bond Street in Toronto, and it was there he died at the age of sixty-six, in the late summer of 1861.

CHAPTER 15

MUNICIPAL

Land was "dirt cheap" in Albion when the Township was first laid out, and Government surveyors dearly earned the acreage they were granted as payment for slogging through miles of well-nigh impassable bog and impenetrable forest, to lay lines and drive stakes. Some knowledge of what was demanded of them is gleaned from a letter written on May 15th, 1819, by the Surveyor General of Upper Canada, instructing his deputy to ". . .survey Albion

and Caledon, leaving a road allowance between every fifth and sixth lot, posting and marking the number of the lots, the roads and reserves at each angle respectively. When the survey is completed, return your plan and field notes to this office, having marked the swamps, rivers, springs, mill seats, lakes and minerals, together with the quality of the soil, timber, and everything else worthy of remark."

In 1821, after the surveyors had finished their job and moved on, Albion took on the shape of an organized township, along with Caledon, Chinguacousy, Toronto and Toronto Gore, which, with Albion, now make up the County of Peel. At that time there were only sixty-two acres of land cleared, and the population was one hundred and ten. By 1840 there were fifteen hundred people settled in the Township, and at the end of the next decade, which was one of stepped-up immigration, the number had climbed to four thousand. The peak year was 1860, when the population topped five thousand. Every farm had a family. Strong, hearty sons and daughters were a priceless asset, and all over Albion the big, new, many-bedroomed farmhouses overflowed with young people who cheerfully shouldered their share of the burden of working the farm.

After 1860 there was an ominous decline in population, at first slow, and then rapid, accelerated in part by the opening up of farming in a big way on the Canadian prairies. Too many young Albion farmers, and older ones too, gave heed to the wide-spread slogan of the times, "Go West, Young Man, Go West!" In 1940, sharing the fate of most of her neighbor townships, poor old Albion found herself right back where she was one hundred years before, with a population of fifteen hundred. After that the graph showed an encouraging upward trend. More and more people were fanning out from the cities into the rural areas to establish homes, and Albion began to chalk up a healthy increase every year. In 1960 the assessment roll revealed a population in the neighborhood of three thousand, not counting the Township's two incorporated municipalities, Bolton and Caledon East.

The first log shanties in Albion were tax free, but the settler paid an annual sum of four cents on each acre of

cleared land; one cent an acre on bushland; eighty cents on the more commodious house which supplanted the log cabin; thirty-two cents on a horse; sixteen cents on an ox; four cents on a head of livestock and forty-two cents a year on "a wagon kept for pleasure." To dodge this extravagant luxury the thrifty farmer drove his family a-visiting and to church in his rough, work-a-day wagon, fitted with two removable seats. There were other taxable items such as fireplaces and stoves, but a pound note would more than pay a year's taxes on a two hundred acre farm. Obviously, the levy had to be met in cash, not the usual barter, and there were few pound notes to be found among the first Albion settlers. Their chief grievance, however, was that no one ever told them how the money was used.

The town meeting was the earliest organized expression of municipal awareness in the Township. From the first these gatherings were held in the home of Thomas Mulloy, a United Empire Loyalist who had served in the Indian Department at the time of the American Revolutionary War. He patented lot 19, Concession 2, Albion, and also settled six of his nine children around him on United Empire Loyalist grants from the Crown. Along with his sons, John and Hugh, he built Mulloy's Saw Mills on lot 19, Concession 3. Thomas Mulloy was Irish-born, a staunch Roman Catholic and an equally staunch Reformer. He was great-great-grandfather of the late Sir Frederick Banting, K.B.E., F.R.S., M.D., M.C., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., D.Sc., L.L.D., Sc.D. It came about this way: Selina Mulloy, the daughter of "Old Tom," married William Squier, Jr., son of Methodist William and Ann Squier, who left Derbyshire, England, in 1820 and settled on the west half of lot 22, Concession 4, Albion, where William Sr. carried on as a blacksmith. William Jr. patented the adjoining lot 23, Concession 4. Nine children were born to William Squier Jr. and Selina Mulloy, one of whom, Sarah Squier, married Alexander Grant. Their daughter, another Sarah, settled with her husband, William Banting near Alliston, in Tecumseh Township, and became the mother of the man whose discovery of insulin in 1922 has saved and will go on saving the lives of countless dia-

betics all over the world. To go back to Sir Frederick Banting's great grandparents, William Squier Jr. and Sarah Mulloy, records show that while four of their nine children were baptised into the Roman Catholic faith, some were buried in Centreville Methodist Cemetery.

From the first days of settlement "Old Tom" Mulloy, the well-seasoned United Empire Loyalist, was a recognized leader in the Township. The administration of Municipal Government in the United States had advanced far beyond anything Upper Canada had to offer, and he patterned his Albion town meetings after those he had helped to organize across the border. When neighbors gathered at his saw mill for town meetings, they had no authority to make regulations for the township. But such meetings, among other things, were media for the healthy letting off of pent-up political steam. What matter if red hot debates sometimes led to fisticuffs. Nearly always participants in the impromptu melee got up out of the dust or mud or snow to grin sheepishly at each other, shake hands all around, and find themselves fast friends again, at least until the next town meeting.

The first feeble step toward organized municipal government in Upper Canada was taken as early as 1788. The Province was divided into four vast districts, with a Justice of the Peace appointed in each, empowered to make regulations for "the ease and comfort" of the settlers within his jurisdiction. His duties were to handle lawbreakers, settle property disputes, levy taxes, supervise compulsory road work, keep an eye on the taverns and build and maintain bridges and public buildings! It was not long before this overworked dignitary was crying out for help, and to provide it, assessors, collectors and roadmasters were virtually conscripted. Too much work for too little pay made the jobs hard to fill, but those in authority had their own way of getting around that little difficulty. They were empowered by law to impose a fine of forty shillings if the man arbitrarily named for the job refused to act. The first Justice of the Peace to have been granted lands in Albion seems to have been Michael Sloot, a United Empire Loyalist. The signature "Michael Sloot, Justice of the Peace," appears on many legal docu-

ments dated between 1819 and 1827. For fighting on the side of the British with gallantry and distinction at the time of the American Revolutionary War, this gentleman was granted nine hundred acres in the Township.

From 1788 to 1841 there was only one change in the municipal government set-up in Upper Canada; the City of Toronto was incorporated as a separate municipality in 1834. The Home District, of which Albion was a part, stretched all the way from the Bay of Quinte in the east to Lake Erie on the west, and to the north ad infinitum. There was one Magistrate's court, and that was held for a time as far away as Niagara. Obviously, this system of municipal government by remote control provided little "ease and comfort" to the early settlers in Albion. Rather, it had the effect of slowing down settlement in the whole of Upper Canada. More and more immigrants coming into the country turned their faces to the United States.

When both Canadas were united in 1841 the four original districts in Upper Canada—known from the time of union as Canada West—were broken up into twenty municipal districts each under the jurisdiction of a District Council, made up of at least one elected representative from each township within the district. If its assessment roll revealed more than three hundred freeholders or householders, a township sent two elected representatives. The Warden and Treasurer of the District Council were, however, appointed by the Governor. Albion was still a part of the Home District, now diminished in size, but still stretching from Collingwood to Oshawa, and encompassing twenty-eight townships. When the first District Council meeting was called in the Home District well over thirty elected members from the townships turned up, an unwieldy but jubilant body of law makers. They told each other gleefully that a long step had been taken toward achieving what Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada Sir Francis Bond just four years before had sneeringly labelled "that perfidious enemy, government by the people."

A giant stride forward was taken in 1850, when townships, towns and villages in Canada West were established

as separate municipal corporations. It was then the Township of Albion became a body corporate, with five elected councillors from among whom Reeve and Deputy-Reeve were chosen. These men had power, among other things, to fix local tax rates, borrow money, and appoint officers such as township clerk, assessors, collectors, path-masters to oversee roads, fence viewers to settle disputes between neighbors, and pound keepers. It is of interest that until twenty years ago, when the number was reduced to one assessor, Albion had five assessors and five collectors, whose remuneration was nominal, one hastens to add. The men enjoyed their official status in the township, and the neighborly contacts, and in spite of little or no pay, the jobs were not hard to fill.

Until 1865 what is now the County of Peel formed part of the great County of York, one of the original nineteen counties set up in Upper Canada by Governor Simcoe in 1792. In that year Peel County—of which Albion is a part—splintered off from the too-large County of York, to become one of Canada West's smallest and proudest counties. When Peel's first Provincial Council met in the Chambers of the United Councils of York and Peel in Toronto, Albion's Reeve, Thomas Mills, and Deputy Reeve John Vance ably represented the Township.

In January of 1867 the first properly constituted Peel County Council meeting was held in the newly-built Court House in Brampton, and was attended by Reeve Thomas Swinarton and Deputy Reeve Joseph F. Warbrick, of Albion. Both these gentlemen were zealous leaders in the Township, while both enjoyed other widely divergent bids to fame. Around 1846 Thomas Swinarton built a saw mill and a grist mill on the east half of lot 11, Concession 8, Albion, in the busy little hamlet of Columbia, also known as Coventry. Along with other enterprises, he ran the mills for thirty years. Between 1867 and 1890 Albion voters saw to it that he occupied the Reeve's chair for twelve terms, and early minutes of County of Peel Council meetings, which he attended as Albion's Reeve, tell the story of Thomas Swinarton's tireless efforts in the interest of his Township. In 1867 he was elected by the voters of Cardwell Riding—Albion, Caledon, Mono and Adjala

Townships—to the Ontario Legislature. He defeated Squire George McManus, of Mono Township, in the first Parliamentary elections following Confederation of the Provinces.

From 1848 on, Joseph F. Warbrick's family owned and operated a tannery at Bolton large enough to process all the available hides and hemlock bark for miles around. The bark alone covered a quarter-acre of ground, piled as high as twenty feet, waiting to be ground in a horsepower mill. In the heyday of their youth, Joseph and his brother Jack, who became Doctor John C. Warbrick, excelled mightily in sports, all the way from football and lacrosse with an international flavor, to sprinting the hundred-yard dash in something close to "no time flat." In 1891 young Jack was chosen to play on a Canadian international football team competing against a similar team in the United States. In the same year he toured the British Isles, one of eleven top-ranking football players from all over North America. Later he repeated the British tour, this time as a member of an all-star lacrosse team. While attending the University of Toronto the young medical student from Albion played on the team which, in 1893, romped away with the North American College Championship, by winning every game throughout the entire season.

Joseph Warbrick's prowess on the football and lacrosse fields equalled that of his brother, but from the time he was a lad his great love was sprinting. James H. Bolton has left us a funny little story of a certain Dominion Day celebration in Bolton. After the games were over, Joseph's friends, who were convinced he was unbeatable, matched him with a famous "outsider" in an unscheduled sprint down the length of the main street, for a whopping big wager. Young Warbrick's father, cautious James, was dead set against his son competing in a race for such a large wager, but that did not prevent the old man taking up his stand at a convenient hole in the drawn blind of a main street store, to secretly—and apprehensively—watch proceedings. When the "native son" far outraced the "outsider," an accidently flipped-up blind revealed James, the most excited of all the spectators,

executing his own little victory dance in the empty store window.

Along with that of Thomas Swinarton, Township records dating back close to one hundred years bear the signatures of Reeves James H. Newlove, Alexander McCort, James Donaghy, Thomas H. Hanna, George Evans, R. W. White, W. N. Riddell, William Little, S. A. Egan, John H. Moffatt, Joseph Slack, Anson McCabe, David Wilson, John Anderson, George E. Taylor, Emmerson Westlake, Orland H. Downey, W. A. Wilson, J. Ernest Patterson, Roy M. Lavery, G. E. Holtby, Howard McCort, Emmett Grogan, Henry Pind and Roderick Johnston. Township Clerks recorded are L. R. Bolton, Alec H. Dixon, Robert Evans, James Donaghy, John Wallace, John Irwin, W. T. S. Lindsay, Alex McCort, Samuel Jefferson, S. J. McLelland, Robert Matson, W. A. Irwin, J. H. Rutherford, Emmerson Westlake and G. E. Holtby.

Magistrates were all-important people in Albion in the early days. Mr. Tom Evans of Caledon East has a fund of stories to tell about two of these "Squires"—his grandfather, John Evans, and his great uncle, George Evans. John had been with the Irish Constabulary before emigrating to Canada in the eighteen-twenties. His Crown Grant was lot 26, Concession One, Albion, close to what was once the important hamlet of Sleswick, of which not a trace remains today. Squire John's Court, held in Sleswick, was a model of traditional dignity and decorum, but his brother George, who had settled in Bolton, carried on magisterial duties in his own peculiar way, with little dignity and less decorum. Squire George dispensed justice from his own hotel, the Exchange, the finest and largest in Bolton, and with the biggest bar. Court proceedings often went something like this: Michael Galvin, Bolton's constable, fresh from the Emerald Isle, would push open George's bedroom door wide enough to shove through the aperture two sheepish looking inebriates. "I've got a couple of drunks for you this foine bright morning, Squire." Galvin would shout to make himself heard above much snorting and blowing as His Honor performed morning ablutions over a large wash basin. "Guilty. Two dollars and costs." George would sing out the ver-

dict without raising his soapy face from the basin.

Squire George was long on perspicacity but short on formal education. Most times no one could read his writing, not even himself. One day a farmer came into his hotel holding out a legal-looking paper covered with George's mysterious hieroglyphics. "What does this say, Squire?" he asked. "I found it among some papers at home and I can't make it out." George scrutinized the document closely, turning it round and round. "Neither can I," he said, handing it back, "but put it back where you found it. It means something." Then there was the day when auditors descended for their periodical check-up on the easy-going Magistrate. The first hours were taken up handing him paper after paper and enquiring, mostly without success, "What is this, Squire?" After a while George got peevish. "Dammit, men," he shouted, while his pounding fist bounced the bottles on the table. "You're paid to read these papers, not me." And he stalked out with all the outraged dignity his short fat figure could muster.

While Squire George sometimes paid out of his own pocket the fines he had imposed on neighbors who had side-slipped, and were without funds, he was never averse to swelling Albion's magisterial coffers with stiff fines when law-breaking "outsiders" were brought before him. One fine day the Dan Rice Circus pitched its tent on a vacant lot in Bolton for an afternoon and evening performance. When the youth of the town tried to roll under the tent flaps at the back, circus hands jabbed viciously at the prostrate youngsters with sharp tent stakes. This raised the ire of the townspeople waiting in line for admission, and a free-for-all started. So bloody was the battle, there was no show that night. There were no performers whole enough to carry on. Bright and early next morning Michael Galvin and his hastily recruited deputies arrested the whole circus crew, and marched them into Court where Squire George was ready for them. To pay the heavy fines he imposed they were forced to part with the pride of the circus, a trained Arabian stallion named, incongruously, "Bob Ridley." Farmer Williamson bought the horse, and his circus tricks

and antics enlivened shows and parades in Albion for a long time.

Another Magistrate's Court of easy informality was held in Squire Edward Wallace's log home on lot 32, Concession 4, Albion. Obviously, the presiding Judge's wife could not be expected to abandon her bread-making and butter churning and other household chores because Court was in session in her kitchen, and so the lady bustled about all the while, only pausing to admonish and advise her husband when his decisions did not concur with hers. Being a woman, the Squire's lady usually managed to have the last word, and very wise words they were, we are told.

Squire George McManus' concession to dignity and decorum in his Court was to stretch a fence rail from windowsill to table in the dining room of his home in Mono Mills, to separate him from the hoi polloi. When the weather was balmy, and the apples were ripe, the Court moved outside and settled comfortably under a spreading tree to leisurely unravel judicial tangles while smacking lips appreciatively over the rosy, juicy fruit. Brawlers were the most frequent offenders against law and order, and, regardless of who started the fight, they were assessed one dollar and costs, and were sternly ordered to shake hands all around. Law suits involving as little as fifty cents were common, and two or three hundred cases were handled four times a year. John Patterson was process server for Squire McManus, and his grandson, Theo Patterson, on the Third Line of Albion, recalls the old gentleman regaling him at an early age with stories of his adventures. It was his job to ride all over the country on horseback delivering summons and subpoenas to alleged law-breakers. Luckily for John Patterson it was in order at that time to toss the document somewhere in the general direction of the accused, who often held a loaded rifle in his hand, and gallop off at top-speed, to escape the bullets raising clouds of dust behind the horse's flying heels.

CHAPTER 16
FISH

Fish stories have been listened to with derisive skepticism since the first little boy tied a bit of red cloth to a bent pin on the end of a string, and tossed it hopefully into a pool. It will, however, help the hardened skeptic to swallow the tales of early piscatorial triumphs in Albion if he remembers that rivers and creeks were several times wider and deeper and more numerous than they are now. The entire aquatic picture was changed when virgin forests were chopped down to make way for farms. Resultant evaporation and altered drainage turned noble rivers into the relatively meagre streams of today, few of them deep enough to float a boat.

In the eighteen-twenties, so numerous and so large were the salmon in the Humber River and other waterways emptying into Lake Ontario, one settler wrote, "They were of such density it looked as though you could walk across the river on their backs." Another recorded, "I was impeded in paddling my canoe across the stream by the multitude of salmon at spawning time. For the first meal in our wilderness home we enjoyed a large specimen of this prince of fish, cast out by hand from a creek flowing beside the site chosen for our log cabin."

When the Indians in Albion fancied a few choice salmon for dinner they shot them with bow and arrow. Sometimes they used a kind of net made from the bark of trees. But by far the most exciting and rewarding method was spearing the fish. Izzak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler," looked on fishing as "the contemplative man's recreation." Clearly, Izzak Walton had never witnessed Indians' night fishing for salmon on the Humber around the turn of the nineteenth century. Nothing could be less "contemplative." When the fish pushed their way up the river in an almost solid mass, bent on reaching its head waters to spawn, companies of braves and squaws set out in a flotilla of canoes, a hundred or more, to wrest the salmon from the water. The Squaw paddled and steered the canoe, while her brave manipulated the spear, a three-pronged fork with an ash handle twelve feet long. Torches of birch-bark flaming high from the end of a long pole attached to the canoes enabled

the spearsman to see the fish clearly through the deepest water. With split-second precision the Indian aimed his weapon at a point just ahead of the onrushing fish. Until the white settlers mastered this technique their catches were meagre, and they were reduced to seeking dubious comfort in the fisherman's alibi since time began, "But you should have seen the beauty that got away."

The Indians carried on the sport of salmon spearing all through the night, and never tired. To dazzle the fish, and make them easy prey to the spears, they kindled huge bonfires along the shore. Now silhouetted in the red glare of the pine knots, and now lost to view for a moment against the dark water and the still darker forest, the naked, painted figure of the brave stood poised in the canoe, spear upraised, ready for the kill, while his squaw remained intent only on her paddle. Multiply one such canoe by one hundred, and we have a picture which once seen, could never be forgotten. Artist Paul Kane, who spent his early life in York, and who produced the book, "Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America," has committed several such pictures to canvas, one of which hangs in the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto.

Instead of the Indians' unprotected birch bark torches, Albion pioneer fisherfolk attached a "jacklight" to their boats, an iron contrivance which held lengths of pitch pine safely upright, and cast a flare several feet high. They also substituted platforms built in the river and brightly illuminated, for the redskins' bonfires along the shore which, when the excitement of the catch mounted high, and they were left untended, threatened to burn up the whole countryside, wigwams and all. There were mishaps on the platforms, of course, plenty of them, but they were more laughable than serious. There was an abundance of water all around to douse any situation before it got out of hand.

When shoals of salmon appeared in the river, two men working together could spear enough fish during the night to fill eight or ten barrels holding two hundred pounds each. When nets came into use over a thousand fish were often taken in one night. The settlers salted

them away in barrels, and a lively trade sprang up in Albion, not only with centres in the Canadas, but with the United States as well. Salted salmon brought, in hard cash, thirty to thirty-five shillings a barrel of two hundred pounds, not a bad turnover to the money-starved people of Albion. In the Township hundred-acre lots were bought and log houses built with a pioneer's proceeds from the sale of salted salmon, and there was cash left over. True, in the days of salmon fishing in the Humber hundred-acre lots could be bought for two shillings an acre, and a carpenter would build a fine log house for the equivalent of thirty or thirty-five dollars. To keep the settler's table supplied, all the way from "baked salmon for dinner today," to a wagon load salted down for the winter, the older lads needed only a pitch fork or a crotched stick. Even the children tossed the fish out of the river on the bank with their bare hands. And milady herself was known on occasion to step down into the shallows to entangle a lively one in the voluminous folds of her red flannel petticoat.

For those homesteaders who had no time, or perhaps no inclination to join the fishing parties, there were always Indians who were willing to trade salmon for next to nothing. A Mississauga would barter a twenty-pound beauty for a loaf of bread, a half-pint of whisky, or a piece of cloth. One weighing no less than seventy-two pounds was traded to the proprietor or a tavern for a quart of whisky worth, at that time, one shilling.

That salmon was not the only fish abounding in the Humber is borne out by a story in Mrs. John Graves Simcoe's diary, written before the turn of the nineteenth century. To point up a theory that bass "hibernate" in winter, she tells of an old hollow tree lying on the edge of the river, half under the freezing water. When it was dragged on shore it disintegrated, and thirty large black bass, dormant but far from dead, were brought to light. The Humber River was one of Mrs. Simcoe's favorite fishing spots in winter. Bundled up in furs, and seated in her open carriole, with high runners designed to carry her over ice and deep snow, the Governor's lady was often seen angling through a hole in the ice for red trout. She re-

corded that on one occasion fifteen dozen of the delectable little beauties were caught.

Salmon fishing came to a sorry end after sawmills and tanneries began to dump sawdust and pollution into the water, and the mill dams prevented the fish from finding their way up to the headwaters of the river to spawn. But a few hovered around for a time. James H. Bolton has left behind him a story of how James, Samuel, William and Tom Bolton inadvertently replenished the family larder with salmon, bear steaks and wild duck all on one Sunday afternoon. Strolling along the river while the village slept off its mid-Sunday meal, the young men came upon a flock of wild ducks. Racing home for a gun, Jim peppered them with good effect. The splash of the shot on the water disturbed a large salmon and started it swimming up towards the rapids. Samuel always kept his salmon spear handy for just such an occasion beside a large fallen tree used as a footbridge across the river. Balancing on the trunk of the tree, Sam was ready for action when the fish swam into sight. It was the largest salmon the boys had ever taken, measuring four feet in length, and weighing twenty-eight pounds.

This, however, was not the last of the Bolton boys' adventures that Sunday afternoon. Tom planned to visit his girl, and had dressed in his stylish new Sunday suit. He had his gun along, because guns were standard equipment in those days for anyone intending to stay out after dark. Passing an island a few hundred yards above the bridge the boy saw a bear lying asleep in the sun at the top of some peeled logs slanting down the bank toward the water. He crept up the logs a little way, got a good sight, and fired. The great beast catapulted down the slippery logs, deftly picked up Tom enroute, new suit, gun and all, and the bear and boy shot into the river in one mighty splash. The animal was dead all right, but how was Tom to know? The other three Bolton boys helped a very wet Tom carry home a very wet bear, stopping frequently on the way to put down their burden and double with mirth. Having only one good suit, Tom never did get to see his girl that Sunday, but the Bolton family dined sumptuously for some time on "fish, flesh and fowl."

FISH

Major A. A. Mackenzie, M.C., whom everyone calls "Lex," and who is North York's popular and long time representative in the Provincial Parliament, has a number of exciting stories to tell of huge salmon catches in the Humber River in the eighteen-thirties. They have come down to him through generations of Brown, Addison and Mackenzie forebears who settled around Woodbridge, and if his listeners look skeptical he says, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "Well, if you don't believe me, there on the wall is my great grandfather Brown's hand-forged salmon spear to prove it."

When "Lex" was a little boy he loved to listen to his adored grandmother, Mrs. John Addison, telling stories of life in the early days on the Humber; of bears ambling across the dooryard; of wolves howling all night; of deer browsing nearby undisturbed until one was needed to provide venison for the family. Grandmother Addison's father, John Brown, was born at Edgeley, where his father, the first John Brown, had settled after emigrating to Canada from Pennsylvania. It was the second John Brown who built the dam on the Humber below Woodbridge. He operated two saw mills at Brownsville on the Weston Road, and later built a foundry where he forged everything from cow bells to horse-power threshing machines. One fine spring morning his little daughter, who was to become "Lex" Mackenzie's grandmother, found him battling with an extra large salmon in the river. It got away, but his sister—Aunt Katie—was ready for it as it swam through the rapids. In the shallows she imprisoned the thrashing "Prince of Fish" in the folds of her long apron, and with an excited little girl dancing along beside her, carried it home in triumph. "Home" was the house John Brown built about 1830 high up on the river bank south of Woodbridge. A large addition was built later, and the fine, old, rambling, white-painted house is now bachelor "Lex" Mackenzie's home.

Along with salmon fishing in the early days around Woodbridge, Grandmother Addison had vivid memories of the Mackenzie Rebellion, and many were the tales she told the enthralled "Lex" when he was a child, and she made her home with his family. One story of which he

never tired was about the night she saw and spoke to William Lyon Mackenzie. It was only a few hours after the rout of the rebels below Montgomery's Tavern. John Brown, her father, was a dyed-in-the-wool Tory, but he had good friends among the fugitive rebels, and he did not intend to see them taken prisoner if he could help it. Stowing quantities of food and other supplies under the seat of his light wagon he, in order to divert suspicion, lifted his little daughter to a place beside him, spreading her several layers of long petticoats over the contraband supplies. Jogging along without hurry through Woodbridge, they turned in at a farm north of the village where, legend says, Mackenzie "had supper with a friendly farmer." True, almost every township in Mackenzie's constituency boasts a house where he "had supper with a friendly farmer," after the rebel defeat below Montgomery's Tavern, but the farmhouse north of Woodbridge seems to lay claim to a greater degree of authenticity than most. At any rate he was there the evening after the battle, and had a smile and a word and a pat on the head for John Brown's little daughter. Grandmother Addison remembered the campfires flickering in the woods along the bank of the Humber where the soldiers maintained their bivouac; the heavily guarded bridge over the river, and guns everywhere. She remembered, too, the taverns she and her father passed in the light wagon, their tight-closed windows shutting out the December cold, but failing to shut in the loud, excited voices of crowding men, some raised in jubilant victory, and others in angry, bitter defeat.

That the disappearance of Atlantic salmon from the Humber River did not spell "finis" to good fishing in Albion waterways is borne out in James H. Bolton's writings. "Fish are plentiful, brook trout, red chub and shiners, all good eating fish," he recorded. "It is a common thing to take fifteen or twenty trout, eight to fourteen inches long, below the dam in an evening's fishing with rod and line. Even Jaffary's creek gives good fishing in the spring. The saw mill men hang a basket over the wheel in the pit a little above the water at night in the early part of the season, and find a good catch of trout in it in

the morning, fish that had been trying to jump the little dam but lit in the basket. Of course the salmon are all gone, but in earlier years big catches of these fish were speared in the deep holes on the river."

Three centuries ago philosopher Robert Burton wrote, "Fishing is still and quiet; and if so be the Angler catch no Fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the Brookside, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of Birds."

In this year of our Lord 1960 Albion bids fair to becoming once again a fisherman's paradise. Along her "sweet silver streams" the angler looks forward with growing confidence to a creel of fine fresh trout in addition to all the lesser joys of fishing Robert Burton recounted. From the hatcheries at Glen Haffey Conservation Area on the first line of Albion below Mono Mills, sponsored by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority, literally millions of trout are being propagated and scientifically nursed through the various stages of fry — fingerling — yearling — until they reach "sporting size", which means they are big enough and wily enough to match wits with the sportsman who more often than not uses a barbless hook, and returns the unharmed fish to the water.

At Glen Haffey when spawning times comes around the fish are trapped and the spawn is removed before they are restored to the water. If natural spawning were permitted it would introduce small fish into the ponds, and trout, with their cannibalistic tendencies, have a propensity for devouring their own children! In the spawn removal process from five hundred to a thousand eggs are "milked" from one female fish, and in a split second they are fertilized with sperm removed in a similar manner from the males. After culling out the dead and infertile eggs by the help of a strong light, the fertilized spawn goes to the hatchery where it is placed in trays fitted into troughs of running water. After a given number of weeks the trays are removed and the hatched-out "small fry", who, like children, first have to learn to swim, are allowed the freedom of the troughs for a fixed number of

months. When they are three inches long they attain the status of "fingerling", and graduate to one of the rearing ponds. At the yearling stage they are transferred to the two fishing ponds at Glen Haffey, each from one to two acres in size. To the satisfaction of children who come with their parents to fish, one pond is for juveniles exclusively.

Fry and fingerlings are fed six times a day on finely ground liver, fish pellets and other prepared food. In sptie of every possible precaution, only sixty per cent. of the propagated fish reach maturity. Along with numerous diseases common to trout, poachers in the shape of kingfishers, blue heron and other birds, racoons, minks and muskrats all take their toll. At the Albion Trout Club, where fish are also propagated, they tell of surprising a racoon in the hatchery who had set out to secure some of his winter's supply of protein by emptying the troughs of fry grown almost to fingerling size, and piling them in neat rows in a corner of the building, all ready for easy removal.

It took William Colquette fifteen years of "looking around" before he found just the right terrain on which to establish his contemplated Trout Club. What he wanted was a property of exceptional scenic beauty, one which would control the headwaters of either the Credit, the Don or the Humber River. He also required pure cold spring water of sufficient volume to propagate fish, and a valley with contours for damming. All this he eventually found in Albion. True, some hills were bare and white from erosion which, through the years, had cut forty feet deep in some places, but it was not long before evergreen seedlings, mostly Scotch pine and white and red jack pine, growing a good six inches every year, halted the deadly erosion and covered its ugliness with a thick blanket of living green. Since 1945, the year Mr. Colquette started his highly successful venture, he has planted far in excess of two hundred thousand trees. Along with the evergreens, great stands of poplar trees hold back erosion with their deep roots, and, in the fall, add their distinctive green-gold to the flaunting multicolors of the maples.

The Stinson farm, being the westerly half of lot 33,

Concession 2, was the first property acquired for the Albion Trout Club. The old Stinson home, built of tough hemlock logs nearly a century and a quarter ago, was restored, and furnished in a manner which provides a comfortable and even luxurious lounge for patrons of the Club without losing any of the atmosphere of pioneer days in Albion. Hanging, framed, over the fireplace, the "outsize" Crown Deed, with its enormous attached seal, provides an interesting conversation piece for fisher folk who gather today in the old log house. Bearing the signature of the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Elgin, in behalf of the reigning monarch, the impressive document was issued to Edward Stinson, Yeoman, County of York, Home District, Canada West, in May, 1849, although the Stinsons had settled on the property long before that.

Subsequent purchases of land enabled the Albion Trout Club to spread itself over a block of four farms, 350 acres in all, and to control two miles of creek land. Around 1958 Mr. Colquette relinquished to the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority part of the Dingle, where the main tributaries of the Humber River rise from many small springs. The dictionary's definition of a "dingle" as "a narrow wooded valley or small glen," is supreme understatement when it comes to describing the rugged beauty of Albion's Dingle. "No one man should control all that scenic glory," said Mr. Colquette. "I hated to part with it, but the Conservation Authority can do a better job than I in maintaining and improving it as it deserves to be maintained and improved."

Albion Trout Club boasts two large fishing ponds. Only speckled trout inhabit one. In the other there are Kamloops trout from British Columbia, a fish hardy enough to thrive in water of higher temperature. As a conservation measure, members of the Club are severely restricted in their daily and annual catch. Most of them, however, are old hands at the piscatorial game, and are not primarily interested in a panful of trout for breakfast. Their barbless hooks enable the fish to quickly regain their natural habitat after they have been admired sufficiently for their size and battling prowess.

FISH

On the subject of farm ponds in Albion, Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority's Senior Field Officer, Kenneth Higgs, has this to say, "The Authority subsidized twelve farm ponds in 1959 at a cost of $600. In addition, engineering services were provided for twenty-nine other ponds, at no cost to the owners. Farm ponds are a valuable conservation asset and not only do they improve the landscape of an area, but also provide fire protection, water supply, recreation, fish and wildlife. The Authority is co-operating with thirty pond owners in Albion on a fish management program. At no cost to the landowners the Authority carries on technical studies on these ponds and provides advice on weed control and a fish stocking program." In short, what Kenneth Higgs is saying is that the fish, like the green trees on the hilltops and the streams and springs in the valleys, are coming back to Albion.

CHAPTER 17

ON THE FRINGES OF ALBION

Early in 1818 Alexander McVean, who had been a well-to-do sheep farmer in the Highlands of Scotland, left Inverness-shire, his birthplace, to become The Gore of Toronto's first settler. With him on the long ocean voyage were his motherless children, John, Peter, Archibald, Alexander, and ten-year-old Jane. Two servants accompanied the McVeans to Canada, and impatiently champing in the ship's hold was "Meg", their pedigreed Arabian mare.

The government survey of Toronto Gore had barely begun when Alexander McVean moved in, but after its completion in 1819, settlers flocked into the Township on the heels of the retiring surveyors, and it was he who became their recognized leader. Although in his late fifties when he left Scotland, Toronto Gore's first settler is recorded as being "alert and vigorous, fair of hair, with a stately figure over six feet in height, and weighing some two hundred pounds." Locating on lot 7, Concession 8,

he and his older sons lost no time in performing the settling duties demanded by the Government, which entitled him to establish what proved to be not only a home for himself and his children, but for succeeding generations of the McVean family who have lived continuously on the original homestead in The Gore of Toronto for over one hundred and forty years. At the time of writing it is home to the first Alexander's two great grandsons, Archibald and Alexander McVean, and their sister Katie, all unmarried.

Alexander McVean's grandmother was a Royal Stuart, and it goes without saying that the McVean Clan were among the Scottish Highlanders who fought at the side of Prince Charlie in the unequal battle of Culloden Moor in 1746, which ended forever all hope of gaining for the Stuarts the Crown of Scotland. It is a family legend that on that day a McVean stalwart slew fourteen of the hated English before he fell. When the battle was lost the McVeans fled for their lives into the mountains carrying with them the little iron pot in which Prince Charlie's porridge was cooked on the morning of Culloden. The battered little vessel, with one leg shot off, came to Toronto Gore with Alexander McVean in 1818. Since that time it has passed through more than one fire unscathed, and is still the family's most prized heirloom.

Born in 1759 in the Braes o' Lockaber, at the foot of Ben Nevis, the highest peak in the British Isles, Alexander was the eldest son of Peter and Jane McVean. The boy was clever at his books. After passing through the local school he qualified as a surveyor and a civil engineer, two professions which stood him in good stead after he had settled in Toronto Gore.

His education completed, young Alexander returned to Inverness-shire to farm with his father. When he went a-wooing, his footsteps turned without hesitation to a neighboring farm where Sarah Greenfield Macdonell lived. She was a cousin of the Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, D.D., the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada. In Inverness-shire Presbyterians and Roman Catholics lived in friendship on adjoining farms, harboring no religious prejudices. When Alexander and Sarah

fell in love, their parents, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic, gave unstinted blessing to the marriage.

When Britain found herself embroiled in a war with Napoleon, the McVeans, along with their neighbors, were conscripted to sheep farming to furnish the army with warm woollen clothing. As early as 1805 Alexander wrote a long, newsy, family letter to his father and younger brothers and sisters who had already emigrated to America. Carefully preserved by the family down through the years, the letter reveals that its writer's thoughts had already turned to joining the stream of tenant farmers leaving the shores of the British Isles because of the crippling rents demanded by wealthy and titled landlords in the early eighteen hundreds. In Albion and its fringing townships more than a few Crown Deeds bear the names of these tenant farmers who were the cream of the agricultural workers in Britain.

The undated letter is pertinent to our story because it records the exorbitant rents levied on tenant farmers around Inverness-shire, which brought Alexander McVean to Toronto Gore where land was to be had free for the asking. It reads,

Ferset, Scotland.

"Dear Brother,

"Yours of the 25th October last, 1805, to me and also to Angus McNaughton has both arrive here today, by which we are sorry to know of yours and your wife's situation at the loss of your children. But you have much reason of being thankful that it did not happen by an accident. Upon Friday morning, being the 31st of May last, I and all the men about me went to gather the sheep. The wife and three servant maids began to wash at the river below the house. The little girl who was about four years of age came also down to her mother, who desired her to go to the house and thought she had gone. But lifting up her head she observed the lassie falling and sliding into the water which being but low, her mother went with all her might to get hold of her and had got very near to her; the stones had been too slippery. She fell at the mouth of the stream and was in great danger before she could get up and lost sight of the child whose

corpse was instantly found upon the shoulder of a stone almost dry without any visible hurt and only at about thirty yards from the place where she had fallen into the water. None of the maids had been present at the time of necessity. One of them had been milking the cows, another for pets, etc. Her death by such an accident had grieved both her mother and me greatly. She exceeded all the rest of the children in every respect, but I thank God that my wife has escaped as she was in great danger of being drowned in endeavoring to save her only daughter.

"By all your letters from that place I see that you have good prices for all kinds of grain which certainly is the only thing for any person that has a good farm in proper order. I also understand that lands are getting fast more valuable there which is the real case in the Kingdom, and particularly with the Highlands.

"Glenlochy has been lately let at very high rents. Dr. McNab has taken all above Ineshdame and Kenknoch. Both sides of the river the annual rent is over £900. The men of Kenknoch are to have their own as presently possessed with the farm at Tonglen added to it; the yearly rent of £563. John McVean is to have the two Bolnarness with the Lochs. Duncan Campbell, Corty and Donl. McTavish, Iomcrocher, are to have Dalgirdy and Tulloch. The rent is £260. John McNee and Charles McVean has Tulloch More and Teray. John Brown has two Dunerocks and Corlanach. John McDonald, Tomerochain, is coming to Correchormag with Donl. McArthur. Your cousin Peter is to have Ineschaorach, etc. James McCuaig did not ask for any owing to the rent being so high. He will stay with his son who has a farm in Bannoch and who has got lately married upon one of his servant maids without consulting any of his friends. Donald McNaughton has also got married last summer to a daughter of Donald McAllen that was at Keyloconate but is now in Nova Scotia. He is polite with me although he did not invite me or any of his friends to the wedding.

"The Duke of Gordon's lands is now let. Capt. Moy and I get that part of Achnacocehean above Aullunamuruath, Inverlair, Firsitmore and Tersitseah, also Beinevin

thats side of Strath Aean and both sides of Iskelawers. Its a compact and large extensive tract of lands. It will keep from 5000 to 6000 sheep. The yearly rent is £1000. Donald Moy left Torgulbin and got a farm in Knodarts. Donald Rankin and I has taken Torgulbin with the stock thereon as it will make my new farm very complete. I had a letter from my sister Jean 16th May, 1804. I am very much surprised that I do not hear from you all more frequently and you have the same complaints against me. I have often wrote to Donald my brother, but recently no answer. Nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear often from you, as it is hard for me to know in my present situation what to do about emigrating to that quarter. I am in a good enough way yet, although the rent is high and times may alter. I had a letter from Peter my brother dated April 1st last and have wrote him an answer this day. Moy and I has not settled as yet how to manage our farm, that is to say whether to divide it or to use it co-joint as he can live at Moy and I at Torgulbin as there is a good house there. I expect to write soon to both Donl. and Jean. I understand that poor Christy is a great distance from you and that Janet is in Johnstown. My wife joins me in best wishes to them both, to Jean and her husband, to your wife and all my brothers, to my father and family, and to all enquiring friends.

I am your beloved brother,

(Signed) Alex. McVean."

Sheep farmers in Britain lost their markets for wool at the close of the Napoleonic wars, but Alexander McVean's yearly rent to the Duke of Gordon, on whose land he had farmed for twenty years, remained upwards of £700, even in this time of deepest depression. But it was not until after his beloved Sarah's death that he could bring himself to gather up the remnants of his fortune, and embark for America to seek out his family. In Johnstown, where he visited his brother, he was not happy with what he saw and heard. The fiercely anti-British feelings of the Americans, so universally expressed, sent him across the border, to Glengarry County where many of his and his wife's relatives were settled, among them Alexander Macdonell, the first Roman Catholic Bi-

shop of Upper Canada. It was Macdonell's enthusiastic endorsation of the New Survey of the Mississauga Purchase that brought the McVeans to Toronto Gore. Alexander lost no time in petitioning for land in the Mississauga Purchase for himself and his two older sons, and for land to be reserved for the younger boys until they came of age. The Government must have thought well of Toronto Gore's first settler, because in less than a week from the date of the petition, December 9th, 1818, an Order in Council gave the father two hundred acres, the sons John and Alexander each one hundred, and one hundred acres each were set aside for Archibald and Peter. All the grants were located in Albion and Chinguacousy Townships. Leaving these lands undeveloped for a time, to be nearer mills and marketing centres Alexander purchased lot 7, Concession 8, Toronto Gore, on which he built a large log house, giving the homestead the name "Torgulbin" after his old home in far-away Inverness-shire.

Alexander's precious surveying instruments came with him across the ocean and in no time at all he was laying out the first roads through the wilderness of Toronto Gore. His eldest son John, who had acquired road building skills from his father, formed a partnership with a neighbor, Elisha Lawrence, himself a roadmaker of high reputation. Together they built the Gore Road from the Indian Line to Wildfield, and also the McVean Road runing east and west in the Township.

Lovely "Torgulbin", with its setting of many beautiful trees, burned to the ground on the night of December 30th, 1822, the sleeping occupants rousing just in time to escape from the fiercely blazing structure. Only Prince Charlie's little iron porridge pot with one leg shot off in the Battle of Culloden Moor, came through the fire. All the other family treasures brought from Scotland were destroyed. "In consideration of the good character of the Petitioner and his great misfortune," the government granted Torgulbin's owner another two hundred acres, being lot 6, Concession 8. This, with his son John's grant of two hundred acres for road building in Toronto Gore, brought the McVean estate to impressive proportions. The home was rebuilt on a larger scale, and once more

became a centre of hospitality in a rapidly growing Township, proud to acclaim Alexander McVean its "first citizen."

In spite of what looked to be unsurmountable obstacles, and after a number of unfortunate setbacks, the McVeans succeeded in building the first saw mill and grist mill in Toronto Gore. "We are determined to have a grist mill just where required or sink in the attent," the redoubtable Alexander recorded at the time. For this venture they purchased lot 5, Concession 8, a Clergy Reserve. Built on the choicest mill site in Toronto Gore, the enterprise proved a boon to settlers roundabout. The mills were operated by the McVeans until 1845, when they were sold to William Proudfoot, President of the Bank of Upper Canada. In 1850 they were burned down, and diminishing water supply, brought about largely by clearing the forests, made their rebuilding unfeasible.

While he himself remained an unswerving member of the Church of Scotland all his long life, and Presbyterian services were sometimes held at "Torgulbin", Alexander McVean brought up his four children in the Roman Catholic faith into which they had been baptized, although they were but young when their mother, Roman Catholic Sarah Greenfield Macdonell, died. When the need for a Church of their Faith became increasingly apparent in the area, they had their father's blessing when they made themselves largely responsible for the building of historic St. Patrick's Church at Wildfield. The younger McVeans were among the instigators of a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor, in which they reminded him that "the Roman Catholic population of the Townships of Toronto, Chinguacousy, Caledon, Albion and the Gore of Toronto within these few years past has increased so it will be impossible to give them religious instructions unless they had a place of worship in some Central Situation where people might assemble at certain Stated times and be instructed by a clergyman in the rudiments of their religion, until they would be able to support a resident Clergyman; that being only lately settled in Upper Canada these Irish Catholic immigrants had not the means to buy land and build a church; that Confiding in the liberality of Govt., and aware of its anxiety to see every Person well informed in

the principles of their Religion, hopes that His Excellency in Council will grant land, either gratis or at such moderate terms as will not injure them; that lot 17, Concession 10 in the Gore of Toronto is the most central, therefore the most fit." The Lieutenant-Governor's answer to the petition was an Order in Council in 1828, recommending that upon payment of the patent fee, lot 17, Concession 10, be granted to the petitioners, in trust.

In 1855, in his ninety-fifth year, Alexander McVean was laid to rest in the Presbyterian Cemetery which now rubs shoulders with Malton Airport. Almost to the day of his death, dressed in glengarry and plaid, he rode over the roads he himself had surveyed, or paced with measured tread the stone terraces surrounding "Torgulbin," playing old Scottish laments on the bagpipes, and reliving bygone days in the Highlands. The first settler in Toronto Gore never became an out-and-out-Colonial. His roots were sunk too deep in Scottish soil for easy transplanting.

Alexander's third son, Archibald, inherited "Torgulbin." Alexander Junior and Peter predeceased their father, and John, the eldest, had settled in Lambton County. Jane, who was given the same name as her sister, the bonny four-year-old who had drowned in the tumbling river below old "Torgulbin" in Inverness-shire, attended the fashionable Miss Oates' School in Toronto before her marriage at the age of seventeen, and removal to LeRoy, New York.

It was coincidence that Archibald McVean should bring to "Torgulbin" as his bride Helen Gordon, kinswoman of the Roman Catholic Duke of Gordon, on whose land in the Scottish Highlands Alexander McVean had been a tenant farmer for twenty years. The McVeans were fellow passengers with Helen and her sister Margaret on the sailing vessel bound for Canada in 1818, when the girls were enroute to Kingston to pay a visit to Scottish-born Bishop Macdonell, an old friend of the Gordons, and himself a kinsman of the McVeans. Margaret Gordon lost little time in becoming the wife of Simon Peter Grant, whose family founded the Village of Grantville in Toronto Gore. Archibald's and Helen's romance, which germinated on shipboard, blossomed into flower when Helen paid

long visits to Margaret's home in Grantville, not far from "Torgulbin". When the couple were married, Bishop Macdonell travelled by dogsled from Kingston to Toronto Gore to officiate.

Big, blond Archibald McVean was a replica of his father, and like him he lived to a good old age. He served on the Township Council for twenty-five years, and was an able Director of Township and County Agricultural Societies. His ten children, seven daughters and then three sons, made "Torgulbin" a lively place, full of color and laughter and fun, until, one by one, they grew up and left Toronto Gore for various parts of Canada and the United States, where McVeans have continued to make notable names for themselves, not only the male members of the family, but the distaff side as well. Only Gordon, the second son, and his wife Johanna Kehoe, parents of the present McVeans on the homstead, were left at "Torgulbin."

As well as carrying on the farm, Gordon McVean followed his profession as Veterinary Surgeon until his death. Around 1918 a large brick farmhouse was built on the property by Gordon's son, Archibald. The fine old log house had been totally destroyed when for the second time "Torgulbin" was swept by fire . And once again Prince Charlie's little iron porridge pot with one leg shot off at the Battle of Culloden Moor, survived the holocaust.

CHAPTER 18

POSTAL

For the early settler to send a letter from Albion to folks across the ocean meant a two-day tramp over some thirty miles of the roughest of trails to the nearest post office located in a small log building in York. It would be six months before the letter could be read and handed around to family and friends in the Old Country and it would be another six months, especially in winter, before a reply would reach Albion. News from home would have gone stale in that long time. The old folks might even be dead and gone.

Early postage was paid on the collect-on-delivery plan. The settler had to find the equivalent of one dollar and twelve cents before a letter from home would be relinquished to him. It could be four times that amount if the old folks had been overly generous with home-town news, and the missive proved unduly bulky. If the addressee could not pay the postage—and many Albion settlers could not—the letter was sent back unread, to clog the early version of the Dead Letter Office.

Often pathetic little subterfuges were employed by the pioneers to glean a modicum of news from the outside of letters which they would handle, turn over, scrutinize for a long moment, and return to the postmaster unopened and unpaid for because they did not have the money. By pre-arrangement with the folks at home, if "Albion" were deliberately misspelled "Allbion", it would mean that "Molly's baby is a boy." If the name of the Township were written "Albyon", it would mean "Molly's baby is a girl." But whether Molly's baby be boy or girl, by the time the news of its safe arrival reached the aunts and uncles in Albion, the newborn infant could be a bouncing six-months-old, with another one on the way.

A story has been written into the records of early post offices in Upper Canada which tells of a poorly dressed woman presenting herself at a post office asking for letters. When one was handed to her and postage demanded, she turned it over a few times, handed it back without paying, and left the office. A by-stander, feeling sorry for her, paid the postage and hurried after her with the letter. The woman opened it and disclosed a blank sheet of paper. She explained that without paying the exorbitant postage she could not afford, she had, by pre-arrangement with the sender, gleaned two important messages from the way the letter was addressed, and from the seemingly innocuous words written on the outside, "Please forward to this lady without delay." A suspicious early postmaster once figured out eight different ways to adequately address the same letter. He was well aware that the eight different ways of employing capital letters, punctuations and abbreviations could convey eight different messages in turn, and the addressee could return

the unopened letters, declining to pay the excessive postage demanded.

Because they were otherwise highly taxed, newspapers were mailed postage free in pioneer days. The old folks could and often did send out without cost to their settler sons and daughters satisfactory substitutes for long newsy letters by lightly marking the relevant words one after the other as they appeared throughout the columns of the home town newspaper. Getting the family news by poring over a newspaper to string the marked words together into sentences must surely have provided exciting pastime for some long winter evenings in early Albion log cabins.

There were no postage stamps and no envelopes until after the middle of the nineteenth century. A letter was folded in four, sealed with wax and addressed on the outside. Because postage cost double for two pages and treble for three, an enormous single sheet was covered with small writing, and turned at right angles to be written on again across the paper. Sometimes there were three layers of writing. By that time letters from home were well-nigh undecipherable, even when the baffled recipients resorted to calling in the neighbors to help puzzle them out.

The smallest enclosure in a single-sheet letter doubled the postage. Should the old folks sentimentally slip in a bit of Shamrock or a sprig of heather, or the newcomer to Albion enclose a scarlet and gold maple leaf to show what beauty Canada had to offer, another dollar and twelve cents in postage was charged. Postal authorities held every letter up to a lighted candle, and to confirm any suspicions aroused, the postmaster had no qualms about breaking the seal and presenting the opened and sometimes mutilated letter to the addressee.

To cut down costs, two or more families in Albion hailing from the same area in the old land would combine to send one letter home which could be passed around when it reached its destination. A hastily amended Postal Act declared this an infringement, and if candlelight, or the rude opening of a sealed letter, revealed two or three different handwritings on the sheet, the postage

was doubled or trebled. The Government just couldn't lose. It was against grievances such as this the Reformers in Upper Canada struggled for years in the House of Assembly, without success.

Homesickness was the greatest hardship most early settlers in Albion had to endure Frequent exchange of letters with far-away family and friends imposed too great a strain on thin pocketbooks. They pleaded for parents and brothers and sisters to join them in this good new country. True, their wheedling letters were often overcolored. The picture was not always as rosy as they painted it. One such letter, filed away in Government Archives, is a poignant revelation of the first settler's longing for his own kinfolk. It reads, "Dear Jonathan, If you should come I have room enough and will provide you with provisions for the year. Tell your wife I am sure she will be pleased with the situation and I hope that won't prevent. I will lay in salmon for your family as now is the season. Never were finer at ten for a dollar that weigh fifteen pounds apiece. If you come this fall I shall treat you to pot pie until you are tired, as the pigeons have just come. If what I have said will not move you, I don't know what will. Politics are scarce heard of here. We have peace and plenty."

In 1816 there were only nine post offices in the whole of Upper Canada. By 1825 the number had grown to twenty-six, strung out along Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River. There were none north of York. At the time of the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841 there were four hundred and five post offices, but many people still had to travel long distances for their mail. Albion neighbors took turns bringing the post bag for their community, and the staid solemnity appropriate to a pioneer Sabbath morning was forgotten for a while when letters from home were joyfully received at the church door after the service.

Mail was carried from Montreal to Toronto by stage coach when the roads were passable, and by courier on horseback when they were not. Weller's Royal Mail Line starting out from Montreal was a beautiful sight to see. The stage coaches were painted bright scarlet with the

Royal Coat of Arms emblazoned on the side, and they were drawn by four matching horses. Long before they reached Toronto, however, the stage coaches, the matching horses and the passengers were plastered with more than enough mud to obliterate every trace of the gay scarlet trappings. The nearest they came to Albion was up Yonge Street to Holland Landing, their clarion trumpets and prancing horses forcing sedately jogging teamsters to take to the ditch. In October, 1856, the Grand Trunk Railway began to operate between Montreal and Toronto, and that was the end of Weller's Royal Mail Line.

Around 1832 William Lyon Mackenzie needled the Government in almost every issue of his newspaper because there were no post offices in Albion, Caledon, Esquesing, Erin, Chinguacousy, Adjala, Mono and Tecumseth, although the combined population of these townships was close to seven thousand. For once the Government paid heed, and on October 6th, 1832, a post office was opened in Bolton under the name "Albion." George Bolton was the first postmaster. From 1832 to 1878 George Taylor was Albion's faithful mail carrier. For forty-six years, winter and summer, he carried the bags, first on his back and then on horseback over roads which travellers passing through the Township labelled "the worst roads in the world." When he jumped his horse over newly fallen trees, and urged it through swift streams and seemingly bottomless mudholes, he must have felt akin to the newly arrived Irish settler who said, "Begorra, here wuz me travellin' along up to me ankles in mud, and me sittin' on a horse." In the days when mail carriers were frequently set upon and robbed, George Taylor had to defend his mail bag just once, and that was in the troubled year of the Mackenzie Rebellion. When roads improved enough for wheeled vehicles to use them, George drove a stage coach regularly from Bolton to Weston, picking up passengers and mail along the way. It was a slow trip, starting from Bolton at daybreak and getting back, when the roads were worse than usual, at next day's dawn.

Delays in delivering mail in the early days could not always be attributed to careless postmasters and mail carriers. There were letters in George Taylor's bag over

which he would scratch his head in puzzlement. The folks at home, writing to their son who had emigrated to Albion, might address the letter with his name, followed by such optimistic directions for finding him as, "Settled not far from the Humber River." "Left County Clare, Ireland, for somewhere near York, Canada," or "Living in the hills north of York, Canada," and often just "Canada."

Enormous improvements in the Canadian postal service came quickly after 1851, the year Britain relinquished control. Rates were greatly reduced, and prepayment of postage with the use of stamps was instituted. By 1861 there were 1775 post offices in Canada, and in 1875 Albion had thirteen of her own.

That boon to country dwellers, Rural Mail Delivery, had a circumscribed beginning in Ontario in 1908, when mail was delivered right to the farmers' homes along a seven mile route from Hamilton to Ancaster. At first the plan was confined to existing stage routes, but in a few years, under improved regulations, all persons along well defined rural roads over a mile long became eligible for mail delivery to their homes. And there are now 2150 Rural Mail Delivery routes in Ontario. It was late 1915 before the system reached out to take in Albion. On the front page of its issue of November 19th, 1915, the newspaper Bolton Enterprise mapped out the route it would follow, starting from the Albion post office—"Up the fourth concession to the Albion-Adjala township line, across and down the fifth concession to Centreville side road and down the fourth concession to Baguley's side road, across and up the third concession to Albion post office." Farmers on that first Rural Mail Delivery route, strolling down the length of their lanes to pick up their mail, gossip a little with the mail man, and perhaps buy from him some stamps, or a money order or a postal note, would surely think it a far cry from the days when their settler-father set out on a thirty mile trek on foot, in the hope that in the little log post office in York there would be letters for them from the folks at home.

In her search for the story of the thirteen early post offices in Albion, this author owes much to the fine co-operation of the Post Master General's Department in Ot-

tawa.

George Bolton, who was placed in charge of the first post office at Bolton in 1832, relinquished the postmastership two years later to Samuel Boyce Sterne, Captain of the County of Wexford militia. At the same time Captain Sterne bought from George Bolton the small log store which also housed the post office. It was custom for the early rural postmaster who also kept store to tuck the day's letters in the lining of his tall hat before replacing it on his head, to make for convenient mail delivery to customers when the proprietor served them with groceries. Captain Sterne was a gentleman known for his gallantry, and we can picture him in 1834 doffing his "silk" to a pretty lady customer, and at the same time deftly extricating from his lining a letter addressed to her.

James Bolton succeeded Samuel Sterne in 1836, but he remained postmaster only one year, possibly because 1837 was "Rebellion" year, when the Government regarded some members of the Bolton family as "suspect." In 1837 a second term was accorded Samuel Sterne, which lasted until 1841. Bolton postmasters—and one acting postmistress—who succeeded him were, Samuel Walford, 1841-1867; George Evans, 1867-1881; Samuel J. Snell 1881-1908; Lincoln Hutton, 1908-1927; Byron Redvers Leavens, 1927-1945; Mrs. Mary Marjorie Leavens, acting postmistress, 1945-1947; Calvert Frederick Daines, 1947. In 1892, during Samuel J. Snell's regime, after a full sixty years of urging from Bolton, postal authories dropped the misnomer "Albion Post Office" and the official title became "Bolton Post Office."

When Mono Mills Post Office was established in 1839, the first postmaster was the Reverend Alexander Lewis, one of the village's earliest settlers, who had posthumous fame thrust upon him through the pages of "The Yellow Briar," a story of Mono and Albion by Patrick Slater (John Mitchell), which became a best seller in 1934. Following the Reverend Mr. Lewis down through the years were postmasters John McLaughlin, 1854-56; James McLaughlin, 1856-1863; Michael McLaughlin, 1864-1866; Joseph Alexander, 1866-1870; John Allan, 1871-1885; William James Mills, 1885-1902; A. W. Leitch, 1903-1905; Ira Stork, 1905-

1914; G. W. Stork, 1914-1946; James Oswald Mitchell, 1946-1947, and John George Mitchell, 1947.

Sand Hill Post Office came into being in 1841, and along with those at Castlederg, Coventry, Lockton, Mount Wolfe and Sleswick, was closed around 1915, when Rural Mail Delivery was inaugurated. Postmasters at Sand Hill—where, incidentally, there is neither sand nor hill—were Henry Yemoan, 1841-1853; Robert Dwyer Jr., 1853-1868; John Orr, 1868-1872; W. C. Hughes, 1873-1890; Robert Rutherford, 1891-1899; Cains Hubble, 1899-1914.

When the Caledon East Post Office was set up on July 7th, 1851, the village was called Paisley. James and Joseph McDougall served as postmasters until 1857. James Munsie succeeded the McDougalls, and carried on until 1875, when he was followed by Thomas Cranston, whose term included the years from 1875 to 1913. From that time to the present—forty-six years—the Berneys, father and son, have been postmasters. George W. Berney was in charge from 1913 to 1952 when he relinquished the reins to his son, John James Berney.

In the sixty-six years Macville Post Office was in operation—from 1855 to 1921—there were nine postmasters, most of them holding office rather briefly. They were: Robert H. Booth, 1855-1857; Thomas Henry, 1857-1858; R. H. Booth, 1858-1864; Seth Wilson, 1864-1887; James Archdekin, 1891-1892; John Anderson, 1893-1916; William Hodgson, 1916-1919; William Little, 1919-1921.

The hamlet of Lockton was granted a post office in 1857, and Archie Locke, one of its founders, was chosen postmaster. Those following him were, Adam Parkinson, 1862-1873; William Wallace, 1874-1883; Bernard Ingoldsby, 1883-1889; William Wallace for a second term, 1889-1902; John F. Sweeney, 1902-1905, and Mrs. Ellen Kenny, 1905-1915.

Thomas Swinarton was named postmaster when Coventry post office was established in 1858. He served until 1862, and in 1880 he accepted a second term which lasted until 1887. Succeeding postmasters—and one postmistress—were Alex Hamilton, 1863-1864; James McGinnis, 1864-1867; William McKee, 1868-1874; John Reynor, 1874-1880; Alfred Ewart, 1887-1890; John Caldwell,

1891-1900; Edward Stubbs, 1900-1903; Mrs. Elizabeth Mullen, 1904-1910; John Barry, 1910-1913.

Castlederg Post Office was unique among Albion Post Offices, in that it had only one postmaster, John Wallace, who served for fifty-seven years, from its establishment in 1861 until it was closed in 1918. The name at first was "Mount Hurst", and this was changed in 1875 to "Castlederg." Mrs. Sam Elliott, of Bolton, who at this time of writing is in her ninety-third year, with the keen memory of some very old people for the happenings of their childhood, recalls her uncle John Wallace telling of writing to the authorities in Castlederg, his birthplace in the Old Country, for permission to give his post office in Albion that name.

Sleswick Post Office was opened in 1863, when the population of Albion was beginning to wane. It was closed in 1878, but was re-opened three years later, and remained in operation until 1915. Peter Campbell, the first postmaster, was followed by Richard J. Evans, 1868-1873; James Killeen, 1874-1877; William Parkhill, 1881-1894; James Killeen for a second term, 1894-1897; John S. May, 1898-1899; Mrs. Mary Killeen, 1899-1915.

Palgrave and Mount Wolfe Post Offices were both established in 1869. Since that time Palgrave, which was known as Buckstown when the post office was opened, has been served by a long list of postmasters and one postmistress. The first, R. H. Matson, held office only a year. He was followed by David Matson, 1871-1872; Robert Wylie, 1874-1878; Samuel Irwin, 1879-1883; James Creary, 1883-1884; William McMinn, 1884-1888; Henry Sloan, 1889-1893; S. J. McClelland, 1893-1898; Samuel Jefferson, 1898-1917; R. J. Lavery, 1917-1937; Joseph Leighton Horan, acting, 1937-1938; Joseph Leo O'Leary, 1939-1940; Joseph Leighton Horan, acting, 1941-1947; William McBride 1947-1951; and Miss Vera Gibson, 1951.

Mount Wolfe's first postmaster was John Wolfe Junior, whose family gave the name to the settlement. He remained in office from 1869 to 1895, when W. C. Roadhouse was appointed. In 1881 Mr. Roadhouse was succeeded by Robert M. White, who was followed by Mrs. Robert Crisp in 1910. The lady remained in office until

1916, when Rural Mail Delivery took over.

Mono Road Station Post Office has a place all its own in the story of Albion post offices. From the time it was established in 1872 until the present, postmasters and postmistresses have all been members of the Judge family, by birth or by marriage. Governments changed several times, but the Judge connection stayed on. John Judge was postmaster from 1872 to 1898. He was succeeded by his wife, and she was followed by John's brother, W. L. Judge, known to everyone as Master Judge. He filled the position until 1941. After that his daughter, Mrs. Wesley Nelson, became a most efficient postmistress. In 1856 her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Joyce Margaret Nelson, received the appointment. At this time of writing James Nelson, grandson of Master Judge, is Mono Road's postmaster.

The last post office to be established in the Township was located on the Third Concession, in a settlement confusingly named "Albion", and it was given that name. It came into being in 1907 and was closed in 1958. Miss Mary Sullivan, the postmistress, guided its destinies from 1907 to 1949. From then until 1958 Vincent Joseph Hayes was postmaster.

CHAPTER 19

THE BAGWELL LETTERS

Although George Everard Holtby spent most of his adult life in the west, a long way from his birthplace, multiple family roots which were four generations in the growing in the Township of Chinguacousy, refused to be severed. He made his way back home, and in 1953 was elected Reeve of Albion. Later he became the Township's faithful and meticulous Clerk-Treasurer. The Reverend Matthias Holtby, who came to Chinguacousy in the early eighteen-thirties, and John Bagwell, the first settler in that Township, are his great grandfathers. It came about this way. Matthias Holtby's son, Thomas, married John Bagwell's daughter, Susannah Louise, and their son,

George Matthias Holtby, married Mary Eliza Woodhill, daughter of Squire John Woodhill, of Woodhill, on the Sixth Line, East Chinguacousy. Their son is Albion's Clerk-Treasurer.

The Reverend Matthias Holtby—Pioneer—Poet—Architect—Builder—Saddle-bag Preacher—was born in the Village of Ganton, Yorkshire, England, in 1799, and emigrated to Upper Canada in 1830, with his wife, Esther, and five young children. After eleven harrowing weeks on the ocean, they found their way to York. Under a local preacher's license, Matthias preached every Sunday in York, and on week days assisted in the erection of Upper Canada College in his capacity as Architect and Builder. When the first college building was torn down in 1911, an interesting bit of early Canadiana came to light. A plank behind the mantel over one of the fireplaces bore the words clearly decipherable after more than eighty years, although written in lead pencil, "Matthias Holtby from Ganton, East Riding of Yorkshire, England, emigrated to York, Upper Canada, in the year of our Lord 1830, age 31, with his wife, three sons and two daughters."

Soon after coming to Upper Canada Matthias and Esther Holtby suffered the loss of their youngest child, and a scant two years later Esther, sharing the fate of too many young wives and mothers in the early days, succumbed to the rigours of pioneer life in Upper Canada. When she died her poet husband sought solace for his grief and loneliness in verse. He penned these words, which were preserved, and have come down through more than a century and a quarter of time,

> "Thrice happy spirit, thou hast winged away,
> And left our darkness for the light of day.
> The painful mortal conflict is now past;
> And thou hast gained the victory at last.
> To mourn and to suffer is mine.

No sooner was Matthias Holtby settled in Chinguacousy than he enlisted the help of neighbors Emmanuel Harrison, John Bagwell, John Sanderson and some others, to build a log church, the first Methodist meeting house in that part of the country. Built on Emmanuel Harrison's homestead, lot 9, Concession 6, it is still known

as Harrison's Appointment. The settlement which grew up around the church and burying ground was given the name "Ganton", for Matthias Holtby's birthplace in England. Some years later the log church was replaced by a rough-cast structure, with centre aisle wide enough to accommodate a high boxed-in pulpit frequently called the "Swallow's Nest," which the preacher reached by mounting a winding stairs. Quaker fashion, the men sat on one side of the aisle and the women on the other, although newly married couples were allowed to sit together for the first three Sundays! A choir gallery at the back, well screened, was also designed to make sure, as far as possible, that no male worshipper was distracted from his pious thoughts by the proximity of too many feminine charms.

As time went on more and more brick farmhouses appeared on the scene. Emmanuel Harrison's was the second to be built in Chinguacousy, and it was the old log shanty standing by, abandoned that inspired Matthias Holtby to commit to paper some homely lines entitled "The Forsaken House." Found among his papers after his death, they were published in the Methodist periodical, "Christian Guardian" in 1889, and in the newspaper Toronto Telegram in 1911. Envisioning with rare imagination the desolation of the old log house which had served its family well, Chinguacousy's Pioneer—Poet—Architect—Builder—Saddle-bag Preacher wrote,

The bricks were burnt, a plan was drawn;
The stones were hauled, the timber sawn;
All things else provided.
Without goodbye they started.
I served them truly till I'm old;
And now they left me bare and cold,
And almost broken-hearted.

My Master bought this lot of land,
And there he raised me where I stand
And finished me at leisure.
'Tis true I was not very fine,
But none excelled me on the Line;
He viewed me then with pleasure.

He fill-ed me with useful wares
And stools gave way to painted chairs
And benches to a table.
To tell you all I did contain
Would surely crack my crazy brain;
In fact I am not able.

My cellar too was safely stored
With roots sufficient for a Lord,
Besides good stores of bacon;
Mutton and beef, butter and cheese;
He then great plenty had of these,
Or I am much mistaken.

Here the preacher of God's Word
Invited all to seek the Lord,
And offered them a Saviour;
Here some by faith beheld the Cross
And all things earthly counted dross;
How changed their whole behaviour

In me the Word of God was read
Both night and morn, and prayer was made,
And lo! the Almighty heard it,
And often when His praise was sung,
With thankful heart and cheerful tongue,
We felt he did regard it.

Year after Year thus rolled away,
And peaceful night succeeded day,
Our gains and trials rewarding.
We had our trials, that is true;
But so comparatively few,
They are not worth recording.

In 1834 Matthias Holtby married Margaret Crawford, a neighbour's daughter, and in due time two sons and three daughters were added to the family. Matthias' three sons who emigrated with him from England settled on farms near the old Chinguacousy homestead with their comely young wives, who, by coincidence, were the daugh-

ters of Emmanuel Harrison, John Bagwell and John Sanderson, the early settlers who had helped their father build the first log church, the Harrison Appointment. Eventually Matthias' health failed under the rigours of a Saddle-bag Preacher's life, and he and Margaret and the younger children moved to Norfolk County, where the Crown granted him a section of land. Here we find him in 1847, his health restored, building another log church, Holtby's Appointment, the first in his new surroundings. The Trustees' Book in the fine red brick church at Wycombe, which succeeded this old log structure, had this to say, "The Reverend Matthias Holtby a retired minister of the Wesleyan Church, was the first settler in this part, and had to cut a road into his farm for a distance of three miles." The Pioneer—Poet—Architect—Builder—Saddle-bag Preacher was for years an influential member of the Township Council. One of the first Wardens to be elected in the County of Norfolk, his portrait has a place of honor in the Town Hall at Simcoe. Matthias Holtby died in 1880, in his eighty-first year, and was buried in the churchyard at Wycombe where he had built his second log meeting-house, Holtby's Appointment.

The story of John Bagwell, first settler in Chinguacousy, and great grandfather, on the distaff side, of Albion's Clerk-Treasurer, can best be told by quoting from letters written by him to his family in England. After his death, the executors of the estate of his sister, Mrs. Mary Bagwell Parsons to whom the letters were addressed, donated the bulky bundle to the Ontario Archives in Toronto, because, they said, in presenting so vivid a picture of his life as "first settler" in Chinguacousy, John Bagwell's letters would just as vividly portray to posterity the lives of most "first settlers" in Upper Canada in the early eighteen hundreds.

Each lengthy epistle covers one huge sheet of strong, parchment-like paper with fine copper-plate writing, the capital letters beautifully shaded. That the lines are close together, to get everything on one page and thus save postage, takes nothing away from the perfection of the letter. Excessive postal charges did indeed loom large in John Bagwell's mind, as they did in the minds of

all early settlers in Upper Canada. Sprinkled through his letters are such sentences as, "Lucy would have written to her father before this, but postage comes so high," or "I would give you more particulars, had I room on one sheet." Postage on his letters was collected in part from the recipient, and on one occasion he writes, "Love to Uncles. My sole motive in not writing to them is to prevent postal expense to them." In another letter he advises his sister that he will, in future, be obliged to pay postage to Quebec, and asks her to defray the additional cost to the English coast.

John Bagwell was born in Shepston Mallet, Somersetshire, England. In 1816 at the age of thirty-three, he set sail for the United States with his motherless children, John and Letitia. His fiance, Lucy Robins, thirty-year-old daughter of Professor Robins, a church organist and teacher of music in England, had preceded him across the ocean, and when John arrived in New York in the spring of that year, they lost no time in marrying. His first letter home was jubilant, "I was married to my dear Lucy by a Baptist minister in New York on June 16th, 1816."

John Bagwell had been led to believe by unscrupulous emigration agents in England that New York shipyards were crying out for skilled craftsmen like himself. Instead, he found deep depression in the United States, with bank and mercantile failures on every side. Leaving his bride and his children in New York, he set off across country in search of work. We quote his letter, "I walked two hundred miles, into the state of New York, New Jersey, through Pennsylvania, across the Delaware River into Wayne County, enquiring at every town or village for any kind of work; could not get any. To save money slept in the open eating only bread and cheese. The God who tempers the weather to the shorn lambs preserved me from taking colds or chills. Returned to New York with a heavy heart and sore feet. I again applied to the Navy Yard for work and got the job of painting the Washington Frigate of seventy-four guns, at fourteen shillings a day for extra long hours; no more work in sight."

Having learned that the British Government "gave

one hundred acres of land in Canada to every British subject who could produce a certificate that he had left England for no crime," John and Lucy decided to go to York, Canada, although it was five hundred miles away. "This," he wrote, "we accomplished in three weeks. I walked all the way to Sackett's Harbor; Lucy and the children walked or rode in the wagon that conveyed our goods. We crossed Lake Ontario and saw the great Falls of Niagara. On landing at York, Upper Canada, I applied to His Excellency, the Governor, for a grant of land, and obtained one hundred acres twenty-five miles from York, in the Township of Chinguacousy, No. 14, on the 4th Concession—good land. I am building a small log house and will get my wife and children up from York this winter. I expect to clear a few acres in the spring for wheat, potatoes and Indian corn. For this grant of land I am obliged to clear five acres and fence it and build a log house twenty-four by eighteen feet, and have a road made in front of my house in eighteen months. When this is done the writings are made out securing the land to me and my heirs by paying the five pounds, fourteen shillings and one pence sterling fees."

Making a strong plea to an uncle for an advance of one hundred pounds on a legacy which would be due him at a given time, John Bagwell wrote, "I want to buy a cow, a few pigs, and seed, and pay for my writings on the land. I also want to buy a yoke of oxen. They charge twenty shillings a day to hire a yoke of oxen, besides the man's meals, so that a few weeks' hire will buy me a pair; and also a harrow. Times are very dull in the United States, but people are coming here by hundreds every week. Twenty thousand applied for land during the last six months. It is the best place in the world, and no taxes of any consequence. Three townships have been given out to immigrants since I arrived. The climate is rather better than England. The soil in most places is a stiff clay bottom, black mould and sand on top. The timber is elegant, of vast size, straight as an arrow; there are plenty of deer and partridges, wild geese, ducks and pigeons, snipes and woodcocks in profusion. There is a settlement of Quakers ten miles from my place; they wear

long beards and are called Jew Quakers."

"I expect to grow everything in four years and will be independent of anyone in Canada. I never wish to return to England again, but would be glad to see all I love here that they may breathe and bask in the sunshine of freedom so dear to every British heart. God defend you from calamities of civil war which our newspapers assure us is near taking place in many parts of England. Every man may enjoy liberty in this happy land if he respects the laws. But depend upon it, it is no place for an idle man."

As early as 1821 all the land for miles around John Bagwell's farm in Chinguacousy had been taken up. By that time, however, the Township's first settler had chopped down the trees from thirteen acres of solid forest. "As soon as the timber is cleared and burned the soil produces naturally a beautiful white clover without plowing or sowing. In fact it grows everything you like to put in it," one letter boasted a little. Two years later he had twenty-three acres cleared and fenced, and the letter written about that time asked "Dear Sister and Brother" to excuse his bad writing. "Chopping makes the hands so stiff," he explained. "We now have twelve head of cattle, one horse, twelve pigs and poultry," the letter continued. "We have five acres sown in wheat; two and a half acres in corn; thirteen acres in grass, and the balance I purpose to sow in grass when my corn, oats, potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, squashes and watermelons are off. If God permits I intend chopping ten acres more for next fall fallow for wheat. Wheat is selling at one dollar a bushel cash. This pays well and if I can get in ten acres next Fall I would sell two hundred bushels. Fifty bushels a year will bread our family, so I can sell one hundred bushels out of five acres; so that in time I hope to get a little from my farm. Rough as the country is, yet to an Englishman liberty is sweet."

To a question asked by his sister in England, John Bagwell replied at some length, "You wished to be informed respecting religion in our parts. I am sorry to say vital religion is at a low ebb. Myself and few more settlers are building a small meeting house for the recep-

tion of the Methodists, the only religious body that condescends to visit the woods. It is also to serve as a schoolhouse, with an acre of land attached to it for a burying ground. We have a preaching once a fortnight. These ministers of the Methodist persuasion are very different from at home in England. They preach good sound doctrine and use lofty elevated language. They are not only excellent orators, but pious good men. We have them frequently at our house in these wilds of America. When we came in, there was nothing to be heard but the sound of the axe, the lowing of cattle, howling of wolves, screeching of owls; now the glorious gospel is sounding. The Sun of Righteousness has arisen, and bids fair to shine brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day."

It was springtime when he wrote of his first venture into maple sugar making. "I have just made one hundred and forty pounds of good powder sugar this spring. This is a very valuable thing in a settler's family. The method is thus: I bore an inch-and-a-half hole in the maple tree and 'ketch' the sap and boil it in a large kettle until watery particles evaporate. It then becomes molasses, not far inferior to honey and clear as amber. A half-hour more boiling and it granulates into fine light-coloured sugar. By this means we get all kinds of preserves, as fruit is plenty. Most common are apples, pears, peaches —was he exaggerating?—currants, strawberries and raspberries, mulberries, gooseberries, blackberries, hartleberries, melons of two sorts, very fine eating, and as large as one's head."

It was difficult for even enthusiastic John Bagwell to wax lyrical in his letters when he wrote of the winters in Chinguacousy. "We have suffered a great deal from the severity of the weather. Last winter some were frozen to death in their sleighs as they drove to market. In my house the teacups would freeze to the tea tray before a large fire, and the sheets and quilts would be so frozen, owing to the breath condensing and freezing, that they would stand up. Freqently in the night we had to get up and make a large fire to keep from freezing. We brought a good deal of warm clothing to Canada, which we have been careful of, so that we may appear respect-

able when occasion calls for it."

"I expect to grow everything in four years, and will be independent of anyone," John Bagwell had boasted confidently in one of his early letters. He did grow everything in four years, but his vaunted "independence of anyone" suffered a sad setback within that time. Reaching out to add to his holdings a fine piece of Chinguacousy property which was "going for a song," he again asked his well-to-do English relatives for an advance on a legacy which would be his in a few years. Time being the essence, he had given his note for the property, and had drawn a draft for the amount on his brother-in-law who, as executor, controlled the legacy in the Old Country, and who had never failed him before. This time, however, when John made the long trip to York, and waited confidently at the little log post office for the postmaster to hand him the familiar letter from England addressed, "John Bagwell, Chinguacousy. To be left at Post Office York, Upper Canada, British America," there was no letter. Had the "Dear Sister and Brother" of his letters repudiated his draft? Would John Bagwell become a defaulter?

John Bagwell did become a defaulter, and Canadian laws were adamant against defaulters. John and Lucy well remembered the fate of neighbors when the sheriff, without warning, stepped in and sold everything they owned, to satisfy a comparatively trivial claim. To add to his troubles John had broken his right arm in the midst of harvest, and his frantic pleas to England for even a belated acceptance of his draft were, of necessity, penned with an unaccustomed left hand. "Ruin stares me in the face," he wrote. "I shall lose everything. I have two alternatives, escaping to the United States, or serving a prison sentence." It was many months before the next English mail arrived in York, even more laggard than usual. But in it were documents from John's remorseful brother-in-law which, at long last, would unravel the costly legal tangles in which the Bagwells were enmeshed.

Chinguacousy's first settler lived to his ninetieth year. His wife, Lucy, had predeceased him, and together they lie in Harrison's Cemetery, where he and Matthias

Holtby and some other early settlers built that first log Methodist meeting-house, nearly one hundred and forty years ago. In 1825 John Bagwell was appointed one of the first Magistrates for the area which later became Peel County. In 1837, a staunch Britisher who thought the Crown could do no wrong, he helped put down the Mackenzie Rebellion as Captain of a Cavalry Corps. The name "John Bagwell" can be found high on the first list of shareholders in the Canada Permanent Loan Company of Toronto. When he died he had accumulated what was considered a large fortune in those days—eighty thousand dollars!

Matthias Holtby's son, Thomas, and John Bagwell's daughter, Susannah Louise, were married in 1846 at the Bagwell home, Locust Grove, on Lot 12, Fifth Line, Chinguacousy, a property John Bagwell patented after he settled on his original Crown Grant. Thomas, like his father, was a preacher in the nearby Methodist Church, Harrison's Appointment, and was one of Brampton's early mayors. He and Susannah made their home at Locust Grove, and all their twelve children were born there. The large, rambling, white-painted home stood silhouetted against hundreds of black locust trees laden in spring with great, heavy clusters of white blossoms, swaying in every breeze to waft sweet perfume over the whole countryside. Along with portraits of Thomas and Susannah Holtby—a handsome gentleman and a lovely lady—a detailed sketch of Locust Grove merits a full page in a Historical Atlas of the County of Peel, published in 1877. It was one of the chief beauty spots of Chinguacousy.

In 1880 Thomas Holtby's eldest son, George Matthias, married Mary Eliza Woodill, daughter of Squire Woodill, the Magistrate for whose family the settlement of "Woodhill," on the Sixth Line, East Chinguacousy, was named. Their seven children were also all born at Locust Grove, the third son being George Everard Holtby, Albion's Clerk-Treasurer. The fourth son John Frederick Holtby, still lives in the old Chinguacousy landmark, Locust Grove. Fifth and sixth generation offshoots of the Holtby-Bagwell-Woodill roots in Chinguacousy reach out a long way. In Albion they include three of George Holtby's four child-

ren, Mary Eileen, wife of Harold Robertson, First Line, Albion, and their children, Clive and Karen; George Robert, a bachelor, who lives with his father on the Second Line, Albion, and Alan, whose wife was Bertha Dennis. Their children, sixth generation Holtbys, are Lynn, Laura and Douglas, and their home is the old Dennis farm on the Third Line of Albion. George Holtby's youngest daughter, Norma, lives at Mount Dennis with her husband, John R. Turner, and their sons, Warren and Rickie.

CHAPTER 20

TREES

All unwittingly, axes wielded by the first white men in Albion, and those who followed, upset the balance of nature within the township to such a degree, it has taken more than a century to even begin to restore it. Denuded of the trees, the land was left prey to deadly erosion by wind and water. Top soil blew away in clouds. Water storage capacity lessened as ponds dried up and streams narrowed to shallow trickles compared with their earlier wide, deep, tumbling flow. Great mounds of desert sand became grim substitutes for hilltops covered with giant beeches and sugar maples.

Albion woodlands today, beautiful as they are, reflect little of the glory of the primeval forest. They tell nothing of the immensity of the early trees in height and breadth and number. Oaks rose a lofty sixty or seventy feet before branching out. Even the black cherry, now a relatively small size, grew to towering heights. While sugar maples and beech predominated, as they do today, basswood, white elm, white ash and silver maples, red, white and bur oaks and silver and yellow birch more than held their own in the Township's virgin forests. Pine and hemlock, scattered through the deciduous growth, found their place in the sun by towering high above the hardwoods. Pure stands of white pine were happiest growing on the well drained soils, while hemlock favored the cool ravine slopes. White elm and silver maples were

at home in level swamplands, and white cedar provided a cover for the swampy hollows.

Intent only on establishing homes and farms, Albion settlers stared aghast at the forest. It was an enemy to be destroyed with all speed. It stood implacably between them and their shining goal of acres and more acres of clean fertile soil in which to grow fine crops. The solid expanse of towering trees isolated neighbor from neighbor and delayed the carrying out of vital pioneer projects such as building roads and establishing settlements. Hordes of wild beasts lurked within its borders ready to pounce on and destroy the homesteader's precious livestock. For a long time the forest harbored remnant bands of hostile redskins who, resenting the intrusion of the pale-faces, made forays on the white man's domain, sometimes carrying off children, whole families of them, into its well-nigh impenetrable depths. As late as 1838 settler's children were kidnapped by such bands of skulking Indians, and were never heard from again.

At first there was no market for Albion timber. Trees were useful only in terms of log houses and barns, firewood and fences, and one giant tree could be split into as many as eighty fence rails. When basic needs had been met, white men's axes lost no time slashing their determined, undiscriminatory path through the forests to make way for fields and farmlands. Settlers gathered together to destroy literally millions of beautiful trees grown through the centuries of time to unbelievable heights. All were toppled over, hauled by oxen to enormous crematories and reduced to a comparative handful of dead ashes.

True, the "handful of dead ashes" did bring a small cash award, or more often a little whisky or other goods by way of barter. Hardwood ashes were processed into potash or the more refined pearlash, and shipped to England, to be used in the manufacture of glass. An early advertisement in the newspaper "Gazette" in York, headed, "Ashes! Ashes!," carried with it the explanation commonly offered in those days of little cash and much barter, "The advertiser conceives it his duty to inform those who have ashes to dispose of, that it will not be in his power to pay cash, but merchandise at cash prices." Ashes

from a full acre of hardwood produced about two hundred and fifty pounds of potash. Albion ashes were worth, in barter, the equivalent of four pence a bushel—a little more "delivered in York in good condition." To keep them dry little log ash-houses were erected which may still be seen on old homesteads in the Township.

Albion historian James H. Bolton writes of an ashery having been built opposite the Bolton Mill in 1868, by one Edward Porritt. He records, "Ashes were plentiful as the settlers cleared the land by felling the trees into windrows, and burning them the following winter, leaving a row of ashes over the whole field. Mr. Porritt had his wagon out gathering ashes and hauling them into his ashery, where they were put into the leaches running the whole length of both sides of the buildings. In the centre of the place was the furnace which held three large iron pots for cooking the lye into potash. In 1885 the ashery quit business as there were very few ashes to be got." By that time, also, advances in chemistry altered the whole potash-making picture, and wrote "finis" to the ash-trade in Albion. Pioneers, however, continued to "leach" or water-wash ashes to extract lye, which, mixed with grease, provided the household with what was often its only cleaning agent for every purpose—soft soap.

Old lime kilns still in evidence on Albion farms tell their own story of the wholesale felling and burning of trees. Lime mixed with clay was used to fill crevices in the larger log buildings, and in the erection of fireplaces and chimneys. It could be bought for a few pennies a bushel, but the settler's pennies were pitifully few, and he must needs get the lime for chinking and plastering his now log home the hard way. After timber from at least half an acre of forest had been chopped down and piled into one immense "pyre," some twenty ox-cart loads of limestone were hauled and sledge-hammered into pieces and thrown on top of the logs. Flames from the giant bonfire died down after one night, but the pile remained an inferno of red hot coals for a week. One such burning netted one hundred bushels of white lime, enough for a house thirty-six by twenty-four feet.

Albion timber provided the luxury of charcoal for its

early settlers, particularly those who emigrated from farms in England, where charring wood in an airless chamber to produce charcoal was common practice. Uniform sticks of wood were stacked on end to form pyramids which were covered on the outside with thick sods to keep out the air. A fire was lighted at the tip of the cone to burn downward and outward. Used only on special occasions, the resultant charcoal burned brightly in pioneer fireplaces, with much heat and no smoke. In their extensive planting of trees, the Douglas Brownells and the Jack Alexanders, "new settlers" and near neighbors on the Fourth Line, have both unearthed sizeable beds of pure charcoal which must have lain buried on their land for a hundred years.

Enormous stumps left when the trees were felled usurped a full eighth of the first farm lands in Albion, but they seemed not to effect the quality of the crops, which were abundant far beyond expectation. Stumps of most softwood trees rotted away in a year, but those of hardwood lasted eight or ten years, and resinous stumps like the pine much longer. When the overworked settler got around to it, they were chopped out, burned out, blasted out and dragged out by oxen attached to chains.

From the year 1763 on, Britain put out periodic feelers toward the reserving of sections of Canadian forests for naval purposes, but Crown and Clergy reserves had so hampered settlement, the people were in no mood to recognize further reserves, naval or otherwise. However, prior to 1826 the only persons empowered by law to cut timber on unpatented lands were representatives of the Royal Navy. If British warships were to continue to "rule the waves," they must have masts, and Canadian forests appeared to offer an unending supply. The longest mast ever shipped to Quebec enroute to England was one hundred and sixteen feet in length. It was felled in Innisfil Township, south and west of Lake Simcoe. White pines up to one hundred feet in height were found in Albion by agents of the Royal Navy, who went through the Township blazing suitable trees for masting with a broad arrow, the mark of the British Government. Mr. James H. Bolton in his early writings tells of the masts passing

through the village bearing his name, "It was quite a sight to see the long mast timbers hauled through Bolton, the butt end on the front wheels of a wagon and a pair of hind wheels chained under the log about every twenty feet to the end, and drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen or ten or a dozen span of horses. The roads were bad, and it generally took three days to take a mast from the Ridges to Lake Ontario."

The Royal Navy relinquished its monopoly on unpatented forest areas in 1826, and first steps were taken toward making timber a source of revenue to the settlers. Although there was no clear-cut forest policy until the middle of the century, from 1826 on anyone could get a "timber berth" by furnishing the Crown Timber Office with a surveyor's plan, and paying a year's ground rent which was the equivalent of one dollar per square mile. Timber along the Humber River was of the finest, and Albion was soon participating to the full in the lucrative squared timber trade which dotted Lake Ontario with great rafts of lumber bound for the United States and Britain. An item in the York United Empire Loyalist newspaper of October 14th, 1826, reads, "We are sorry to learn that on Monday last in attempting to tow across Lake Ontario by the steamboat Canada from the River Humber to the Welland Canal harbour a large raft consisting of fifteen thousand feet of choice timber belonging to the Lock Company, a strong south-west gale arose when about twelve miles out and continued with such violence as to separate the raft in pieces. In spite of every exertion by those concerned to prevent it, the pieces scattered in different directions and floated off entirely at the mercy of the waves. It is probable, when we consider that westerly winds generally prevail at this season of the year that this timber will drift ashore toward the lower end of the lake and should this be the case it is earnestly hoped that all those who may observe or fall in with any of this valuable lot of timber will take measures to secure same, and immediately give information to Mr. Oliver Phelps, the Company's agent at St. Catharines, U.C., by mail or otherwise as may be most convenient."

Along with her squared timber trade, Albion had six

saw mills working at top speed in 1851, producing sawn lumber for export trade to the United States, where it was in enormous demand. Between 1880 and 1890 peak production was reached, with the great white pine forests contributing almost ten times as much sawn lumber as all other species combined. But it was too good to last. As early as 1850 Albion forests had been depleted by more than sixty per cent. By 1910 less than eight per cent remained.

To augment the meagre cash returns from farming their own land, some Albion homesteaders worked in winter on the Welland Canal at Niagara, or in the lumber camps. Although the shanty man's life was a rugged one, it was care free and packed full of adventure. Few of the younger men who experienced its rough satisfactions ever again succumbed to the tamer pursuits of farming. They enjoyed swaggering about the settlements dressed in the habiliments of the early lumberjack, rakish red bonnet and bright blanket coat fastened around the waist with a three-colored sash, heavy gray woollen pants tucked into red-topped boots.

More sober minded settlers in the Township looked askance at the woodsman's preoccupation between seasons with "the fiddle, the female and the firewater." They may well have likened the gay roisterer in their midst to the historic Canadian lumberjack who returned to his lawful wedded wife with only $54. in his pocket to show for a whole winter's work, when he should have had $150. The wife, so the story goes, promptly sought out his boss to give him the rough side of her tongue for having paid "poor Jock" so little. The boss made a quiet investigation of his own which threw much light on the matter, most of which he prudently withheld from Jock's wife. In the seventy-two hours which elapsed between being paid and turning the money over to his spouse, Jock had succeeded in "blowing in" ninety-six dollars. For safety's sake liquor was forbidden in the lumber camps, and so his first breakfast outside was two orders of oysters washed down with copious drafts of raw whisky. For a goodly price he made numerous selections from the itinerant peddler's tray, of earrings, necklaces, gay scarves and

other costly baubles which were not among his effects when he reached home and wife. He spent much time with the crystal ball gazer, because the more he crossed her palm with silver, the rosier were her predictions for his future. He paid for extensive tonsorial attention, and lost money on games of chance. He bought a "genuine" briar pipe, but he did not enjoy it, and soon traded it, on even terms, for the old familiar clay variety. He purchased a pair of handsome red-topped boots and lost no time in trading them, also on even terms, for a beat-up pair which sported red tops but did not pinch his feet. Before finally making tracks for home, he handed "Marie" a generous sum for sewing on the buttons which had parted company with his new pants in that last grand and glorious street brawl!

Coming back to Albion; one virgin tree which escaped the axe in pioneer times was "King William's Tree," a giant elm which stood defiantly in the middle of the road at the Junction of the Second Line, Albion, and the town line between Albion and Toronto Gore, for close to a century and a quarter. When it finally toppled over in a wind storm in 1947 all the fragments of shattered timbers were gathered up by souvenir seekers who had long known the story of "King William's Tree."

The elm, so the legend ran, was named by Captain John Abraham Odlum, an early settler and an ardent Orangeman, on the eve of his first Twelfth of July in Canada. Returning to his home from Tullamore—which was named for his birthplace in Ireland—Captain Odlum wandered off the trail, there being little but the blaze marks on the trees to point the way. To await daylight the Captain dropped down and enjoyed a good night's sleep in the shelter of the big elm. Next morning he remembered that it was the Glorious Twelfth, and that his ancestor—another Odlum—had fought in the Battle of the Boyne at the side of King Billy. Determined to establish a living memorial to two kings named William, he broke his last bottle of rum over the trunk, and christened the elm under which he slept "King William's Tree," in honor of King William of Orange, and also of King William the Fourth, the then reigning monarch of Britain.

For all its long life the royal name clung to the tree whose branches towered higher and spread farther than any tree around. A gigantic leafy umbrella offering wide shade from the sun and shelter from the rain, King William's Tree became the favorite spot for Orange Lodges roundabout to muster before stepping out to the music of fife and drum on their Twelfth of July "walks."

Captain Odlum received a Crown Grant of one thousand acres in Toronto Gore after having served throughout the entire Napoleonic Wars. His granddaughter, Mrs. T. H. Tye, of Toronto, who on more than one occasion paid a visit to King William's Tree, told of the Captain chartering a sailing vessel to bring his family and his wealth of possessions to Canada. "All the silver was marked "A.E.O." for Abraham and Eliza Odlum," she recalled. "They had wagon loads of furniture, and it was no small task to bring all their things to Tullamore. There were still packs of wolves howling about the bush. My grandmother knew so little about Canada, she thought maple sugar grew all ready to eat in the heart of every maple tree."

Before Captain Odlum died he exacted a promise from his son, Leonard, that he would never allow King William's Tree to be cut down, and it was not long before the promise had to be made good. The cross-road jogged around its great trunk, and the tree seemed to take up more room every year. Surveyors said it must go. Captain Odlum's son replied to this ultimatum by ordering a thousand or two hand-forged spikes from the Tullamore blacksmith. With a sledge-hammer he drove in the spikes to give his father's tree a saw-and-axe-proof vest which girdled the great bole from top to bottom. No attempt was made to remove it after that, and King William's Tree went on to wider fame in Dominion Government topographical maps of Ontario. The hand-forged spikes were all there when the gallant old elm was laid low in 1947, and were gleefully pounced on by the souvenir hunters.

Through the years the Odlum family have given other top-ranking military leaders to Canada. Major-General Victor Odlum of Vancouver, B.C., brought honor to the nation in the Second World War, as did Colonel Frank E.

Odlum of York Mills.

It was about 1920 that the forests began to come back to Albion slowly but surely. And with the rising of the tree graph came a gradual lessening of land erosion and an increase in precious water storage. Reforestation of private properties in the Township has since then been mightily encouraged and materially assisted first by the Humber Valley Conservation Authority, and later by the Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority, which was inaugurated in 1957 "for the conservation of natural resources, water, soil, forests, wildlife, recreation areas and properties of historic interest," in eleven townships forming an arc around Toronto.

To conserve soil and water resources, and to generally beautify the landscape, the Authority has sent men and machines into scores of private properties in the Township to plant many thousands of trees at a rate so far below cost as to be rightly termed nominal. In 1958 trees thus planted in Albion numbered 105,700—nearly half of all the trees planted by the Authority on private properties in all eleven townships within its scope! In 1960 the number of trees planted on private properties in reforestation-conscious Albion has risen, unbelievably, to 200,000.

Tree planting in a big way goes on season after season in the Albion Hills Conservation Area on Highway Fifty, five miles north of Bolton, and in the Glen Haffey Conservation Area south of Mono Mills on the First Line of Albion. The oldest and largest of all the Authority's Conservation Areas, Albion Hills, with its rolling hills and beautifully treed slopes, was first opened for public use in 1956 by the Humber Valley Conservation Authority. It boasts three miles of access roads, parking areas, fireplaces, nature trails, and the clean, clear Humber River flows through its entire length. Sixty-five acres have been set aside for land-use demonstration, with pasture fields and two farm ponds providing educational features.

Along with the 950 acres of conservation lands owned by the Authority in Albion, 630 acres of reforestation lands have been acquired. Here and there lands best suited to reforestation are purchased, and they become part of the Humber Forest, which is planted and managed for the

Authority by the Department of Lands and Forests. These reforestation areas in the Humber Valley presently comprise 1200 acres, and it will be noted that more than half are in Albion. In the unbelievably beautiful Dingle area around Thirty-five Side Road and the Second Line, which the Authority acquired a few years ago, 45,000 trees were planted in 1958.

One of the earliest reforestation projects in Albion was carried out in 1929 on Emmett Grogan's farm, the west half of lot 21, Concession 5. What is now an impressive stand of red and white pines was planted and cared for, as a hobby, by the former owner, an Englishman and a writer named John Cooper. "Everyone thought he was crazy," say the Grogan's neighbors, "but he wasn't so crazy after all." Some time earlier Peel County, as an experiment, planted thirty acres of blow sand on the old Jaffary farm on the Third Line—presently owned by Ed. Wilson—with spruce, jack pine and larch, which have more than justified their existence by halting the deadly erosion. Other early tree plantings were on the Parish property on Fifteen Side Road.

"Shady Brook," the Arthur Ryding property on lot 31, Concession Three is one of the finest examples of reforestation in the Township. More than a quarter century ago the former owner, Mr. Albert Edward Robertson, one time President of the Men of Trees, planted fifty thousand trees on what was at the time nearly all blow sand. They were all types, spruce, Scotch pine, red and white pine, hardwoods, fruit trees, butternut and walnut trees. And at that time there was no friendly Conservation Authority to take a hand in the planting. Of all their trees, the particular pride of Arthur and Etta Ryding is a Royal Oak tree brought from England and planted by the Men of Trees. It grows tall and proudly erect on the edge of their wide lawn, and its foliage remains alive until spring.

The Ryding home is of early Canadian architecture, designed by the former owner, who was himself an architect. Constructed of field stone gathered from the land, and hand hewn logs brought from the bush, it took six years in the building. A wide stream meanders its way through the trees, and an old millstone brought from

France provides a pleasant atmosphere of long ago.

When the property changed ownership about twenty years ago, Arthur Ryding, who was a former Vice-President of Men of Trees, and like his predecessor, a lover of trees, also planted fifty thousand trees of varying types, Scotch pine, red and white pine, cedar, some Austrian pine and many hardwoods. A great hill in the background called Sandy Hill—now a misnomer—enjoys a fine covering of green trees, and is a sandy hill no longer. "Since we came to Albion eighteen families have bought acreages in our neighborhood, and are planting trees every year," the Rydings say.

When, in 1948, the Douglas Brownells purchased a worn-out hundred-acre farm on the Fourth Line near Highway No. 9, they were convinced they had more blow sand to battle with than anyone in Albion. Johnny Jackson, who owns a farm in Adjala Township, remembers that when there was a strong wind, sand from the old McElwain property blew in clouds right across Highway No. 9. It had been a fine productive farm in its day, but land erosion had changed the picture.

In twelve years the Brownells have planted on what is now Conifer Tree Farm more than one hundred thousand trees, and they have halted erosion one hundred per cent. They still plant three thousand trees each year, and are chalking up for themselves a pleasant profit in dollars and cents. Conifer Farm was the setting for the first tree planting demonstration put on by the Government in Albion, when forty or fifty neighbors turned up to watch the new-fangled tree-planting equipment operate. The Brownells, father, mother and lovely daughter, Gail, are not afraid of work. When their large stand of pale green larch trees is admired, they remember that they planted the tiny seedlings in a steady downpour of rain, wearing oilskins. "We were only week-ending, and rain or shine, they had to go into the ground," they explained. Pruning the trees takes ninety hours of their combined efforts, and must be done the last week in June and the first week in July. The European pine shoot moth has given some trouble, but it has been coped with successfully with the expert help of the Canadian Forestry As-

sociation of Ontario. Wide firebreaks have been ploughed out all around the reforestation area to help combat the menace of the carelessly tossed cigarette from passing cars.

When the Brownells look back twelve years to what was then little more than a derelict property, they are proud that Conifer Farm is now one of the carefully selected number of Canadian Tree Farms accredited by the Canadian Forestry Association of Ontario. The Certificate they hold affirms that Conifer Farm "is being adequately protected from forest fires, and is being managed in a manner which will assure continuous production of commercial timber crops in accordance with forestry practices approved by the Tree Farm Committee of the Canadian Forestry Association."

Most of the orderly array of tall fragrant pines covering part of Frank Howlett's property south of the Brownells on the Fourth Line date back some twenty years to the time when it was owned and planted by Robert and Priscilla Wilson, now living in Bolton. Even before that John Hassard, who farmed the land, was far-sighted enough to plant trees to halt the spreading erosion and bring back fertility. When the Howletts came into the picture they carried on with the reforestation program.

About the time the Wilsons' little pine seedlings were taking hold on what is now the Howlett property, Professor William Alexander of the University of Toronto and three of his daughters, Edith, who is Mrs. Keith MacIver; Beatrice, now Mrs. Lloyd Wheeler of Winnipeg, and Mary Alexander, all keen students of nature, were spending many a long satisfying week-end in Albion strolling along quiet country roads, and exploring hills and streams and valleys. The three girls ended up by buying the Finnerty farm on the Thirty Side Road at the Fourth Line, and with the encouragement and help of their father, started into plant trees. The old John Finnerty homestead—the name is spelled "Feenarty" on the Tremayne map published in 1859—now provides all-year-round residence for Keith and Edith MacIver and for Mary Alexander, and a vacation spot for Beatrice and Lloyd Wheeler.

Other Alexanders who fell in love with Albion more

than twenty years ago are Professor Alexander's son, Jack, and his wife, Edith. They recently built a fine year-round home on the Fourth Line, immediately south of the Howletts on part of the land homesteaded by early settler Michael Farrell. For twenty years or more from the time they began to week-end and holiday in the old Farrell log house, the Jack Alexanders have carried on systematic tree planting. Now their high hills, instead of being rutted and scored with erosion, are topped with living green.

Scattered thickly over the concession roads and side roads of the Township, other landowners who are bringing back the trees to Albion bear such names as William J. Wakefield, C. W. J. Hutchison, A. R. McGinn, L. C. Teskey, Bob Galloway, George McArthur, Dr. N. W. Edwards, Gordon Culham, Arthur Bunnell, Dr. H. A. L. Murphy, Frank Clouse, Ross Taylor, George Leishman, J. Ross Jenkins, S. A. Harris, William Dennison, Dr. Murray Fallis, Cecil Watson Sime, Norman Irwin, Dr. John Mann, Harry Pett, George Newlands, Mrs. Amy Stewart, Carl B. French, Doctors John and William Keith, Elwyn Elliott and many more.

On the subject of reforestation, Albion's author of best sellers, Farley Mowat, said, "We have added more acreage to our property, and have planted it solidly in trees. We shove the little-more-than-inch-long seedlings into the ground, and give them a little care. Then God takes over and adds a generous six inches to each tree every year. We have earmarked them to pay for our boys' university education. Can you tell me an easier way?"

At Windy Hills, the Baylis home on the Thirty Side Road, tree planting was done some years ago on a long ridge which, seen from the house, once presented a background of erosion. It was a brilliant star rising above the new trees etched bleakly against the sky that inspired Mrs. Roy Baylis, artist and poet, to pen these lines:

TREES

Many times I have looked up
At a clear evening sky till it darkened,
And gazed at the star which rides high, and
Directly north and west of the moon
When it rises full.

A Jewel my star is, sparkling brilliantly,
Treasure unsurpassed in its setting
Of the soft black velvet of the night,
A thing of Master craftsmanship given to me to behold,
And humbly wonder at.

A Light my star is, a message of hope and faith,
There written for all to see. A guide perchance
For someone lost who turns to sky for charter,
With faith in Him. A lighted lamp
To point the way.

A Song my star is, attune to mood. Singing a glorious
obligato,
As a chorister accompanied by cathedral organ
Laughing in high treble with joy
At some gay lilting feeling of the moment,
And shining brightly.

A Prayer my star is, teaching a philosophy
Of patience and understanding. A symbol of God
Who teaches peace if we but hear it,
And try to make our lives
According to His pattern.

A thing of earth I am, speechless to express
That which struggles for expression within me.
I can only look, and somehow know that my star and I
Have met in silent communion.

Would that you, too, might find your star
Some Summer night, and gazing at the beauty
Of the studded heavens see all the truth and promise
Written there. A message from God
Through your star, to you.

CHAPTER 21

SCHOOLS

Education for most boys and girls in Albion during the early years of settlement was limited to learning how to farm, to do carpentry work and blacksmithing, to spin and weave and do household chores. There were no schools. What little knowledge of reading and writing and arithmetic they acquired had to come from their hard-pressed parents, who had little time, and often less ability to teach them. In 1827, six years after the Township was organized, only twenty-one of the two hundred and nineteen children were "in school." One by one, a few private elementary schools were established and supported by the settlers themselves, but not all parents could afford even the small fee levied for each pupil. School books were almost non-existent, and good, conscientious teachers, who would work for small pay, were hard to find. Some who took on the job turned out to be drifters, here this week and gone the next, interested only in pocketing a few easy shillings along the way. Others were so enslaved by the whisky bottle, they were totally unfit to have children in their care. The whole set-up was so haphazard, so unsatisfactory, some Albion families, for no other reason than the dearth of educational facilities for their children, pulled up stakes and moved across the border, where state-supported schools were already well established in rural areas. They refused to live, they declared, under a government which cared not a whit that Canadian children by the thousands were growing up illiterate, and whose only answer to a protest voiced in Parliament was, "Whatever would farmers' children do with an education?"

The spread of the new Sunday School movement into Upper Canada in the late eighteen-twenties proved a boon to Albion boys and girls in more ways than one. Sponsors of the movement brought a few children's books into the Township, and pastors and preachers reached out on week days to gather youngsters of all creeds and classes into improvised schoolrooms to teach them reading, writing and elementary subjects. With this encouragement, settlers of Toronto Gore set the pace for neighboring town-

ships by erecting a fine log structure which combined a day school with a meeting house for Sunday worship. We are grateful to William Porter, Reeve of that Township for nine years, and Warden of Peel County in 1875 and also in 1884, for leaving us a story of the building and operation of this "first school in Toronto Gore."

Built of hardwood logs, and lined with dressed lumber, the school-house-meeting-house stood on top of a hill, on the edge of an enclosed acre sacred to the burial of the dead. A removable pulpit was used on Sundays, when the building was open to all denominations for the holding of church services. Until after 1841, when the union of the Canadas marked the beginning of free education throughout what had been Upper Canada, the school was maintained by the settlers of Toronto Gore.

There were few dull moments in the life of William Hewgill, the first teacher. An early settler with an education superior to most, he filled a real need by acting as property conveyancer for people for miles around. And, as local preacher for the Wesleyan Methodists, most Sundays found him occupying the pulpit in the dual-purpose building where children gathered around the blackboard on week-days. Teachers were not paid extravagant wages in those days, Mr. Porter recalled. The equivalent of $160 annually was a munificent salary, for which the teacher was expected to clean the school and light fires on cold winter mornings, in addition to pounding the three "R's" into small reluctant heads. And for part of his pay, if not all of it, he must needs be content with say, a ham, a fowl, apples, potatoes or a load of firewood in lieu of the hard cash which the settlers just did not have.

"This school was very much crowded," the Reeve of Toronto Gore wrote. "I have seen as many as eighty pupils packed in its one room, about thirty feet square. The teachers, though lacking in provincial certificates, were for the most part well educated men. Some I knew were university graduates who were able, and actually did teach branches which are now the work of secondary schools, and are not permitted in present day primary schools. This may be a surprise to many. It is true, nevertheless."

One such "university man" was Dublin-born Bernard Kelly, who landed at Miramichi Island from Ireland in the eighteen-forties, and walked and worked his way from Maine to Albion to become one of the Township's early schoolteachers. "Barney," who could lay claim to degrees from two Irish Universities, hired out for the winter to a farmer named Ferguson up Ballycroy way. His job was to flail peas on the barn floor. The Ferguson children, almost grown up, could neither read or write, and when his pea-flailing was done for the day the young Dublin University graduate undertook to teach them. They proved apt and eager pupils, and to their father's delight writing notes to each other was soon their favorite method of communication. After talking with some of the neighbors—the Robbs, the Rolleys, the Roadhouses and others—Farmer Ferguson said to his learned hired man, "Forget the peas," and Barney was installed in the Orange Lodge at Cedar Mills to instil book-learning into small Roman Catholics and Protestants alike. His was the first school in the Palgrave area. Bernard Kelly's young wife died in Ireland, and he later married Catharine Minnock, one of his first pupils. Their descendants still call Albion home.

The earliest school in Bolton was built near the Mill, on George Bolton's lot 9, Concession 7, at a time when the village could boast less than a dozen log homes. In it a Mr. O'Connor taught a class of some twenty pupils. That this school was in full swing as early as, if not earlier than 1831, is borne out in an obituary in the newspaper Bolton Enterprise (dated November 24th, 1905.) Mr. James Fuller, the deceased, is mentioned as having been enrolled in "a little log schoolhouse with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out," when he came with his parents to the Bolton area from Suffolkshire, England, in 1831.

While Roman Catholic and Protestant parents in most of Albion were reasonably content to see their children sitting side by side in the early schoolrooms, peacefully learning their lessons from the same book, the picture was vastly different when the first log school was built in Mono Mills. The teacher, Thomas McLaughlin, was highly qualified for the job, but he was Roman Catholic, and the settlers whose children he taught were predomin-

ately and fiercely Protestant. One fine morning young McLaughlin found an unsigned, untidy scrawl on his desk. It came to the point without preamble, "Take notice. You are not to teach our children any of your Roman numerals. The Protestant numerals are what we want in this school." Not content with that ultimatum, the writer of the note, in five one-syllable words, consigned the head of the Roman Catholic Church to the nethermost regions.

Comparatively free education, religious equality and government by and for the people, for which the Rebellion of 1837 was fought, became blessed reality after the union of the two Provinces in 1841. A unified, orderly school system was inaugurated. Townships were authorized to raise money for school purposes through assessments by municipal councils, and the Government "chipped in" with an annual grant of fifty-thousand pounds. At first parents themselves contributed twenty-five cents a month for each child. It was not long before little log school-houses sprang up all over Albion, some of them built on small acreages donated from the farms of grateful settlers.

In each township a Common School Commissioner was appointed to get the new system running smoothly, and Charles Bolton, eldest son of the first James Bolton was the choice for Albion. Almost from the time he settled in the Township his voice had been raised in protest against the lack of free schools in the rural district of Upper Canada. His appointment from the Governor "empowered him to deal with the establishment of schools for religious minorities who dissent from authority of School Commissioners." Such power given to a Common School Commissioner marks the first legislative recognition of the coming need for separate schools in the Province.

But in early Albion the question of separate schools was not a vital issue. Roman Catholic parents in the Township were, for the most part, well content with the nearest state-supported school. Their children remained after classes for religious instruction, and little Protestants often stayed with their Roman Catholic chums to have company on the long walk home. What matter if that bright little boy, the Methodist Minister's son, who had heard the Roman Catholic Catechism recited so often.

could, and did do a little prompting when his Roman Catholic seatmate stood up to wrestle with its tenets.

School attendance was made compulsory in 1846. Only professionally trained teachers were employed. Schools were systematically inspected, and a large measure of local autonomy was granted. When townships were given the option of abolishing the fee of twenty-five cents per month per pupil, it was not long before all elementary schools were completely free, depending for maintenance, as they do today, on taxation of property and government grants. Going a step further in 1853, the passing of the Common School Superannuation Act provided, on a contributory basis, for the retirement of what it called, with little tact but much truth, "worn out" teachers.

The Clergy Reserves controversy, which had raged in Upper Canada for over half a century, was settled for all time in 1855. From then on moneys accruing from the sale of Clergy Reserve lands, instead of being set aside "for the support of Protestant clergy," were used to build schools. As late as 1912 a payment of five thousand dollars was made to Peel County from sales of former Clergy Reserves, and was divided among the townships, to be used for education.

In 1855 when Albion was close to its peak in population, 1024 children from the ages of seven to thirteen, out of a possible 1240 were attending school. Thirteen schools were open eleven months and seven days in the year, and were crammed to the doors with pupils. Later on, a minimum attendance was fixed at one hundred days in the year, to take care of older boys needed on the farms. Obviously, their attendance only in the winter months lengthened out their years of schooling. Ninety-two-year-old Mrs. Sam Elliott, of Bolton, laughted heartily when she recalled her first day at Coventry School back in 1875, when she was seven-year-old Sarah Ann Wilson, living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson, on lot 12, Concession 9. How startled she was when the teacher assigned her a place, to find that her seat-mate was one of a number of stalwart youths in the class with beards!

A statute in 1881 authorized the appointment of officers to enforce legislation on compulsory attendance in

elementary schools. Truant officers collected—or tried hard to collect—fines from evading parents. They seemed to have had more success, however, in rounding up hookey-playing youngsters. History records that in 1892 ninety thoroughly frightened children under the age of fourteen years were locked in Toronto's Don Jail, charged with truancy!

The thirteen little log schoolhouses which sprang up all over the Township after 1841, when free education was inaugurated, are shown on Tremaine's century old map as paralleling present-day School Sections One to Thirteen. Albion has also a fine Roman Catholic Separate School, and Caledon East School, which was buillt some sixty years ago, comprises a union of School Section 14, Albion, 22 of Caledon and 29, Chinguacousy. One hundred years ago, when every farm in Albion had a family, nearly always a big one, all thirteen log schools were crowded beyond capacity. Today, with the exception of the larger villages, in most of the little red brick schoolhouses which supplanted the log buildings in School Sections One to Thirteen, the number of pupils adds up to a mere handful in comparison.

The first log school—S.S. No. 1—to be built under the new system of free education was located on Henry Strong's homestead, west half of lot 5, Concession 2. Known as "Strong's School," it served an area settled with English families who flocked in and filled up every homestead after the government survey was completed. So large was the enrolment, the log house soon proved too small, and was rebuilt of brick on a larger scale at its present location, the corner of Third Line and Five Side Road. At this time of writing, when the bell rings to end the day, and the children tumble through the door after a chorus of "Goodbye, Teacher," they number only twelve. And, from the standpoint of diminished attendance, the story of S.S. No. 1, the old "Strong" School, is the story of most other School Sections in Albion.

S.S. N. 2 ran a close second to S.S. No. 1 in erecting its first log schoolhouse. It was Charles Caldwell and his wife, Ann McCutcheon from over Nobleton way, who donated a corner of their farm, lot 4, Concession 5 for the build-

ing of what is still called the Caldwell School. The Caldwell brood of nine, along with all the little Goodfellows on the farm next door, and some others up and down the line, would go a long way toward filling up the single classroom.

The first school in Bolton under the new system, S.S. No. 3, was opened in 1842, a mud brick building on the north east corner of King and George Streets. Samuel A. Walford was the first teacher. Mud brick seems not to have proven a durable building medium, because in 1852 school was kept in the Town Hall. In 1869 the Temperance Hall at the corner of John and Victoria Streets was purchased, and used as a school until 1874, when the present building was erected on Albert Street at a cost of $5000. About that time the attendance was anywhere from 140 to 200, depending on whether it was winter or summer. There was only one teacher, and the older students, as a matter of course, took over the job of teaching the little ones.

According to historian James H. Bolton, one of Bolton School's early bids to fame was producing the Champion Penman of America. A youth named Connor O'Dea had taken a Spencerian course in penmanship, and in 1876 took the highest honors and prizes at the Boston World's Fair. One of his exhibits was the Lord's Prayer, written and decorated with pen drawings of flowers on a piece of parchment the size of a five-cent piece. It had to be read with a magnifying glass, and no doubt one was used in writing it, but it was pronounced by the judges to be a perfect piece of work.

School Section No. 3, Albion, now takes in two fine schools in Bolton and one at Humber Grove, about three miles away, where there is a one-room school with twenty-five pupils. The original school has had two additions, the last one in 1956, involving the building of a large modern wing. The enrolment is 237, and already the school is bursting at the seams, making it necessary to hold a large class in the Anglican Church Hall. Mr. Sam Jones is the Principal, and Mrs. Dorothy Oltsher is second in command.

Bolton's new school on the hill at the south of the

village, Ellwood Memorial, is a four room structure with plenty of scope for enlarging. It has already an enrolment of 127. Only grades up to and inclusive of six are taught. After that students find their way down the hill to the old school to complete their elementary education. The principal of Ellwood Memorial is Peter Godbold. The Board under which all three schools operate include Art McCauley, Chairman; Jack Stewart, Secretary-Treasurer; Roly Hyatt, Mrs. Shirley Hurrell, Ed. McGill, Wally Moffatt and Bob Dingle.

Caledon East School, opened in 1901, took almost ten years in the building, and stormy years they were, with "lots of fur flying" so oldtimers say. The men who pioneered the scheme bore the names of Caledon East's finest, Dr. Samuel Allison, Peter C. Campbell, Thomas Cranston, John Parsons, Eli Roadhouse, Alex. Cranston, William Beamish, Thomas Hanton, R. W. Burrell, James Judge, Fred Nixon, George Falconer, Thomas Goodeve, Robert Innis, Harvey Westlake, Robert Hanna, George Sparrow, James Armstrong, Joseph Alexander, Samuel Cobean, John Caesar and John Hutchinson.

The whole project started off on the wrong foot when the contract for building the school was awarded to "outsiders" from Orangeville, instead of Caledon East's own trusty builders, Joe Proctor and Sam White. After that nothing went right. At one of the special meetings called almost every evening a disgruntled Caledon East bricklayer noisily went on record to the effect that "even the bricks are not first class; they are not second class, and bedamned if they are even third class." At another "special" meeting, when some balloting was going on, two men of opposite views who had gone to the front to put their names on the ballot paper, harangued each other so violently, and pounded the table so vehemently, they succeeded together in upsetting the ink pot and ruining the ballot sheets already covered with signatures.

In the meantime classes were held in what had been Crawford's Undertaking Parlor, which the owner, Alexander Cranston, rented to the School Board for $67.50 per annum. The new school measured 56 feet by 30 feet, two stories high, with a classroom upstairs and down.

SCHOOLS

Sixty years ago Canadian school children were never permitted to forget that they were British. From the day the school opened Queen Victoria looked down benevolently on her little subjects from two massive gilt frames, one in each classroom.

The first teachers were Principal John Atkinson, at a salary of $350. per annum, and Miss Betts, whose yearly stipend was $200. The original Board of Trustees comprised Augustus Sanderson, Chairman; Thomas Glassford and John Caesar. From 1890 to 1900, at which time R. W. Burrell took over, Augustus Sanderson doubled as Secretary.

Through the years the school has had three major additions. Not long ago an Inspector added this significant notation to his report, "Caledon East School as it now stands, with its modern equipment, library and teaching facilities, is one of the best of rural schools." Much credit for the high place this union of S.S. No. 14, Albion; 22, Caledon, and 29, Chinguacousy holds among rural schools goes to James N. Proctor, who, as Principal, guided its destinies ably from 1917 to 1952. In all those thirty-five years he was away only one day, and the cause of his absence that day was illness!

Palgrave School had its beginning back in the days when Bernard Kelly, a Dublin University graduate forsook his pea-flailing on Farmer Ferguson's barn floor to gather the children of the Robbs, the Rolleys, the Roadhouses and others into a nearby Orange Hall to teach them their three R's. Another early teacher at S.S. No. 9 was "Master" Judge, whose memory is a beautiful legend in Albion. William L. Judge began teaching at sixteen, and continued throughout his long life, serving six schools in all. In 1868 he taught seventy scholars in one room in Palgrave, some of them several years older than himself. At the end of each week he walked fourteen miles across the fields to his home near Caledon East. And every Monday morning he set out at the crack of dawn to trudge the fourteen miles back to Palgrave. His first salary was $240. yearly, and in all his fifty years of teaching never exceeded $470.

"Miller" Allan McLean, whose family have operated

the grist mill in Palgrave since 1909, through good times and bad, has been secretary-treasurer of S.S. No. 9 for over twenty-five years. Trustees are Robert Raymes, Chairman; Ernie Patterson and Joe Oliver. Palgrave is growing, and, looking ahead, the school building was doubled in size a few years ago. Mrs. Carson Patterson, the Principal, and her assistant, Paul Bauman, have over seventy children in their care, and the number is increasing steadily.

Tom Doherty, of the old Doherty family, early settlers on the Fifth Line of Albion, says that when he attended the Finnerty School, S.S. No. 12, on the Thirty Side Road, in winter when the young folks were not needed on the farms, fifty pupils filled the one classroom, most of them descendants of that redoubtable pioneer William Horan, who fathered fifteen children and saw most of them settled on farms in Albion. The all-important qualification for a teacher in that school, said the chuckling Tom Doherty, was that he be big enough and tough enough to quell the fighting Horans into submission. The most successful teachers were the ones who "cut a blue beech cudgel as thick as your wrist with big welts on it, and applied it frequent," he remembered. One misdemeanor for which the cudgel was "applied frequent" to the older boys was, we are told, "chewing tobacco and spitting in the inkwell."

Today the teacher at Finnerty School is gentle, studious Jim Alexander who, in the three years he has taught in the school has never "cut a blue beech cudgel as thick as your wrist with big welts on it." With more than enough scholastic achievements to qualify him for teaching in a high school, Jim simply likes living in the country and teaching bright children in a small rural school. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alexander on the Fourth Line of Albion, Jim graduated from the University of Toronto with a Bachelor of Arts degree. After a two year post graduate course in Psychology he enrolled in the Ontario College of Education. Later he taught Mathematics and Vocational Guidance at Central Technical School in Toronto. But Jim is happiest giving his best to the children of the Finnerty School in Albion.

The Dingle School—S.S. No. 11, west half of lot 33, Concession 2—had been open for learning for more than a hundred years when its doors were finally closed in 1950. At that time there were only two pupils, Carol Ann and Ronald Colquette, whose father, William F. Colquette, owns and operates the nearby Albion Trout Club. In 1949 there were four pupils, but the Brooks farm was sold to Norman Irwin, and Grace and Bill Brooks moved with their parents to Caledon East. Like countless Dingle School children down through the years, Grace and Bill rode horseback up the Second Line from their farm to the school, dismounting often to lead the horses up the two miles of steep, stony hills. And nearly always Grace's little pet colt trotted along briskly, accompanying her mistress to school, for all the world like Mary's Little Lamb of the nursery rhyme. It is coincidence that the last teacher to serve the Dingle School was Mrs. Carson Patterson. As Mildred Rawn she received all her primary education in the Dingle, and her frequent seat mate throughout those years was Carson Patterson!

The original Dingle School was built of logs on the edge of what was then just a trail through the wilderness, to serve the hamlet of Sleswick at the junction of the First Line and Thirty Side Road. It was expected that the school would soon find itself in the heart of an expanding community, but it did not work out that way. Instead, Sleswick gradually faded from the Albion scene, and no trace of it remains today. The Dingle continued wild and remote, and youngsters carried rifles to school to take care of the abundance of game they encountered on the trail. At recess and during noon hour the favorite pastime of the pupils as late as 1897 was to go out in the woods looking for deer or bear, so the late Mr. George MacDonald, who was Secretary-Treasurer of the School Board for twenty years, often recalled. When George was a pupil at the school, as many as forty boys and girls from farms around converged on the Dingle every school-day morning.

School Board minutes dating back to 1868, when the first log structure was still in use, reveal that in lieu of a levy of 25c a month per pupil, parents contributed the

equivalent in firewood, one half to three cords, depending on the number of children from one family. On May 11th, after the long cold winter of 1868, the minutes recorded that there were "four settlers who did not leave in wood." Oddly, school minute books did not always relate to school happenings in that early day. For example, in 1869, to liven up the humdrum minutes of a Board meeting, the teacher, Robert J. Potter appended, "A sad accident occurred on a farm near here on Thursday last by a horse running away. Master Tommy Hockley, in the employ of Mr. George Carefoot, was going out to the field to rake when the horse became fractious and ran away, tossing Tommy off, and before the rake, causing his head and face to be torn by the teeth. The Dr. was immediately sent for and bound up the wounds and good chances are in Tommy's favor." A terse postscript explains, "Harness too tight."

A heartwarming little story comes from neighbors round about the Dingle. Mrs. "Cooper" Stinson, nearly blind and living alone near the school, spent her time doing beautiful and intricate needlepoint, but she could not thread the needles. All on their own the school children organized themselves into little gruops who called on the old lady morning and evening to fill some twenty embroidery needles with enough thread to keep her going until the next contingent of volunteer needle-threaders were due to arrive.

The present brick school was erected farther back from the road in 1872, and just recently a bit of history relating to its building came to light. In a school cupboard a tattered old document was found which recorded officially the decision of the Board to proceed with the building of the brick school. A survey of the property, and the new location of the school was noted, but the date on the document was twenty years earlier than the date on the corner stone. What happened to delay completion of the new school so long, we ask.

Kay Potter, now Mrs. Robert Rawn of Maple Grove Farms on the First Line of Albion, taught in the Dingle School for six years, riding over the rough road on her white horse "Lucky" in summer, and striding along on

snow shoes in winter. In that day a teacher would just get settled in one farm boarding home when she would be expected to pack up and move along to the next farm. The rigid rule was—two weeks and no more with any one family. We wonder why.

Mrs. Rawn remembers that the children's chief delight was to get hold of the old registers. They wrote down their parents' marks, and if they were lower than their own, they couldn't get home fast enough to "chortle." One fine day the Inspector arrived just after a noon hour when, for want of something better to do, small Catholics and Protestants had lined up on opposing teams to stage a good-humoured stand-up knock-down fight. The Inspector's report noted that the children were "reasonably neat and clean with the exception of one boy, the seat of whose pants was entirely missing." That boy, who shall remain nameless, happens to be, today, one of Albion's foremost citizens.

The door of the historic old Dingle School did not remain closed for long. The building was purchased a few years ago by artist Rosemary Kilbourn of Toronto. It is now a studio where Rosemary and her fellow-artists come to enjoy—to use her phrase—"the magical atmosphere of the Dingle."

The children of S.S. No. 11 Albion, are now taken to a very different place of learning, a completely modern, architect designed union school in Mono Mills, the Victoria Parks School named to do honor to a much-loved teacher in the area. At present the attendance is 64 in two classrooms, but the building is designed for easy expansion in the future. Known as Caledon Township Union School No. 1, it is operated under a Board whose members are, Elgin Winchester, Secretary-Treasurer; Frank Taylor, Chairman; Alex. Jackson, Vice-Chairman; Eric Holmes, Gordon Kidd and Don Lester. The architect was Norman Irwin.

CHAPTER 22

FROM CALEDON TO VAUGHAN

Perusal of a copy of an old manuscript-diary written by early settler Donald Cameron some time after 1821, sent this author in search of descendants still living in the area. To her delight she found two lovely ladies, great granddaughters of Donald Cameron, eighty-four-year-old Mrs. Joseph Julian, and her sister, Mrs. Livingstone McNeil, who is eighty.

In the bright warm kitchen of the Arthur Julian home in Toronto Gore, and the pleasant parlor of the Alex. McNeil home in Vaughan Township, these fourth-generation Camerons graciously linked the old manuscript-diary to the present. For example, to the eager query, "Whatever happened to Agnes (Nancy) Cameron? She was the baby, you remember, who slept with her parents on the ground beside a roaring fire, that first night on the homestead in Caledon, back in 1821. It was March 1st, and they brushed away a place in the deep snow to lay their blankets. And what became of her sister, Sarah, who was born soon after?", it was Mrs. Julian who answered, "Oh, you mean our great aunt Agnes and great aunt Sarah. What we remember most about those dear old aunts was their reputation for being the finest knitters and sewers in the whole neighborhood. Aunt Agnes married Malcolm Malloy, and they had eleven children. Aunt Sarah and her husband, James McCallum of King, had eight sons and one daughter. When the last family census was taken, Aunt Sarah had no less than seventy-nine descendants."

When the question was asked, "After all the hardships Donald and Christian Cameron suffered in Caledon, did he and Elizabeth prosper in Vaughan,?" Mrs. Livingstone McNeil answered simply, "Yes, they prospered. Anyone who loved the land as they did, prospered in Vaughan."

The Cameron story reaches back to the closing years of the seventeen-hundreds. The manuscript-diary begins,

"I, Donald Cameron, was born and brought up in Baramolach, in the Parish of Kirkmichael, Glassary, Argyleshire, Scotland. The date of my birth was the 24th day of June in the year of Our Lord, Seventeen Hundred

and Ninety-Three. My father's name was Archibald and my mother's name, Agnes. The name of my grandfather, on my father's side, was Duncan, and that of my grandfather on my mother's side, William Cameron. Both my grandmothers died before I was born, so that I am not quite sure of their given names. I think, however, that the name of my father's mother was Crawford and that of my mother's mother was MacNeilage.

My father's occupation was that of a herdsman in Baramolach. It was also the occupation of my grandfather till his death. After the death of my grandfather, Duncan, my father had the whole charge of the farm. Very often he had to do the buying and selling for his master, and I as the eldest of our family helped him according to my strength.

When he thought he could spare me he sent me to service. He hired me with Mr. Alexander Campbell, of Edderline, at four Pounds Sterling for half a year. I was then in my fifteenth year. Mr. Campbell was a very kind master to me, and all the servants were likewise very kind to me, some of them having been my schoolmates. I had the charge of cattle and sheep—a very laborious task—however, I put in my time which was up at Martimas. Then I went home and went to school during the winter season.

My father left Baramolach and moved to Kintyre the next Spring. Mr. Campbell wanted me back again and my father consented. The wages at that time I do not remember, but afterwards I know they were advanced to fifteen Pounds Sterling. After peace with France my wages were reduced to twelve Pounds Sterling, although at this time I was working the farm and in the absence of my master had charge of the work and marked in a book and kept the time of the labourers. I thought my own wages, as likewise the wages of my fellow-labourers, too little and so I left, bidding farewell to Mr. Campbell, of Edderline, in May, 1819. My thoughts had been turned to Canada and accordingly I prepared to emigrate and make a home in that new country. Before I came away, I married on the 24th of May (the day Queen Victoria was born), Christian McLevin, and amiable, godly young

woman, a native of my own Parish. We shipped at Crinan Canal on the 23rd of June and landed in Montreal on the 21st day of August. We left Montreal for Lachine and while remaining there a few days some of our friends left us and crossed at Chateauguay. A part of our little property was left on the wharf as the storehouse could not contain it all. This we had to watch by turns overnight. When my turn came there came with it a shower of rain; and from that I caught lake fever from which I suffered severely. This fever lingered long with me. Indeed I may say that I was not well till the month of March of the following year.

We departed from Lachine on our Westward journey with a number of acquaintances, calling at several points on the way. First we called at Glengarry, from that we went on to Kingston and from thence to York, where we remained one day. We left York on the 24th September, 1819, and arrived at Queenston the same day and remained there over the following day, that being Sabbath. Next day, the 26th of Sept., we departed for Fort Erie in a waggon and arrived at Fort Erie on 28th September. At this place I was very unwell, but my dear wife was to me a kind nurse and greatly encouraged and consoled me in all my troubles. We left Fort Erie on the 10th of October, 1819, in a slip keel or Durham boat and arrived at Point Ebinew and remained there four days. Sickness had prevailed among us and at length had completed its sad work, for here a number of our fellow-passengers had to bury some of their children.

A great deal of delay occurred at this place. Some of the passengers got tired waiting and commenced to travel forward on foot. I was so unwell that I could not undertake to travel by land. However, in a few days we started with the boat at a slow rate. All things went well till one day above Miller's Bay we encountered a great storm, so great a storm that we were like to founder. We put back to Miller's Bay and let her run on the sand. We all landed except one old man and his two sons, but very soon they had good reason to repent their headstrong choice, for next morning the boat appeared with her deck all under water, and there was the old man standing in a

sad plight and calling upon us to come and save him from drowning. Although the old man and his sons were taken on shore, yet the boat lay in this position with every article we had in the world on board for three days longer. On the fourth day we got some of our things out of the boat, and at length a kind of windlass was made by which the boat was raised.

In this place I was very unwell and all the time in bed. But the people were exceedingly kind to me, often coming from a distance of three and four miles to see me. One person came three miles with his waggon to take me to his own house. Here we were detained four weeks. At the end of this time I got a good deal better; and not being willing to risk ourselves on the boat, we undertook to travel by land. Those on the boat started the same day in good spirits, thinking that they were sure to reach Talbot before us. We arrived at Talbot in due time and got a grant from the Colonel of 50 acres of land. I went to my lot and had just got a few logs cut for a house when word arrived that the boat had sprung a leak and could not proceed further till spring.

I and my wife got ready and went back to Long Point where the boat lay. On our arrival we got our things ashore, took a house from Captain Hutchinson, a very kind man to us, and remained there fourteen months. Part of this time I was hired with a Mr. Webster. But unfortunately in the month of August, 1820, I was stricken with fever and ague which continued with me for twelve weeks. As soon as I got better I started for York and drew land in Caledon. I left Captain Hutchinson on the 19th day of February 1821 and arrived in Caledon with my dear wife and baby Agnes, on the 1st day of March of the same year.

But here misfortune again met me. By some unforseen accident Mr. Webster the teamster ran short of feed for his horses and in consequence had to leave me eight or ten miles from my place. He left me at the house of a Mr. McDougald who, although a very kind man, was unable to help me forward. I went to my countrymen in Caledon to see if I could get them to take me up, but no, not one would help me. What could be done?

Where could I turn for help? A stranger in a strange land, I was very downhearted. On my way back I called at Mr. Wilson's in Albion. When I was telling my story to Mrs. Wilson she said I would be welcome to stop at their place till I could put up a house. I thanked her for her kindness. She told me that they had no oxen, but that there was a man by the name of Malloy not far off who had oxen and might perhaps take me to my lot. Well, I went to Mr. Malloy and told my tale of disappointment and he consented to go next day, but he said that we should take some of our things up to his place as there was no house on my own place. My dear wife said, as Providence had provided a lot for us in the wilderness we would go on without a house or shed. As I said before we landed on 1st March with all that belonged to us. There was no house of any kind to which we could go. The good old Mr. Malloy struck up fire, and after resting ourselves we took something to eat. I began to clear away some of the snow where we were to lay our bed. Mr. Malloy said, when you have a piece of ground to log, I and my son will come and help you. I thanked him; and then bidding us farewell, he left us.

We were now alone in the wilderness, but not despondent. I commenced to cut some wood for fire and then fixed some boughs of the trees above us for shelter. As night came on I made a large fire six or seven feet in length and we passed the night very comfortably. Next day I commenced cutting some logs for a shanty fourteen by twelve feet, some of them a good size, and when I thought I had all prepared I went for some help to put it up. Four men were all I could muster, no more to be got for miles around. The men came early on the day appointed, and we set to work. We had the heaviest of the logs to roll, and that was not easy as the snow was two feet deep. The lightest we carried on our shoulders. I believe I had to carry the most myself. Before midnight we had it finished except the covering which I had to prepare. This was made of bark from the basswood. I peeled the bark from the tree about six or eight inches wide and in lengths sufficient to roof one side at a time. The next day I had my little house covered. I had then

to cut a place for a door and fill up the chinks between the logs. Then I wanted a floor in my cabin and this I made of the trees from which I had peeled the bark, fixing them with my axe the best way I could. I then made a bedstead, and on the 10th March we moved into our cabin as contented as ever we were in our lives.

The time we were in our camp, Providence shined on us with good weather. Not a shower of rain or snow fell, so that God encouraged us in setting out in the world. I forgot to mention in its proper place that Mr. Hector McQuarrie on one occasion left us a burden of hay which he had brought with him four and a half miles. This we used as the under part of our bedding, to go between us and the ground, and indeed Mr. McQuarrie and others were sometimes in their travels glad to have a shelter over night in our camp.

Well, after we were under a middling good shelter I commenced cutting down the trees, and cut, I suppose, about an acre. Two men who came in after me went to look for potatoes for seed and I accompanied them. We went to Vaughan where I got a few bushels after travelling twenty-six or twenty-eight miles. The price paid, I think, was 3 shillings 1½ pence per bushel. The other two men got what they wanted, and we conveyed the whole, with some other articles, to one place and made up a little load for oxen. There was some difficulty in getting a person and oxen to take us home, but at last we agreed with Mr. McQuarrie to go with us. The first night we encamped at the Humber, the second night at our own place in Caledon. I buried my potatoes underground for fear of the frost.

And now I had to take a longer and harder journey. When we left Long Point we left our cow behind with Captain Hutchinson. We could not take her with us as I had to be along with the teamster on the way, so on the 15th April I started for the cow. I felt a little depressed at the starting; the roads were then very bad, just at the worst. A long and toilsome journey lay before me, and besides I had left my dear wife and child Agnes alone, the shanty not even having a door to it. I arrived at Long Point and feeling anxious I started for home the next day.

I did not go far this day, for unfortunately the cow was very poor and in a bad condition for travelling. On the second day I bought some corn in the ear and carried it on my back, giving the cow an ear now and again. I found that she soon gained by this feeding and in a few days she travelled very well. The night before I got home I stopped in a little tavern west of the Humber. The weather had been bad and on the morning of the next day the people advised me to go and see if I could get over the Humber. When I went I found the river swollen from bank to bank, still I felt that I must venture across. So I returned to the tavern for the cow, drove her straight into the stream and urging her forward, took hold of her tail and swam to the other bank. In this way the cow and I got safe on land. That evening I got home after travelling the best of three hundred miles; my dear wife and I uniting once more on the 1st day of May. And now the woods were beautiful and green and plenty for the cow. It may be asked, why did I not sell the cow before moving from Long Point and thus save myself this long journey. There was good reason for not selling her. The cow cost me in work four pounds and ten shillings and I can tell you that I could not get one pound and ten shillings in cash for her. There was no money in circulation in those times.

I need hardly mention that on beginning our life in Caledon we were very poor. What, with sickness and other difficulties we had to encounter, we had laid past no money. We had been forced to live from hand to mouth, but still we were not altogether destitute. My dear father had bought for me a good timepiece for three pounds Sterling, and this I had to part with. I sold it before leaving Long Point for two pounds ten shillings currency, and with this money, now reduced to two pounds and some provisions, a barrel of flour, some pork and beef, we set ourselves to face the hardships of the forest. This was a small stock upon which to begin housekeeping; but we had a very good shelter over our heads, we were young and hopeful, and I went to work with a will. I got two and a half acres in all chopped for spring crop, and when I burned the brush and was ready for log-

ging, I went for my friend Mr. Malloy. He and his son came with me two days, so that I had plenty logged for my crop. I got it burned and ready for planting my corn and potatoes. I had finished before those that had oxen. Through the summer I got another piece of land logged for turnip. I bought two bushels more of potatoes from a man who was in the settlement the year before me. He had planted in July and they were very small. I gave four shillings 3½ pence per bushel for them. I cut them very small, leaving only one eye in each split. I think I planted five and a half bushels in all. The two last bushels went as far as four bushels.

When harvest time came I went to Vaughan to help with the wheat crop. I worked ten days for a bushel a day, equal to two shillings six pence in money. As I was engaged each day on a different farm, I had to carry all the wheat I got for wages on my back to one place, where I stored it until it could be taken to the mill. This was very slavish work, but there was no way of avoiding it. After I had finished at Vaughan I returned to Caledon to look after my own corn and root crop. It turned out beyond expectations. I suppose I must have had over three hundred bushels of potatoes. Some days I would dig thirty or forty bushels and cover them in the pits. Of corn, I am sure I had sixty or eighty bushels; of turnips in proportion large, so that my crop on the whole was excellent. We had also plenty of milk and butter.

This Fall we met with a small loss, but still a loss in our narrow circumstances. I had bought a calf from one of my neighbours and it strayed away with our cow to the place of my friend Mr. Malloy, perhaps intending only a friendly visit, but Mr. Malloy's dog seemed of a different mind for he so cut the poor calf in the neck that it died. In Winter I went to Vaughan and took my wheat to the mill. It yielded a good return of fine flour, and when I got home to Caledon we had plenty and some to spare to the hungry. Thus God provided for us in the wilderness.

In the Spring following I worked eight days for a man who had just come into the settlement. For my eight days work I got one barrel of flour, which, with our own little stock in the house, lasted us till we got flour of our

own. This man, with other three, lodged with us while they were doing settlement duty on some land. Most of their provisions these men had brought with them from a distance of some thirty or forty miles, but this was no unusual experience in those days. There was no easy road to independence and prosperity then. If a living was to be got from the stern wilderness it must be by determined energy. I know something about this from my own experience. I have carried a large pail of butter from Caledon to Little York, a distance of nearly fifty miles. I once carried half a bushel of salt on my back from Thornhill to Caledon, more than thirty miles. After a while the salt began to melt and left my flesh raw. The pain from this soon became very severe and much harder to bear than the weight of the salt. My back kept me in mind of this journey for a long time. Such like difficulties as these were very common, so common that we hardly minded them, for except in taking wheat to the mill and other very heavy burdens, our back was our usual means of transport.

Indeed we had difficulties of many kinds to overcome. The Canadian forest was a grand school in this respect. Almost everything we wanted to make life endurable we had to make for ourselves as best we could. We had to try our hand at all trades, and I soon found it necessary to try mine on a pair of shoes for myself. The shoes I had brought from the Old Country were all worn out. I set to work with some scraps of leather and a few working tools I had by me, and made a pair of new ones. This was a trade I knew nothing about, but I succeeded wonderfully well. The shoes got finished and were a good fit. At least they did not pinch me. They might not be after the newest fashion, but they were good, strong, serviceable shoes, and I can say that the making of them tickled my patience as much as the half bushel of melting salt tickled my back.

As I thought my prospects began to brighten I bought two steers, expecting some time they would become oxen. And so I struggled on, having my ups and downs, but being always hopeful. In the month of August, Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-Three, I went to the mill thirteen

miles from my place, with three bushels of wheat in a sleigh, remaining at the mill all night, and next day got home with the flour. In a few days after, on the 21st August, my dear wife got sick and was delivered of a still-born child. Our daughter Agnes was very sick at the time and not expected to recover. One day we thought her very near her end, and her mother got up from the bed on which she had just been confined to attend to the wants of our dying child. All hope seemed gone when fortunately I thought of trying sugar and cream. I mixed these together, got her to take a little and in a few minutes we thought her easier and soon she began to improve. But alas, my dear wife got worse every day. Nothing we could think of gave her any relief or did her any good. Seven days before her death she lost her speech, and depend upon it my struggle was hard when I saw this dark cloud of death fast settling around me. Hope seemed to die within me, but all my neighbours for five miles around me were very kind and attentive, and this helped me much. Hardly a night was I left alone. They made an arrangement that two would remain with me every night, so that three was with me on the last night a man and a woman. My dear wife departed this life on the 7th October 1823. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." My prospects were now dark; and the state of my mind, as I thought of being thus left alone in the wilderness with my two little ones, no one knew but God alone.

In a few days after my wife's death Mrs. Wilson took Agnes and Sarah with her. I was to pay for their support so much every week in work. Money I had none. But now my troubles grew worse and much harder to bear. One of my steers got I think overheated and died. He was the best of the two. I bought another one from a neighbor on credit. My own one I took to his place, yoked them together, and drove them home. The man told me his steer was used to stand in the yoke and that I might leave them so all night. I did so; and what had I to do in the morning but take the hide off the one I bought. This was very hard, but it could not be helped.

The two hides would bring something. So I got them taken on a sleigh to Farr's Mills now called Weston. Here a man took them on his waggon four miles further for which he charged me one shilling and six pence. The rest of the distance to York I carried them on my back and sold them to Catchum, the tanner. They weighed fifty pounds. After this I went some distance from home and bought another steer, and this along with the one I had, put me in a good way while I lived in Caledon. I may mention that I did not log any with my steers while in Caledon. Mine were not strong enough for logging. What I did was to exchange work. That is, I gave two days work for one, which was very hard, but there was no other way that I could get along.

At this time my life was a very laborious one. Besides doing my own work at home I had to travel three and a half miles to Mrs. Wilson's every night and morning. There I had to milk and feed the cow, prepare fuel and make fires. I had also to mend my children's clothes and keep them in good repair and wash my own linen. In February, 1824, it came on a great storm of snow. To Mrs. Wilson's I had then to travel morning and evening and be there before sun rising for work. There was no one travelling the road then except myself, the snow being three feet deep. Sometimes I would sink deep into the snow and then stagger from side of the road to the other. I thought this was killing work. I thought I could not provide for myself and the two dear little ones in this way of working. It seemed impossiblle. Therefore I made up my mind to try for a wife. It was not in vain, and God directed me on a blessed errand when I went to ask Elizabeth Armour to be my wife. She gave her consent, and I have now to say that to me she has been a good and faithful wife, and to my two little motherless ones, she has been also good and kind, and all that a mother could be. We were married by the Rev. Mr. Harris in York on the 10 March, 1824, and got home on the following Saturday.

My Elizabeth was not very content with our prospects in Caledon. Indeed from the date of our marriage up to the time of our leaving she never seemed to acquire any

better liking for the place, so the first offer we got for it we sold it to a man named John Drummond, and bought Lot 30, on the 5th Concession, Vaughan, the place on which we now reside. It was a good change for us, and I may say that from that time to this day we have had plenty to eat and to drink and to spare. God has been good to us in the past and we may well trust Him in the future. Looking up to Him with steadfast faith we may say with the Psalmist:

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be."

On this place we have had a time of prosperity and a time of adversity; a time to gain in the world and a time to lose. But through all our varied life God's blessing has attended our exertions, so that we have plenty of this world's goods. I pray that we may be looking for a world beyond the grave, "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

I might put down a good deal more of what has happened to me in my lifetime since we came to live here, but I feel that I must now come to a close. "Therefore we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord, for we walk by faith not by sight. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord."

May God guide us all and prepare us for our latter end.

(Signed) Donald Cameron.

Dated April 21st, 1857.

POSTSCRIPT. I have to mention that I interred the body of my wife Christian on my own farm. When I sold the place I still reserved my right to this burial plot, but as I had retained no title to a way of entrance my friends thought with myself that it was best to remove the dead. I therefore in the year of our Lord 1855, removed the dust of my wife Christian to Mrs. Allan McKinnon's burying

ground at the church on Lot No. 12 of the 5th Concession, Caledon.

(Signed) D.C."

After Donald Cameron's death his eldest son Archibald rounded out his father's unfinished story, deeply moving in its simplicity and sincerity, and with a bright beam of faith in the goodness of God lighting up its darkest pages. He wrote,

"I may state that these slight sketches of a portion of my father's life came into my hands after his death. He evidently penned them toward the close of his life, and it is interesting to find him thus engaged. He had stood the heat and burden of the day and was drawing near the haven of rest. Even then his mind reverts to the past. In memory he revisits the scenes of his early trials and lingers fondly on all the ways by which the Lord had led him. Doubtless, this very employment was to him a source of strength and comfort. In printing his manuscript, I beg to say that I have not done so with a view to general publicity. It is not for a moment supposed that his simple unvarnished narrative lays claim to that kind of merit. It is addressed not to the critical eye but to the sympathetic ear. It is, in short, printed with the object of circulation among his relatives and those who were his personal friends, and I have ample reason to know that many of these will read with interest the story of his early Canadian struggles as given in his own words. There is but little more that I need add. My father's manuscript closes with his marriage to Elizabeth Armour, who became my mother. I know that some of my relatives of the younger generation would like to hear something about her. They want especially to ask me a question or two about their Canadian ancestress. Who was she, and whence she came? I will therefore venture on a few details.

Like my father, my mother was of Scottish birth and upbringing. She was the daughter of Alexander Armour and Jane Love and was born in the Parish of Kilchenzie, on the 12th of April, 1797. The Armour family came originally from Ayrshire, and claimed, I believe, some distant cousinly relationship with Burns' wife, "Bonnie

Jean." This may not be much, it certainly does not give a patent of nobility, but still it is something in these pedigree-loving days, to be able to claim a connection with one so far famed in Scottish song. Part of the family consisting of John Armour and his two sisters, Jean and Elizabeth, emigrated in the year 1820 and in due time landed in the United States. For some months they stayed in the town of Pittsburg, but feeling restless and longing for a sight of the old flag, they set out one bright morning with a team of horses and wagon for Canada. The roads were very bad and the journey slow and toilsome. Several weeks were spent on the road and when they had crossed the Canadian frontier and reached the River Credit, then they encountered their main difficulty. The bridge had been swept away and the river was full of floating logs. How were they to cross? Fastening the box firmly on the wagon, John Armour mounted one of the horses and with the aid of a long pole to ward off the floating logs, swam the team across. The two girls followed. Young and active, they made their way across the logs, jumping where necessary from one log to another until they reached the opposite bank.

John Armour rented the farm which has years ago given place to Mount Pleasant Cemetery, north of Toronto. Elizabeth lived there with them up to the date of her marriage with my father. Their life in Vaughan was somewhat chequered, now prosperous and again adverse. They had difficulties to meet and surmount, but upon the whole their industry was rewarded with substantial and growing prosperity. Nor did they forget, even in these early days of hurry, to cultivate the social side of life. They had many warm friends; among these were the various members of the Malloy family, Arthur McNeil, John McLean, Donald McNaughton, and a host of others, all good and true men. A sturdy race were these old settlers, men distinguished alike for sound common sense and the solid homespun virtues, and warm hearted withal. Each one seemed to vie with another in promoting good fellowship, and thus it was that our fathers lived in the olden times, all helping by their genial kindness, to smooth the asperities of the wilderness and diffuse happiness around

them.

One thing more. My father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church of Vaughan in connection with the Church of Scotland. He was ordained by the Reverend Peter McNaughton in the year 1833, and regularly performed the duties of his office up to the date of his death. I may say that he always felt and manifested deep interest in the prosperity and welfare of his church. My father died on the 11th August, 1858. My mother died on the 18th April, 1883. Both lie till the resurrection in St. Andrew's Churchyard at Maple, on the 4th Concession of Vaughan.

In his early days in Caledon Donald Cameron had helped to build the log church which, although it was located two fields to the north, was the forerunner of the Old Stone Church on lot 12, Concession 5. When, in 1855, he disinterred the dust of his first wife, Christian, from a quiet corner of the old homestead, it seemed right to him that her new grave should be in the burying ground associated with the church in which they had worshipped in their brief life together. The inscription on the headstone, which includes the date of her death, October 7th, 1823, has, however, led countless visitors to the "Old Stone Church" to erroneously conclude that Christian Cameron's is the first interment in that historic graveyard.

Donald and Elizabeth Cameron raised eight children on the new homestead in Vaughan. In the latter years of his not-too-long life their father suffered broken health, which stemmed, no doubt from hardships borne in the days when he struggled through three and a half miles of three-foot-deep snow four times a day to earn his little girls' keep, and to "mend their clothes and keep them in good repair." When they were children the sisters Catherine Julian and Elizabeth McNeil listened avidly to stories of their great grandparents, told them by their grandfather, Archibald Cameron, and by their mother, Nancy Cameron, the wife of Sam McClure, of Vaughan. Eighty-year-old Elizabeth McNeil remembers a silver coin which was her prized possession when she was a little girl. On the day of their birth the aged Elizabeth Cameron had slipped into the hand of each of her twin great grand-

daughters, Elizabeth and Ann McClure, a newly-minted sixty-cent piece.

For ten years the Presbyterian Church at Maple had no minister, and every weekend for those ten years, when her husband was too ill to accompany her, Elizabeth Cameron drove to the railway station at King in the hope that the Presbytery at Toronto would have found a minister to send out. Many times she was disappointed, but if an earnest looking young man with a bible under his arm did emerge from the train, she was there to offer the hospitality of the Cameron home.

Five generations of Camerons lived on the homestead in Vaughan until at last the old stone house built by Donald and Elizabeth was torn down. The distaff side had the larger families, but there are three small boys living in the Township and bearing the Cameron name, who are ably representing the sixth generation of direct descendants of Donald and Elizabeth Cameron. They are Ian Archibald and Bruce, sturdy sons of Archibald Kenneth Cameron, of lot 18, Sixth Line, Vaughan, and their equally sturdy cousin Ronald, son of Ross Cameron of Woodbridge. The grandfather of Ian Archibald and Bruce, a fourth generation Cameron descendant whose name also is Archibald, makes his home at Richmond Hill.

Periodically, descendants of Donald Cameron, and his brothers, Archibald, William and Hector, who emigrated later to Canada, converge with their families from all parts of Ontario, as well as from the Canadian West and the United States, on Vellore, the village closest to the original Cameron homestead in Vaughan Township. On that June day they pleasantly renew family friendships, bring themselves up to date on the growth of the Cameron family tree, and feast happily together to the measured music of the bag pipes.

CHAPTER 23

AGRICULTURE

Prudent pioneers coming into Albion to establish the first farms looked closely at the type of forest cover growing on it before choosing their land. Stands of mixed hardwoods, with maple, elm and beech predominating, indicated the best soil, while land from which solid stands of pine, hemlock and tamarack must be cleared would prove less rewarding as farmland.

Turning a wilderness into a township of profitable, well-run farms was, at best, no short-term undertaking. Once located, the settler started in to do battle with the forest. When the first spring came round he was ready to plant a small crop, usually potatoes and a little Indian corn, along with squashes and pumpkins, around the stumps of his initial clearing. No cultivating was done. Time could be spent to better advantage clearing more land, and the freshly uncovered soil was rich enough and free enough from weeds to give a good return without much work.

Fall wheat was sown among the stumps on additional land cleared during the first summer, and then scratched into the unstirred soil with a homemade wooden harrow, triangular-shaped for easier passage between the stumps, and with teeth slanting back to facilitate dragging it over the tree roots. For the remainder of the year the settler found his time fully occupied finishing his log house, erecting fences, and building a road in front of his land—settling duties required by the Government before a patent to the property would be forthcoming.

The next year spring wheat was sown where the corn and potatoes had been the first crop. When that wheat was harvested the first clearings were left in hay or pasture while the tree roots rotted, or they were sown in oats, rye or buckwheat. Some homesteaders sowed wheat after wheat, but the wiser ones sowed their fall wheat on four or five acres of newly cleared land each year.

After four or five years the tree roots in the earliest clearing would have disintegrated sufficiently for the farmer to do some primitive ploughing, and another crop of

wheat would be taken off, followed again by oats or rye or pasture. Finally, after about ten years of settlement the stumps could be pulled by oxen, and the wide cleared fields taken into permanent, methodical cultivation.

For twenty years or more the Albion farmer's income would be largely from his small wheat crops, supplemented by pork, potatoes and peas, and perhaps lumber, although his revenue from that commodity was more likely to be almost nothing. The establishment of saw mills in the Township kept pace with settlement, and often preceded it, but most owners of saw mills had enough timber on their own holdings to last what would seem to be forever. Consequently, most of the trees felled on the settler's own acres found their way to the huge all-consuming fire which was part of every early logging bee.

A yoke of oxen were often the only work animals on Albion's pioneer farms. Most settlers preferred them to horses for bush work, and they were less demanding in the matter of care and feed. A few cows, sheep and poultry completed the quota of domestic animals. The early Canadian hog could hardly be termed domestic. He ran almost wild in the forest, feeding on whatever he could find, and was hunted with a rifle, like game, at killing time. Sometimes a settler would catch and pen his hogs about a month before butchering, to be fattened on corn, potatoes or peas. Hogs running wild were, of course, inferior in quality to those leading more humdrum lives, but there is no doubt, tough as they were, they were the mainstay of the Albion pioneer and his family.

Strange, but true, millers were among the largest pork producers in early times. Their pigs, hundreds of them in a pen, fed on mill waste, principally bran, for which there was little market. Nearly always, a distillery could be found hard by a grist mill, and the spent mash helped to fatten the miller's swine. In the early eighteen-sixties a pen housing a couple of hundred pigs being fattened for market on mill waste, was an odoriferous adjunct of the Bolton Mill until the general public, and more particularly the nearby residents, could stand it no longer. Mr. James H. Bolton, who was a small boy at the time, recalled that all the people driving or walking by the mill

automatically held their noses "from the Nunnville hill until they got to James Street." So numerous and so dire were the threats voiced by the suffering citizens, the pigs and the pen and the smell were finally removed.

After Albion farms had passed through the forest-clearing phase and emerged to settled agriculture, crops were grown in earnest for export. Wheat was the stable crop, and as long as the market remained good there was little inclination to try other lines. The late eighteen-twenties were years of steady agricultural progress, and by 1830 Albion could boast a goodly number of prosperous wheat farmers. However, the market was then, as always, subject to wide fluctuation, and the rosy picture could darken almost overnight. For example, Britain, the chief importer of Canadian wheat, harvested bumper crops from her own farms in the years following 1832, and the price of Albion wheat fell to a low of thirty-two cents a bushel. It was not until 1840 that the export demand, which had dropped to almost nothing, returned to anything like its earlier proportions. Hard times had been only slightly lessened by stepped-up demand for Canadian wheat from the northern part of the United States suffering from partial crop failure. Albion farmers, however, continued to pin their faith on wheat in spite of severe agricultural depression. Livestock at that time did not seem to present a solution to their economic problems. For one thing, American breeders could produce beef, mutton and pork for export at far lower prices.

The eighteen-forties brought with them a return of prosperity to Albion. Crops were good, and acreage increased. Preferential treatment for Canada under new British Corn laws, and small protective tariffs against American products helped. From 1853 on was the real boom time, however. European crop failure that year sent the prices of Canadian grain skyrocketing, and the Crimean War, by cutting off supplies of Russian wheat, shot them still higher. Albion wheat brought, unbelievably, $2.40 a bushel. Farmers all over the Township built new barns and fine houses and the newfangled, bright-red farm machinery became a common sight in Albion farm fields. This happy state lasted only four years, however.

Not only that, it marked the end of an era in Albion. Wheat growing, while it played an important part for the next twenty years, never again held top place in the Township's agricultural economy.

One reason was that soil exhaustion was coming into the picture. Albion farmers had had a large percentage of their land in wheat, and it was necessary to practise very short rotation of wheat and naked fallow. Some even continued to sow wheat year after year in the same fields. Such crop rotations as were practised were often abandoned in favor of sowing more wheat when the market was good. In spite of warnings by the Provincial Agricultural Association formed in 1847, farmers continued these soil-weakening practices. And to add to it all, the wheat midge had made its appearance in 1856, and was seriously reducing harvests. The handwriting was on the wall for all to read. Wheat could no longer be the mainstay of Albion farms. The Census of 1871 showed a drop of almost a third in the proportion of land in wheat from 1861. While the fall in price to around a dollar a bushel had something to do with it soil exhaustion was the real bogy.

Partly because of the wheat midge, and partly because of the growing American demand for brewing, barley began to replace wheat on most farms, and continued to be grown in enormous quantities until the McKinley Tariff of 1890 reduced the trade to a fraction of its volume. The morainic soils of parts of Albion were particularly suited to this coarser grain. Barley, however, was an even more soil-weakening crop than wheat. Soil exhaustion went on and on.

No one could gainsay that at this time in Albion's agricultural history farms were, for the most part, deteriorating rapidly and it was harsh, economic necessity that turned the Albion agriculturist's thoughts to mixed farming. The final blow to wheat farming came from the Canadian West. After 1880 Manitoba wheat came into the market in competition with the local product, and gained preference even at ten to twenty cents a bushel more than the best grades of Ontario fall wheat. As a consequence, the Albion farmer grew wheat on only from

five to fifteen per cent. of his land. Barley was grown in comparatively small quantities after 1890, and oats, which continued to be produced as a major crop for a further thirty years, lost some of its importance with the passing of the horse, but is still grown in quantity.

Even before "wheating" ceased to hold the spotlight on the Albion scene, the farmer began to cast about for sources of income other than his annual crop returns. The self-sufficiency of the early days of settlement was fast disappearing from Albion farms. Modern appurtenances such as factory-made furniture, the new cookstoves, "boughten" cloth, farm machinery and tools, to name a few, were replacing the homemade variety. More cash had to be found, and stock-raising seemed to spell the answer.

As early as the eighteen-thirties we find farmers in the Township keeping fairly large numbers of stock in a primitive, somewhat haphazard way. Most farms had acquired small herds of milch cows, and were adding to the number steadily. In 1831 oxen far outnumbered horses on Albion farm fields, and good work oxen were almost as valuable as good work horses. Some blood horses were imported into the Township from England in the eighteen-thirties, and the breeding of light draught horses began soon after. Clydesdales were imported from 1836 on, and had produced a strain of heavy draught horses conceded to be among the best in America.

Cattle were improved rather more slowly. Durhams and Devons were not uncommon in the early days, but were not bred in any great numbers. Old records show that Robert Godbolt, who succeeded to his father's farm near Bolton in 1856, was "about the first to introduce purebred cattle into Albion." Cattle breeding in the Township just prior to that time was summed up by the Honourable Adam Ferguson in "Journals and Transactions of the Board of Agriculture of Upper Canada, 1855-1856"—"We find everywhere a mongrel mixture of Devons, Herefords, Lancashires and Normans, frequently indeed producing good milkers, and useful cattle for the yoke, but entirely devoid of any established qualities upon which the breeder can rely."

Swine improvement was very slow. Berkshire and Essex types eventually became well established, but as late as 1881 a Royal Commission on Agriculture disparaged their poor quality. Sheep received more attention and good breeds were common as early as the eighteen-forties, with Leicesters and Southdowns the favorites. After 1845 some of the woollen mills established on the Humber in the eighteen-twenties had blossomed into cloth factories, and stall-feeding of sheep became a profitable winter enterprise in Albion. Poultry improvement began about 1852, but only the most progressive farmers participated. Eight or ten varieties of hens were introduced, as well as new types of ducks, geese and turkeys, but the average Albion farmer was well content with his native hybrids.

The Reciprocity Treaty with the United States in 1854 lent healthy stimulus to livestock breeding in Albion. The eighteen-fifties saw a steady rise in prices, and even after the depression following 1857 prices were double those of the forties. Good breeds naturally brought better prices, and most farmers lost no time improving their cattle, sheep and horses. Reciprocity between the United States and Canada came to an end in 1865, but a healthy foreign market for Albion cattle developed around 1870, and went a long way toward replacing the diminished American trade. At the time of the Royal Commission on Agriculture of 1880 more than one Albion farm could boast pure-bred Durhams, Ayrshires, Polled Angus, Herefords, Holsteins, Jerseys and others. Horses and sheep were similarly improved. The Commissioners noted, however, that a number of short-sighted farmers, while realizing higher prices would result, stubbornly refused to improve their stock because, they said, their assessment would be raised!

The breeding of horses for American mines, and of lighter draught animals for street railways in the days of horse-drawn street cars, became two profitable sources of income in Albion, but not for long. In the eighteen-nineties the demand for horses was being supplied nearer the American mines, and around the turn of the century street cars were electrified. The First Great War brought big orders to Albion for draught horses. Since that time the demand, understandably, has declined close to the van-

ishing point.

Dairying, which is the largest single source of income for many an Albion farmer today, had its beginning in the earliest days of settlement, when the homesteader who was fortunate enough to own a cow trudged thirty miles or more to York with a large pail of butter on his back. On the long journey home he was equally weighted down by the sorely needed commodities for which he had bartered his butter.

Although its profits were not to be compared with those of wheat farming, dairying had grown to important proportions in the Township by 1851. Records show that in the years from 1847 to 1851 butter production in York County, of which Albion was then a part, jumped from 428,197 pounds to 1,877,577 pounds. When "wheating" slowed almost to a stop in the Township dairying did much to help the farmer over the resultant economic upset by providing a small but steady source of income, free from the wide fluctuations of a one-crop economy. Most farms consistently added to and improved their herds of milch cows, and in time more and more Jerseys and Guernseys were seen dotting Albion pasture lands. The Royal Commission on Agriculture of 1880 missed its mark when it recorded, "For family use, or where the sole object is to command a high price for very choice butter, the Jerseys are a useful breed of very docile and manageable little animals, but to the ordinary farmer they are, and are likely to remain, practically unknown."

Some Albion farms have not yet recovered from the exhausting grain growing period, but improvement has been brought about by the increased amounts of fertilizer available, and the retirement of previously cultivated land to pasture, which has tended to check erosion, and rebuild the worked-out soil. From the year 1857 the Albion Agricultural Society—the word Bolton was added later—has worked hard in the Township for better farming practices. It has sponsored competition, and encouraged the importation of better seed and pure-bred stock, all of which has been through the years, of inestimable value to the farmer.

That more and more emphasis is being placed on the breeding and raising of high quality beef cattle, and on

the important dairy industry, is evident all over the Township today. Some of the men whose fine herds are being pastured on Albion farms are, Harper Brothers, of Bonnie Briar Farms; Doctor Stanley Baker, Chateau Dingle and North Dingle Farms; C. V. Weir, of Donny Weir Farms; Walter Cummings, Oak Lane Farm; S. M. Blair, Cedar Mains Farm; Stewart Mellow and Sons; Horace Fraser; Len Verner and Sons, Macvilla Farm; Mrs. Torrance Beardmore, Briardale Farm; Rawn Brothers, Maple Grove Farms; Norman Agar, of Agar Farms; Henry Pind and Son, Sunfield Farm; Alan Mason and Sons; Roderick Johnston, Carson Patterson, R. J. Innis, Jim Downey, Gordon Robinson, Robert Raymes, Bert Westlake, Carman Livingstone, Russell Norris, Keith Wakely, Ken Norris, Hilliard Matson, R. J. Stewart, Tom French, Len Clarkson, Emil Kolb, Alex Goodfellow, Alfred Henderson, Howard, Douglas and Robert Speirs and Lindsay Westlake.

CHAPTER 24

CHURCHES

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN ALBION

There is a pleasant tradition among Roman Catholics in the Township that a seventeenth century Jesuit Missionary passing through Albion with a band of Indians who had become Christian, built an altar and celebrated Mass on a high hill above a wide, swift-rushing stream. A century and a half later Irish Catholic settlers discovered the altar with its distinguishing arrangement of stones, and, recognizing its sacred significance, built over it their first log church.

However, relative to the building of the first Roman Catholic Church in Albion we have something more tangible to go on than tradition. As early as 1831 a petition was sent to Sir John Colborne, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, from Irish Catholics who were flocking into the Township to settle. It reads, in part,

"The petition of the undersigned inhabitants of the

Township of Albion in the Home District humbly sheweth that your Excellency's petitioners are resident Roman Catholics of the Township of Albion, their numbers having been increased in the last two years to an unexpected degree, being now upward of two hundred persons and being at present unable to pay for the instruction of a Clergyman or School Master, they most respectfully solicit your Excellency may be graciously pleased to make them a grant of lot No. 25 in Concession 3 of Albion for the benefit of spiritual and temporal education."

Three years later a small mission church built of sturdy logs was erected on Lot No. 25, Concession 3, in the settlement of Lockton. In letters written at the time, and in later documents, St. Alphonsus was named in error as its patron saint; nevertheless it did become known as the Church of St. Alphonsus. Father Murtagh Lalor, first resident pastor of St. Patrick's Church at Wildfield on the boundary between Albion and Toronto Gore supervised the church's building, but his work was sadly interrupted. Cholera raged at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto, and as far as some inland settlements, and the clergy had all they could do to minister to the spiritual needs of the dying.

To go back; the first Catholic settlers came into Albion from Ireland around 1829. It was the time of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill by the British Parliament, and while the Bill did "enfranchise, regardless of their religion, all His Majesty's subjects who are otherwise qualified to vote," it accomplished little or nothing in emancipating the Irish Catholics. The Act of Union of 1801, which suppressed the Irish Parliament and governed Ireland from London, was a colossal injustice. Home Rule was as far away as ever. Deep depression followed the Napoleonic Wars. The population of Ireland was rapidly increasing, and the standard of living was perilously low. There were many thousands so poor they never knew the taste of meat. Surely conditions could be no worse in Canada, they argued, and the steady flow across the ocean went on and on.

During the late summer of 1829 the Reverend William John O'Grady came from York to minister to the faithful

in Albion. The letter he wrote to Bishop Macdonell after his visit is significant, "In Albion, too, our poor people are making an exertion to erect a church . . . and I hope in the Lord they will be able to succeed. They are certainly well disposed. I have assured them in the different townships, with a view to excite their emulation in this matter, that the first frame church got up, of twenty-eight feet by forty feet should be the parish church for the townships and the principal residence of the clergyman to be appointed by Your Lordship. This appears to have a happy effect. They have had already several meetings on the subject."

In the years that followed Catholic settlers continued to pour into Albion. They were visited at regular intervals between 1830 and 1833 by missionary priests Reverend Edward Gordon and Reverend Patrick Foley. In a report from the Reverend Edward Gordon to the Bishop, dated March 11th, 1830, on his work in York and its "adjacencies," one word he used would fall strangely on Catholic ears today. "I was kindly received by 'Mister' O'Grady," he wrote. Referring to his superior, the Reverend William John O'Grady, as "Mister" was not an impertinence, but an inadvertent return to the not-too-distant past when the penal laws of Great Britain and Ireland had forced priests to conceal their own identity, and that of other Catholic clergy.

In the first days of Catholic settlement in the Township a dearth of priests and the hazards of travel made it impossible to have Mass every Sunday. But during the week the faithful assembled in the log shanties, which were designated "Stations," and Mass was offered, the Sacraments administered and a sermon preached. It was then Michael Dwyer came into the Albion picture. Hailing from Queen's County, Ireland, he crossed the Atlantic in a British regiment to fight in the War of 1812. Falling head over heels in love on shipboard, he did not wait to land in Canada before marrying Isabella Wells, an army nurse attached to his regiment. After the war was won he took his discharge on this side of the water, and together they found their way to Albion.

Michael Dwyer's is the name most often mentioned when that story is told of the Irishman who, back in the

eighteen-twenties, refused the Government's offer of land at the corner of Yonge and Queen Streets, in York, "because it was too muddy." At any rate, we do know that Michael and Isabella settled happily on the east half of lot 21 in the 3rd Concession, Albion. Michael set to with a will to transform the hundred acres of solid forest into fertile farmland, taking time out, however, to don his old uniform in 1837 and help quell the Mackenzie Rebellion down Montgomery's Tavern way.

The Dwyers' log house, built large to accommodate a hoped-for big family—which turned out to be five sons and six daughters—was from the first a "Station" for visiting priests to say Mass. When the Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, D.D., first Bishop of Upper Canada—"the warrior Bishop who never owned a horse nor a servant to tend one"—came on dog-sled to visit his kin, the McVean family in Toronto Gore, he met with the faithful in Albion in "Mick" Dwyer's huge kitchen, and it was crowded to the doors.

Father Lalor's little log church at Lockton had proven too small for the ever-growing Catholic community, and a new church became imperative. It was the time of the "Irish Exodus"—1845 and 1846—when fearful famines swept Ireland, and thousands died and more thousands fled to America. Michael Dwyer had donated five acres from his lot 21 in the 3rd concession, for a church and a burying ground, and it was there the new Church of Adolphus was built, a rough-cast structure 60 feet by 40 feet, costing $2000.

The Reverend Eugene O'Reilly had succeeded the Reverend Murtagh Lalor as resident pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Wildfield, of which Albion was a mission, and it was under his direction the second Church of St. Adolphus was built. Like Father Lalor back in 1834 when cholera raged among the immigrants to Canada, Father O'Reilly's work of building the new church was interrupted by an epidemic of deadly typhus or ship-fever, caused by hunger and exhaustion suffered by unhappy people who fled Ireland and were pouring into Canada. The saintly priest, when few neighbors would go near the sufferers, fearlessly ministered to the sick, shrove the dying and buried the

dead. The first Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto, Michael Power, was himself stricken, and died within a day or two, but Father O'Reilly continued to minister to the faithful in Albion for a full twenty-five years.

Horans, Dohertys, Dwyers, Sullivans, Mulloys, Quinns, Carrolls, Minnocks, Killeens, Finnertys, Wallaces, Callaghans, Scullys, Hayes, Keenahans, Peppers, Dorans, Grogans, Gilmores, Keatings, Rossneys, Farrells, Kellys, all these and many more turned out to help build the new church. Even Protestants like the Kellys' neighbours, the Taylors, brought their oxen and hauled timbers, and planted cedars all around the burying ground. From the first interment, which was that of Daniel Callaghan, ninety per cent. of the burials were of Irish folk.

Michael Dwyer, when he gave the land for church and cemetery, stipulated that all plots should be free, which gave rise at the time to a typical Irish witticism, "Now everyone will return to Albion—alive or dead." School teacher Daniel Sullivan, who lived most of his life in the Township where he made a name for himself in homely song and verse, but who, in later years, removed to Bruce County, put his feeling for Albion and his longing to return in these lines penned in the year 1868,

"I'm bound for dear old Albion, its hills and sunny braes
The township I was born in and spent my early days,
I never can forget it, though far I'm from it here
And always will I cherish the name of Albion dear.

Beside the crystal Humber, there first I saw the light,
There dwelt my honest father, God rest his soul this night.
There lives my dear old mother who taught me first to pray,
And tonight she is lamenting for children far away.

I long to see the dear old church that stands upon the hill
'Twas there that in my youth I learned to do my Maker's will
And when I die it is my wish where e'er I may be

found
To lay me near that dear old church, in Albion's sacred ground.

I long to see the schoolhouse where happy days I spent
Respected by the children dear, who unto me were sent.
'Tis true I loved them dearly; they loved me too I know
And many times I do regret that from them I did go.

I long to see the pupils I taught in days of yore
I'd like to meet them on the green before the schoolhouse door
Where we have played our cricket games so happy and so gay
And so pleasantly we passed our time in days now gone away.

Then farewell dear old Albion, farewell your hills and dales.
May peace and plenty e'er abound within your pleasant vales;
And 'tis my prayer, no matter where from thee I choose to roam,
May Heaven smile on all my friends around my dear old home.

Daniel Sullivan was one of that large family of music-loving and music-making Sullivans famous all over Albion, and much farther afield. He was a son of John and Mary Sullivan who came from County Cork in Ireland in the late eighteen-twenties to settle on their Crown Grant in Albion, being lot 22 in the 3rd Concession. Their small log house was a home where mission priests were warmly welcomed. It was a home, too, which overflowed with music and laughter and song for long over a century, until the last Sullivan living in the old homestead, the first Dan Sullivan's nephew and namesake, died there a few years ago. Almost to the day he died the second Dan Sullivan's violin was within easy reach of his hand, in readiness for the dance.

CHURCHES

For nearly fifty years the Catholic Church in Albion had a mixed choir in which nearly all the choristers were Sullivans! Mary and Jenny Sullivan were organists and pianists, and Gertrude Sullivan was a soloist with a truly golden voice. Their father, John Sullivan, had bought the fine old Millburn home on the Third Line when the Millburns went off to make a huge fortune manufacturing the patent medicine Burdock Blood Bitters. It was there Gertrude Sullivan was born and brought up with brothers and sisters—and parents too—all of whom passionately loved music. The young girl for whom leading critics were soon to predict a rosy future as a singer, received her education at Toronto's St. Joseph's Academy. At the University of Toronto she was awarded the Gold Medal for Senior Vocal. Gertrude Sullivan's singing career in Toronto, in which she achieved many triumphs, came to an end when she returned to Albion to be married. As Mrs. Dennis O'Leary she has since played a leading role in the musical life of her Church, and in the Township as a whole.

To go back to 1860, when Father Eugene O'Reilly, after twenty-five years as pastor, resigned his parish of St. Patrick's, Wildfield, of which Albion was still a mission, Father Patrick Mulligan was appointed in his place, to be followed two years later by Father Richard Alphonsus O'Connor. In 1865 Father O'Connor was succeeded by the Reverend William J. White, and it was then the Reverend Francis McSpiritt entered the Albion scene. Father McSpiritt had been appointed Father White's assistant, but not for long. In 1867 the Townships of Albion, Caledon and Chinguacousy were detached from Toronto Gore to form a new parish, and Father McSpiritt was named pastor. The Reverend John Bernard O'Reilly who in 1951 preached the sermon at the Solemn Pontifical Mass celebrated at the time of the Golden Jubilee of Albion's Church of St. John, had this to say of Father McSpiritt, "His saga and legend are reminiscent of those lives of Irish missionaries who converted Scotland, England and Western Europe in the Middle Ages. There is no doubt if the Reverend Francis McSpiritt had lived then he would be known today as a canonized saint."

CHURCHES

Father McSpiritt's reputation as a worker of miracles in Albion brought to him Catholics and Protestants alike, all seeking the touch of his healing hands. And none were turned away. Albion legend is full of stories of the sick restored to health by prayer and by the Sign of the Cross. "I know nothing of how it is done," declared Father McSpiritt. "It is between the afflicted and God." Worn out at the age of sixty-five, he died in 1895, and was buried in the Cemetery of St. Patrick's Church, Willdfield, where he had returned to finish his ministry, after other intervening appointments. At his grave a shrine was erected forty years after his death, and hundreds still find their way there, to drop on their knees and whisper a prayer.

In the parish of Caledon and Albion Fathers Theophilus F. Laboureau and Philibert Rey were pastors—each for a year—in 1872 and 1873. It was Father Laboureau who, when he was transferred to Penetanguishene built the present parish church to the memory of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, long before they were canonized. Worthy of note is the fact that Father Laboureau collected funds for this nationally famous Memorial Church in the United States, Great Britain and France, as well as in Canada. Inscribed on the corner stone are the names of such benefactors as the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinals Manning and Taschereau, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, John Gilmary Shea, historian of the United States Church, and Francis Parkman, historian of New France.

From 1874 to 1901, the year the present Church of St. John was built, pastors for Caledon and Albion were Reverend Eugene F. Gallagher, Reverend Patrick Whitney and Reverend Martin D. Whelan. When Father Whelan came to the parish in 1897 he was confronted by a church not only totally beyond repair, but also too small for the congregation which numbered over 450 souls. However, approval for the new building was not given until two years later, when Archbishop O'Connor came for a Confirmation.

A group of die-hard parishioners decided this was a good time to present a petition to the Archbishop that the

proposed church should be built at Lockton. They argued that Lockton was the most central point in the parish, and was convenient to the railway station. Two acres of free land, beautifully located, were available. The sand and stone could be acquired one half mile from the site. What more could anyone ask? The Archbishop wisely left the decision to Father Whelan, and he, just as wisely, told his parishioners that they themselves could settle the location —with their pocketbooks. If the larger sum for the construction of the church were given by the faithful at Lockton, it would be built there. Failing this, they would build again on the site donated by Michael Dwyer in the early days when the surrounding settlement was called Centreville. By this ingenious method Father Whelan raised in a few weeks sufficient funds to pay most of the cost of the new church. Contributions from around Centreville—now known rather confusingly as Albion—exceeded those of Lockton, and the site of the church being settled, building began.

On May 15th, 1902, the Archbishop returned to open and bless the completed church. Everything was paid for. What matter, then, if old timers like nonagenarian Mrs. Elizabeth Mellon remember at this time of writing that the congregation were quite content to sit on make-shift benches made from rough, squared-off logs, until something more fitting could be afforded.

Commenting on the architectural excellence of St. John's Church, Albion, Professor Eric Arthur, leading authority on church architecture, had this to say, "The chimney and apsidal have character. The apse of this shape is quite continental and rare in English cathedrals. I think Westminster Abbey is the only one. It is more common in America."

Father James Minehan succeeded Monsignor Whelan in 1904 as pastor of Caledon, of which St. John's was still a mission church. When the Rectory was completed in 1908, St. John's, Albion, had been created a parish, and he was its first resident pastor. His successor, in 1914, was Very Reverend Joseph Longo, D.D., J.U.D., who remained one year. From 1915 to 1918—the war years—Albion was once again a mission of Toronto Gore, and St. John's was

attended by Father Maurice Wilson, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Wildfield. From 1918 on it has remained a parish.

During the past forty-two years there have been eight pastors of St. John's Church Albion—Right Reverend John M. O'Connor, D.P., Reverend William Fraser, Reverend Ambrose J. O'Brien, Reverend Gerald J. Culliton, Reverend Edmond J. Ryan, Reverend Michael J. Barrak, Reverend Harold N. Carey, and the present pastor, Reverend Vincent L. Baker, who was appointed June 16th, 1945.

To sum up, we cannot do better than quote words written at the time of St. John's Golden Jubilee by Father John Bernard O'Reilly, a great grandson of the Reverend Eugene O'Reilly, who entered the priesthood after the death of his young wife, and ministered to the faithful in Albion from 1837 to 1860, "Standing at this milestone of time one cannot fail to realize that the history of St. John's Parish, Albion, is a record of heroic example and fine achievement. Under the Providence of God the Founding Fathers of this parish have granted to this and future generations an inheritance of surpassing value."

And now another Roman Catholic mission church is coming into being in Albion—the Church of the Holy Family. An enthusiastic, hard-working group—like the Dwyers, the Sullivans, the Finnertys, the Wallaces, and others, of an earlier day—are gathering for mass in the Rotary Room of the Municipal Hall at Bolton. The nucleus of a new parish is being served by clergy from St. Patrick's Church, Wildfield, and by the Basilian Order from the Michael Power School in Toronto. Already, available accommodation in the Municipal Hall is overtaxed, and a proper church building is planned for the near future.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Most of the pioneers of Albion, be they Protestants or Catholics, had a simple faith in the goodness of Almighty God, and no sooner were they settled in their log shanties than their thoughts turned to establishing a meeting place for worship. Before they had time to build their first little log churches congregations gathered on a sunny

hillside, or in the shade of a wide-spread maple tree, or in a new barn in bad weather. On Sunday mornings parents and children, and old folks too, walked with eager step through the narrow bush trails, some of them carrying their precious leather shoes in their hands to save them from wear, until they came in sight of the meeting place.

The Reverend Adam Elliot, a dedicated man if ever there was one, was the first to bring Church of England services to Albion. In the early eighteen-thirties he was appointed by John Strachan, then Archdeacon of York, as travelling missionary for the Home District, of which Albion was a part. Although John Strachan described him in a letter as "a man of delicate constitution," nevertheless one bitterly cold morning in February Adam Elliot packed his saddlebags with vestments and communion service, along with clothing and food for the journey, and set out from York on horseback through the deep snow to minister to the spiritually-starved members of his Church in Albion, Caledon, Chinguacousy and Toronto Gore. Throughout his mission in Albion, when hundreds from all over the Township gathered to hear him, he was an honored guest at the home of United Empire Loyalist Parshall Terry Junior on lot 1, Concession 1, at Tullamore, and that of his brother Timothy on lot 10, Concession 1, at Sand Hill. In that early day of settlement Adam Elliot found ninety Church of England families living within five or six miles of Timothy's homestead. In Bolton close to one hundred and fifty people crowded the threshing floor of Samuel Boyce Sterne's barn for the first Church of England service to be held in that area. Later they were conducted in the bigger, but equally crowded barn belonging to Samuel's son, William, who kept the Railroad Hotel.

Some time before Adam Elliot came to Albion, one Robert Lougheed sought out Archdeacon John Strachan in York to ask for assistance in building a church in the Township, and providing a minister. In a letter dated April 26th 1830, the Archdeacon did advise the Honorable Peter Robinson, Commissioner of Crown Lands, that "the people of Albion are desirous of building a church," and,

"so that they may take possession & commence the Building," he asked the Commissioner to "mark lot 6, Concession 2, Albion, a glebe lot," a glebe lot being "land belonging to a parish church or assigned to a minister as his pay." However, nothing further was done toward building a church in Albion at that time.

Throughout most of his missionary travels in the Home District, of which Albion was only a small part, Adam Elliot enjoyed the companionship of young Thomas Clark Junior, whose family still occupy the original Clark homestead on lot 15, Concession 11, Toronto Gore. In 1828 Thomas, who was not much more than a youth, had been sent out by his father to Canada from Crambie Parish, Yorkshire, to locate a home for the family before they, themselves, emigrated. Finding his way to Toronto Gore, Thomas, who had been a devout member of the Church of England from childhood, spent the last three of the years which elapsed before his family joined him in travelling on horseback all over the Home District, doing what he could to ease the lot of his Church's overburdened itinerant missionary. In his zeal for the Church, and in his devotion to Adam Elliot, the lad, had, however, neglected the little matter of locating a home for his parents and numerous younger brothers and sisters, and for a time after their arrival in Toronto Gore they were forced to lead a not-too-pleasant pillar-to-post existence.

Adam Elliot's blessed mission to the Home District continued until early in 1835. When he had performed his last churchly duty he sent a final report to Archdeacon Strachan. In it he wrote, "Members of the Church of England are the most neglected and destitute denomination of Christians in this flourishing country. I dread to think of the price the Church will pay for this neglect." On his visits to the Indians in the Home District they had pleaded for their beloved missionary to remain with them. He did return to them, and lived out a long life in their midst. The Reverend Adam Elliot died in 1878 at Tuscarora, on the Grand River Reserve.

For nearly three years no travelling missionary was assigned to succeed Adam Elliot in the Home District, although the Reverend Henry Hugh O'Neil did come up

from York, and manfully tried to fill the breach in the time he could spare from other demanding duties at home. Finally, in 1837, the Reverend Featherstone Lake Osler was appointed to Tecumseth, Lloydtown and West Gwillimbury missions, embracing twenty townships, of which Albion was one. It was the year of the Mackenzie Rebellion, and in a letter to Archdeacon Strachan dated May 15th, 1838, the new travelling missionary to the Home District put the blame squarely where he believed it belonged, "From what I then witnessed I feel quite sure that, had there been a clergyman of the Church of England settled in each township, there would not have been a rebellion in Upper Canada."

It was Featherstone Lake Osler who fathered four such great sons as Sir William Osler, Professor of Medicine at Oxford University by royal grant; Sir Edmund Boyd Osler, Director of Canadian Pacific Railway and the Dominion Bank; Honorable Mr. Justice Featherstone Osler, President, Toronto General Trust Corporation, and Britton Bath Osler, Q.C., famous criminal lawyer. Their father, himself a great man, and a humble one as all great men are humble, was content, when nothing more seemly offered, to preach to Albion settlers in a barn with a barrel for a pulpit, and more often than not a calf tied up not far away, bleating its heart out for its mother. Like the Master he served, he found hallowed uses for a stable, and on one occasion he preached to a packed congregation from stall, while his horse champed away in the next. In Bolton Mills his first pulpit was an empty wheat bin. The old Featherstone Lake Osler diary tells the story,

"Thursday afternoon, June 14th, 1838. Left for Albion, Young Thomas Duke acting as guide, and by sunset we reached his father's house, a distance of fourteen miles. The first half we speedily passed over, the road being tolerably good, but the other seven miles occupied three and a half hours. Instead of road it might be justly termed seven miles of bog, through a dense wood clearing, and as is common in such places the mosquitos covered us and our horses. I received a cordial welcome from old Mr. Duke and his family, three sons and two daughters. Seven years since, owing to depression in trade, they had

left Ireland and come here to settle in the wilderness. God had blessed their effort, and though silver and gold they had none, yet they had abundance of the necessaries of life, and, more than that, the old man and two of his children knew the comfort of true religion. The fear of God governed the house. I was delighted to meet with such a family in such a place. After an interesting and I trust, profitable conversation, we closed the evening with reading the scriptures, exposition and prayer. I retired to bed but not to rest. The burning sensation caused by the bites of mosquitos kept me awake nearly the whole of the night.

Early in the morning we again mounted our horses and forced our way to Bolton Mills, about four miles farther. Here a granary in the mill was filled with seats. Whilst waiting for the people to assemble, many having to come a considerable distance, an old man named Pringle accosted me. After some conversation he said: "I was always brought up a member of the Church of England, and I hope to die a member of that church. Twenty years I have been in this country, and but four times during that period have I seen the face of a minister." The reflection that he was thus deprived of the means of grace seemed to overpower him, for he covered his face with both hands and turned away to conceal the tears which trickled down his furrowed cheeks. I told him that he still had his Bible and that God was to be found in the wilderness. "I know it, sir. I know it," he replied, "and I well know that being a member of the church will not save me, but we want a minister to guide and direct us. We want God's Word preached to us." I deeply felt for the old man, and indeed for the destitute of Canada, for hundreds, nay thousands like him mourn over the blessings of the Gospel they once enjoyed in their native land.

At eleven o'clock I preached to a crowded congregation on Christ crucified. The people were very attentive. Before the service I baptized fifteen children. They were very grateful for my visit, but very disappointed that I could not remain longer with them. I found there a lot of land set apart for a glebe, and many would willingly subscribe to the erection of a church. Should no one else

do it in the meantime, I think I shall endeavour, when my affairs are settled, to get something done there. After service, on taking some refreshment, I returned home. Reached my hut a little after dark, very wearied."

It was not only his spiritual ministrations that "wearied" the Reverend Featherstone Lake Osler. In addition to leading a singing school, and operating a lending library, he taught grown-ups and children to read and write. He pulled teeth, prescribed physic and bled patients. Indeed, his diary gives expression to the suspicion that sometimes he was called on more for medical than spiritual assistance. It tells of one occasion when he was sent for to minister to a very sick man. He did what he could to make the sufferer more comfortable, but when he learned that his "patient" was a Presbyterian, he asked, "Why did you not send for your own minister, Mr. Lewis?" Nay, nay," answered the sick Scot. "We wouldna risk him. Do you no ken it's a dangerous case of typhoid?"

In an effort to raise the cultural tone of the community, the Reverend Mr. Osler's wife, beautiful and brilliant, started a school for "young females," which met regularly in what had started out in life as a cowshed in the woods, but, with one small addition and numerous repairs, made a home for the Oslers until a rectory could be built. There they were instructed by their charming hostess in "reading, writing and religious principles, housewifery and neatness."

In the summer of 1840 John Strachan—now Bishop Strachan—set out to tour the diocese in his own state coach drawn by four matching horses, and with a coachman-valet on the box. In Bolton he found Albion's strongest congregation deeply disheartened because they had no church building and burying ground of their own. With the Bishop's blessing they again petitioned the Governor for a nearby Clergy Reserve lot, thus, "The Petitioners with the rest of the members of the Church of England and Ireland in Albion feel uneasy that they are so dealt with, concerning that it is your Excellency's power (owing to that Act being void) to give them liberty to go on with the erection of a Church and Parsonage house on said Lot, Oh: Governor may you be pleased to take our case into

consideration when we assemble for service, we are exposed to the inclemency of the weather, in winter to the open air and nipping frost, the dwelling house where we assemble, not being sufficient to accommodate us, and in summer to the scorching suns. We having got the promise of a Minister to reside amongst us and expecting him in October (next) we dread that he will be forced to go from us, when he comes, if we have not a residence prepared for him, Oh: Governor please help by allowing us to proceed with the building if in your power.

"We are not mushroom Loyalists; of the day: when during the time of Sir. F. B. Head, the rebel army was about Toronto, headed by Mackenzie, we were not backward to hazard our lives in defence of our constitution and to throw succor into the city."

Signatories to this historic petition were, William Duke, Richard Shore, Edmund Bradley, James Lougheed, William Switzer, David Lougheed, John Duke, Fleming Shaw, Samuel B. Sterne, Bolton Switzer, John Shore, John Bradley, William Parker, James Wilson, Thomas Langtree, William Erwin, Little Erwin, Robert Johnston, John Johnson, Abraham Taylor, William Taylor, Henry Taylor, Richard Bradley, Robert Lougheed, Warren Lougheed, John Hannah, Henry H. Gowan, John Clarke, John Wray and William Devling.

Featherstone Lake Osler's diary tells of a church service held in Bolton a year later. William Sterne's barn, where members of the Church of England sometimes assembled was so crowded no one inside could move. A wide area around the entrance, where the door had been taken off its hinges, was also packed solid. As many as could retain a foothold climbed from the outside into the loft where planks had been taken up, and crouched there in precarious rows, within sound and sight of the preacher, and in imminent danger of falling at his feet. Mr. Osler recorded that nothwithstanding the crowding and the discomfort, he had never preached to a more reverent and orderly congregation. They reiterated to him their willingness to pledge fifty pounds a year and a rectory for a resident clergyman, and subscriptions of money were thrust on him from all sides. But it was not until 1845

that their dream of a church and a minister of their own came true.

Featherstone Lake Osler's mission came to an end in 1843, when he left for England to take his Master of Arts degree. More than a hundred sleigh loads of men, women and children gathered on that snowy March day to wish him well and shower him with gifts. But he left his church people in Albion in good hands. Henry Bath Osler, his newly ordained young brother succeeded him, and quickly made his way deep into all their hearts. They were about to build their church, but somehow they found ninety-five dollars—a princely sum—to buy their young minister a fine horse of his own choosing. Perhaps they remembered the story his older brother liked to tell of accosting a man on the road one day who was fresh out from Ireland. They fell into conversation, and in answer to the stranger's query about his calling in life, the clergyman said, "I'm a follower of the Lord." The Irishman gave one look at Osler's drooping old horse and slapped his sides in mirth. "Begorrah," he said, "Ye'll niver ketch up wi' Him on that nag."

It was in the fall of 1843 when Bishop John Strachan made another tour of his Diocese, still in his ponderous coach and four. When he arrived at the Howard Clark farm in Toronto Gore to hold a Confirmation, everything was in readiness. A brand new log barn was to be used for the confirmation of "six Clarks, three Blands, two Greens, two Kerfords and eight others," and what matter if all the chinking between the logs had not been done. The weather was fine, and it was too early for snow. However, a great blowing snow storm did develop, and His unhappy Lordship was deluged before quilts could be gathered up and nailed to the walls.

In 1845 a mud brick church was erected high on the hill at the north end of the village of Bolton. The old burying ground which surrounded it is still there, but the graves, with their crumbling and fallen stones, are covered deep in the dark, shiny green of leaves closely akin to myrtle. To this church came the Reverend Henry Bath Osler—later Canon Osler—riding horseback along a narrow trail through the woods to hold bi-weekly services,

alternating with Lloydtown, where a mud brick church had also been built. At first a rather decrepid barrel served as a pulpit and reading desk. The young Osler, who, like his older brother, always saw the funny side, recorded, "At one service the top caved in and the Bible fell into the barrel. I had to fish it out to continue the service." No doubt he could have added, with truth, that it was his vigorous pounding to drive home a point that brought about the contretemps.

The crude mud brick church was replaced with a frame building in 1848. In the eighteen-seventies the present Christ Church was built in the heart of Bolton.

Land for the first little church high on the hill was donated by James and Ellen Bolton and Samuel and Ann Sterne. Each couple contributed one acre and twenty perches from their adjoining properties. Another important transfer of land to the Church took place a little earlier. In 1842, "for a consideration of five shillings," one Benjamin Thorne, of Thornhill, gave to the Reverend H. B. Osler in trust for Christ Church one hundred acres, being the west half of lot 7, Concession 7, "for a glebe or endowment appurtenant to the parish or rectory about to be established at Bolton Mills." This land, with the exception of a lot 200 by 500 feet, was sold in 1955, but it is still known to everyone as "the Church Farm."

In 1851 Canon Osler witnessed a deed which brought still another gift of land to the Church. In the hope—which never materialized—that a church would be erected there, Thomas Millburn, whose sons later made millions through the sale of their famous patent medicine, Burdoch Blood Bitters, donated two acres from his lot 24, Concession 2, for religious purposes.

Riding out from Lloydtown and Bolton, Henry Bath Osler laid the foundations for two more churches in Albion. His mission at Rolly's school house on the Ridges every second Friday marked the beginning of St. Alban's, Palgrave. In 1851 a congregation in the Kee schoolhouse at Sand Hill raised £52 in two years toward building St. Mark's Church.

Coming to more modern times, when Christ Church, Bolton, was redecorated a few years ago, something hap-

pened which still brings broad smiles to the faces of those who participated in the comedy. When the reading desk was moved an old, tattered piece of paper was brought to light. Everyone pounced on it, sure that it was a priceless, historic document hidden all these years. On it was scrawled, "Very long, hot dry summer. Very long hot dry sermon."

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, CALEDON EAST

The little log church which housed the first congregation of what is now St. James' Anglican Church, Caledon East, was built in 1843 by a neighborhood bee, from logs furnished by James Wilson, the son of William "English" Wilson. The location is conceded to be lot 20, Concession 2, because it was there, on October 28th, 1844, the Reverend George S. J. Hill, who was ministering at that time around the western borders of Albion, was credited with presenting fifty-one candidates for confirmation. It was called, simply, Albion Church, because the village of Caledon East was as yet non-existent.

There was a considerable settlement of Church of England people in the area, and in 1848, finding the log church too small, the congregation built a roomier frame church and surrounded it with a burying ground. The land—on the south-east corner of the Second Line and Twenty Side Road—was given by William Matthews, and it was his son-in-law, Abel Scott, who, for twenty years before the installation of an organ in 1873, led the singing with his own powerful bass voice, and a sounding fork to "raise the tune."

Remembered fondly by oldtimers in Caledon East as "Old St. James'," the church is described in its early records as housing "a congregation of the United Church of England and Ireland." Old records also tell us that pew rents were instituted on April 29th, 1865. Rent for a full pew was $7.00 per annum. Half a pew cost $3.50 while a single seat could be had for $1.25. At that time a gallon of communion wine cost seventy-five cents, and for a full cord of wood church officials were charged one dollar. One wonders if assessing new pew rents had a depressing effect on Sunday givings, because on June 4th, 1867, the

offeratory was recorded as a meagre $1.20.

In 1901 St. James' Church "moved into town." The old frame, roughcasted building was torn down, and its sturdy beams were sold, and went into the building of the Mond's barn on the 5th Line, Caledon. The present church, a beautiful example of early Gothic architecture, was built by Mr. J. M. Proctor of Caledon East. The rectory adjacent was erected at a later date, and both it and the church have been consecrated, which means that both are free of debt. To celebrate the opening of the new church a mammoth oyster supper was followed by a concert in Hanton's Hall in Caledon East, and there are old-timers who still chuckle when they recall that so great was the crowd assembled, Canon Walsh, who was slated to preside, had to climb through a window to get into the hall.

While "Old St. James'" was removed from the original site on the Second Line and Twenty Sideroad, the historic burial ground still had its faithful guardian in the person of Billy Matthews, the sexton. Grandson of the William Matthews who gave the land, Billy maintained a strict family proprietorship over everything pertaining to the church, and particularly to the graveyard. During the incumbency of the Reverend George Gandier around 1906 a Presbyterian minister had been asked by the family of the deceased to officiate at a burial in St. James' Cemetery. The incumbent was agreeable, but not so Billy Matthews. He stood at the gate with a club and dared the Presbyterian minister to enter. The unhappy man had no choice but to remain at the side of the road, and in a loud voice, officiate from there.

Old family names recorded on stones in St. James' Cemetery are still full of meaning around Caledon East—James Donaghy, Joseph Donaghy, John and George Goodeve, Eliza Walker, Brown Mills, John and James Evans, Thomas Judge, Henry Pearen, Henry McKee, Thomas Little, Richard Dowdle, Macenaneys, Thomas Millburn, William Lindsay, John and Robert Watson, John Bible, George Bracken, Elisha Tarbox, Thomas Evans, James Wilson, William Hanna and Thomas H. Hanna, his son; William Bracken, Timothy Wilson, Robert Thomas Mof-

fatt, Richard John Evans, John James Quigley, Beamishes, William Hutchison, William Matthews, Isaac and Abraham Walton.

PRESBYTERIAN

Along with a few others who sorely missed their church in the homeland, two Albion settlers whose families were next-door-neighbors on the Fifth Concession for long over a century formed the nucleus of the first Presbyterian congregation in the Township. They were Irish-born John Caldwell and James Goodfellow, a Scot. The story of the coming into Albion of these first Presbyterians is well worth the telling.

In 1818 a young clock and watchmaker, John Coldwell, of Goshen, County Tyrone, Ireland, bade a reluctant goodbye to his wife Catherine and their three-year-old son Charles, before setting sail for Canada to establish for himself and them a better home. On reaching York he enquired at once for the Land Office. Government Surveyors had barely begun their work in Albion, but a preliminary map revealed that lots 1, 3 and 4, Concession Five, would be available for purchase. That the map indicated—erroneously it turned out—that he would have no neighbors closer than Yonge Street on the east and Port Credit on the west, did not deter the land-hungry young man from following the surveyors step by step into the Township in search of the lots. After looking over the terrain as best he could, he returned to York to complete the purchase, two hundred acres for himself and two hundred each for his brothers, Charles and William, still in Ireland. He would, of course, have preferred continuity in the three lots, but on the surveyors' map lot 2 was designated "Clergy Reserve."

The young Irishman, whose sensitive hands were more skilled in manipulating the delicate mechanisms of watches and clocks, than in felling trees and rolling and lifting logs into position, built a shanty for himself on lot 1, in which to spend his long, lonely first winter in Albion. That it was indeed a lonely winter is evidenced by a piece of parchment paper which has come down through five generations of the Caldwell family. Sitting in his win-

dowless cabin under the pale light of a bit of homemade tallow candle, to while away a seemingly never-ending evening, he had drawn a map of Ireland from memory, and had written all over it such nostalgic phrases as, "Oh, Happy, Happy Ireland" — "Ireland Forever" — "Blessed, Beautiful Emerald Isle."

The following summer John's brothers joined him, and he turned over to them lots 1 and 3. On his own lot 4 he built a roomy log house in happy anticipation of the arrival of his little family. His first shanty on lot 1, Concession 5, built meticulously, albeit with inexperienced hands, has withstood the buffeting of a hundred and forty winters, and is a "shanty" no longer. Additions and renovations transformed it into a comfortable attractive home util recently, when the land on which it stood was sold for development purposes.

That same year—1820—John Caldwell was re-united with his beloved Catherine and the little boy, Charles. The time of their arrival in York was, at best, uncertain, but when the two weary travellers, by prearrangement, found their way to the home of friends, a letter from John awaited Catherine. Preserved all these years, it tells its own moving story,

"Dear Catherine,

If the Lord shall permit you to arrive safe at Mr. Baldwin's in York, and you expect to meet there with Brother Charles, he has gone with William and me to his land, but this will direct you how to behave. There is a Mr. William Orr, brother to Captain Orr, who lives four miles out of York up Yonge Street. Enquire for him and he will treat you with every kindness and send me word. May the Lord send you safe which is the constant prayer of your husband, John Caldwell."

The letter was folded and addressed on the back, "Mrs. John Caldwell, now of Albion. Care of John Baldwin, Esq., York."

The settling of the Goodfellow family on two hundred acres immediately north of the Caldwells, almost coincided with Catherine's arrival in Albion. James Goodfellow, with his wife Margaret, and six small bairns, came from Roxborough, Scotland. From York they headed north

on Yonge Street to Hogg's Hollow, intending to settle there, but the promise of rolling hills and sweet springs and streams in Albion lured them farther north. The Canada Company had already acquired thousands of acres of land in the Township, and from them James Goodfellow purchased two hundred acres, being lot 5, Concession 5.

A brother of James Goodfellow accompanied the family across the ocean from Scotland, but he elected to settle in Glengarry, Renfrew County. A descendant of his is the Honorable William Goodfellow, Ontario's Minister of Agriculture at this time of writing. A marked family resemblance still exists between the two branches of the Goodfellow clan, although they are but cousins several times removed.

To jump ahead of our story, the present-day Goodfellows like nothing better than to re-tell the tales handed down from early days of adventures the first Goodfellows encountered. The second son, William, married young, and moved east to Laskay. When the family set out to visit him on a Sunday there was always a large party, and nearly always a toddler in the group. They took turns riding their one horse through a narrow, blazed trail in the woods, and when they reached the banks of the Humber, everybody, including the horse, swam across, while the youngest also "swam" gaily, high on his father's shoulders. At that time the river was teeming with salmon, and on their way back, if it were spawning time, all the Goodfellows had to do to enjoy a fine twenty-pounder for next day's dinner was to throw it out on the bank with their hands.

Of the first Presbyterian congregation in Albion it has been written, "In order to obey the scriptural injunction to 'forsake not the assembling of yourselves together', they met in one another's homes when the weather did not permit of their meeting in some glen or on some hillside beneath the spreading boughs of a maple. There, with the heavens above them, and with the trunks of fallen trees for seats, they met for prayer and praise." Later they gathered in the new schoolhouse built on a site donated by the Caldwells from their farm. Records also show that a new barn on the Goodfellow farm was used when a

larger than usual congregation was expected, such as the induction of an early pastor. In 1838 and 1839 the Reverend Doctor James Cairns led the first flock, and it may have been he for whom this induction service was held.

Up to the year 1850 the Reverend Doctor David Coutts visited Albion along with other "preaching places." He was a medical doctor as well as a Presbyterian minister, and that he and his wife suffered many cruel hardships in the Canadian wilderness is borne out by this well authenticated recorded story, "While waiting for the manse to be ready for occupancy, Doctor Coutts, and his refined wife who came from a home in Scotland where servants waited on her every need, were obliged to find shelter in an unused house which was so far from being comfortable as on one occasion to cause Mrs. Coutts' hands to become frozen."

In 1856 Albion Presbyterian Church was erected on a site secured from James Goodfellow the deed bearing the names of Adam Goodfellow, Charles Caldwell, William Rogers, John Watson and John Dalziel in trust for the congregation. Labor and material were freely given by such pioneer families as the Goodfellows, Caldwells, Rogers, Dicks, Mitchells, Foresters, Munsies, Blairs, MacDougalls, Allans and Smarts. For one hundred years from that time the Church was never without a Caldwell and a Goodfellow working together in important official positions, until, in December, 1955, Charles Caldwell, the last of the direct male line in Albion, died at the old homestead on lot 5, Concession 5, to which the first John Caldwell had welcomed his Catherine back in 1820.

In the light of present day emoluments, minutes kept by early church officials are intriguing. They read "The minister shall be paid at the rate of one pound per sermon." Not bad, we say, if ministers were only expected to deliver sermons. "That Thomas Rogers receive the sum of three dollars for lighting the fires for a year." "That the woman receive four dollars for cleaning the church during the year."

In 1875 the congregation built a fine brick church in Bolton and renamed it Caven Presbyterian Church in honor of the Principal of Knox College. The building com-

mittee for the new church included James Munsie, William Dick, George Smith, Wyatt Jaffary and James Dalziel. When fifty years later, Caven Presbyterian Church held its Golden Jubilee, a meaningful link with the past was the Bible used in the services. Old, and worn from much reading, with scriptural messages underlined on nearly every well-thumbed page, it was the Bible the Reverend Doctor David Coutts carried with him on his visits to Albion and other "preaching places" back in the day when things were so hard his wife's hands became frozen right in their home.

When the new church was opened in Bolton the old Albion Presbyterian Church building was moved across the road from the Goodfellow homestead, and is now the attractive home of Howard Codlin and family. "This house will never fall down," carpenters declared when, in making alterations and renovations, they undertook to saw through its sturdy timbers. Although interments have taken place there for years, the burial ground which surrounded the first church still remains, a quiet resting place for Caldwells and Goodfellows and others who served the Church in that early day.

Approval of the church's removal from the Goodfellow homestead to Bolton in 1875 was far from unanimous; indeed a number of long-time members expressed strong disapproval by severing their connection. A minute in the church books dated two years after the opening, which reads, "That the propriety of introducing an organ to lead the singing of the congregation be hereby deferred till some time in the the future," would indicate that the approval of that move was "far from unanimous" also and that some of the congregation were well satisfied to continue the practice followed in the old church. There a precentor such as melodious-voiced James Spence took his stand upon a platform in front of the high pulpit, and, with the aid of a tuning fork, "raised the tune." However, dissenters seem to have had a change of heart, because a year later a minute which would appear to be a masterpiece of diplomacy, reads, "That the committee of management borrow an organ and that it be used in the congregation a short time, and after the matter has been

tested, the congregation shall then be asked to vote whether they shall use an organ in leading the psalmody or not."

The year 1925 was a time of prayerful soul-searching for the congregation of Caven Church. In that year the Methodist, Congregational and part of the Presbyterian Church in Canada came together to form the United Church of Canada. If a Presbyterian congregation voted to remain Presbyterian that congregation was entitled to do so and to retain its church property. In Bolton a majority of the members of Caven Presbyterian Church elected to continue as they had been. "They look back" their pastor recorded at the time "and think of the sacrifice and the heroic devotion of their Presbyterian forefathers, and turn to the future from that past, and feel they will best honor it by retaining its form of worship and church government as well as its doctrinal standards."

EARLY METHODISM IN ALBION

For over half a century Methodism in Upper Canada was divided into four groups, the Methodist Episcopal Church emanating from the United States; the Primitive Methodist Church; the Bible Christian Church and the British Wesleyans. The Methodist Episcopal and British Wesleyans united in 1833 and were called the Wesleyan Church, but the move did not meet with full favor. That same year the very considerable Methodist Episcopal minority reorganized. In 1844 all four groups wisely united in one body, known simply as the Methodist Church, and small differences were soon forgotten.

Before coming together as one, however, the line of demarcation was sharply drawn. Right across Albion, from Caledon East to the Ridges, Primitive Methodist couples on a Sunday morning would pass by a Wesleyan Methodist meeting house to trudge five or six miles to a Primitive Methodist Chapel, often with a string of weary children trailing behind. And, of course, vice-versa! Oldtimers in Caledon East like to re-tell the story to them by their parents of the first John Fleetham, the founder of the old Caledon East family, setting out twice on Sundays from his home beside the Primitive Methodist Church to climb close to three miles of steep hills—much steeper

than they are today—to Brown's Wesleyan Church north of the Cemetery. And he held the reluctant hand of his three-year-old son, John, all the way.

Wesleyan Methodist circuit riders first found their precarious way into Albion in the later eighteen-twenties, travelling through miles of forest, jumping their horses over great fallen trees, and plunging them head on into deep mud holes and bridgeless streams. One such intrepid minister of the gospel left on record a vivid word picture of travel in that pioneer day. He wrote, "For our weary horses there were neither roads nor feed. A pocket compass to guide us through forests of four to ten miles without a house, and a hatchet to fell trees for crossing the rivers, were part of our necessary outfit. But everywhere we were received kindly. To see the people coming from every direction with flaming torches to greet us, was a sight to thrill our hearts."

Albion at that early date was part of the York circuit, an area of three hundred miles, with thirty "preaching places," which included the settlements of Macville and Sand Hill, but seemed not to extend as far as Bolton. A young Wesleyan missionary, Kenneth Smith, writing to his superior in 1829, described open air meetings in Albion at which the congregation gathered about huge log fires to listen to his words, finding their way through the bush to the place of meeting by the light of torches. By 1830 congregations—known at that time as "classes"— were firmly founded at both Macville and Sand Hill. Although there was no church proper the homes of the Newloves and the McDougalls were always open for meetings, and in later years a small frame schoolhouse, the forerunner of School Section No. 5, served also as a place for Sunday worship. Here William Hull taught for twenty years, having as many as fifty pupils in his classes during the winter months. On Sundays he returned to the schoolhouse as lay preacher. Many years later William Hull's distinguished grandson, the Reverend Hiram Hull, held the office of President of Toronto Conference. He often recalled, with a rather rueful smile, that when he was still a small lad but already bursting with religious fervor, his school-teacher, lay-preacher grandfather decreed that he

was "too young to be counted a true Methodist," and turned down the boy's request that his name be entered in the records as such.

Wesleyan Methodism prospered in both Macville and Sand Hill. The present church was erected in 1867 at Macville. A log meeting-house was built about 1837 in Sand Hill. It was destroyed by fire, and replaced by a brick church in 1843.

The story of Primitive Methodism in Albion is bound up inextricably with the story of Isaac Wilson and his wife, Jane Woodill. Isaac, the son of William Wilson and Jane Pickering, was born in Yorkshire in 1825, and emigrated to Albion with his parents when he was a very small boy. William and Jane were devout members of the Church of England, and from boyhood religion had been Isaac's chief interest. Disappointed because visits of Church of England clergy were so rare in Albion, the fifteen-year-old lad walked twelve miles every Sunday to a Primitive Methodist "preaching place." The result was that not only did he throw in his lot with the Primitive Methodists, but an itinerant preacher who accompanied him home one Sunday also converted his Church of England mother, Jane Pickering, to Methodism.

At the age of seventeen Isaac Wilson was an accredited lay preacher. Two thirds of all the preaching in the Primitive Methodist Church was done by lay people, and young Isaac had more than his share. For some years a strange but thoroughly amicable situation prevailed in the Wilson home. William Wilson—known to everyone as "English" Wilson—and his son, James busied themselves establishing Church of England missions in the Township, and Isaac, encouraged by his mother, was equally assiduous building little meeting houses, and setting up Primitive Methodist "preaching places"!

Isaac married Jane Woodill, daughter of Robert Woodill, a "class"— or congregation—leader in the nearby settlement of Woodhill. Jane herself was a popular local preacher. She thought nothing of riding thirty miles in the saddle and preaching two or three times on a Sunday, and always there were crowds gathered to hear her. Her horse, Toby, during his lifetime carried his mistress thou-

sands of miles to Primitive Methodist preaching places, one of them the People's Church in Toronto. In 1848 a great revival was held in the kitchen of the Isaac Wilsons' farm home on lot 2, Concession 2, Albion. A large number of converts were brought into the Church, and the need for roomier quarters led to the building of a log church on the homestead, a forerunner of the present Salem United Church.

It was from Salem Church the first Primitive Methodist ministers came into Caledon East in 1863 to preach in the Court House and later in the Orange Hall. In 1880 a small rough-cast Primitive Methodist Church was built "by Andrew Noble of Bolton on a site given by the Misses Greig," so old records say. This building, bricked, and enlarged and renovated several times through the years, is now Caledon East United Church. When the Primitive and Wesleyan branches of the Church united in 1884, families from Brown's Wesleyan Methodist Church found a welcome in Caledon East Church. Among them were the Lindsays, the McKinleys and the Fleethams, all of whom have given descendants to the ministry. The Reverend Olivia Lindsay served over thirty years as a Missionary in Japan; Captain Stanley McKinley is with the Salvation Army in Toronto, and the Reverend Thomas Fleetham is a United Church minister at Greenwood, Ont.

In the early days Primitive Methodists in Albion were often dubbed, somewhat jocularly, "Camp-Meeting Methodists" because of their preoccupation with that down-to-earth form of service. An old letter dated August 4th, 1853 describes in stilted but enlightening fashion, such an old-time camp meeting:

"On Wednesday, June 22nd, we commenced holding our general camp-meeting. The place selected was a lovely spot in the woods. Here a number of our warm-hearted friends had assembled a day or two before to erect the tents. There was a large square enclosed and well-seated. In front was the preacher's stand and tent, and on each side the tents of our friends. At each corner of the area a high stone was erected, on which was placed a quantity of pitch pine. When the fire was applied to it in the dusk of the evening, it produced a most brilliant light

in our lovely leafy temple.

"All our dear friends around took a lively interest in the work. They gave their time, their talents and substance freely on the occasion to make the season interesting. It was a faint picture of the early Christians at Jerusalem where they had all things common. The services were of a delightful character. In the morning at six o'clock I rang what served as a bell, calling the friends to prepare for breakfast. At eight the sound was given for family prayer in the several tents, and it was pleasant to hear the Scriptures read, hymns sung, and prayer offered in all the tents at the same time. It seemed like a little worshipping village. At ten, at two, and again at seven the sound was given for public worship, and then at ten the sound was given for all to retire to their tents. Some of the friends were so happy that they would sing and pray a goodly portion of the night. In the morning we were awakened by the birds warbling their Maker's praise in the trees over our heads.

"On Sunday we had a great concourse of people, and good order was observed. In the morning nearly two hundred persons came forward to partake of the memorials of the Saviour's death. The scene was a moving one. We could have wished that the lovers of the missionary cause in our native land could have witnessed us thus worshipping in the woods of Canada. A number of conversions were the fruits of the meetings; but as heavy rain fell on the Sabbath evening many were scattered to their own homes before we could collect their names. On Monday, about noon, we broke up the meeting in consequence of the weather being wet, when we marched round the camp-ground singing, the hymn beginning,

'Now here's my heart, and here's my hand
To meet you in the heavenly land.'

Then we took what is called the parting hand, singing,

'Farewell brethren, farewell sisters.'

"There was much weeping. We thought some of us will never meet again until we meet in heaven. We believe this is the first regular and efficient camp-meeting held in Canada, at which our people dwelt in the bush by day and night. It was to us a happy week. We could

truly say, it was good to be there."

Field meetings ranked next to camp meetings in popularity on the Primitive Methodist Albion Circuit around the eighteen-fifties. A farm wagon holding a few chairs for the preachers served as a platform, and the congregation sat on improvised benches fashioned of logs rolled into rows, with planks on top. One such meeting, at which six hundred people gathered in Squier's farm field, sparked a movement to build the Centreville Methodist meeting-house on part of the west half of lot 23, Concession 4. Then and there William Squier donated half an acre from his homestead for a church and a burying ground, to be held in trust by Isaac Wilson, George Steer, Simon Elliott, Robert Tyndall and James Squier. The completed church, a frame building, was opened November 26th, 1854, and sermons were preached morning and evening by Mrs. Isaac Wilson. Today all traces of this old church are gone, but the graves are still there, fenced against intrusion, their headstones bearing such pioneer names as Cheavins, Spinks, Clarridge, Grant, Squier, Wray, Agar and Kennedy.

In 1859 Tremaine's Map of Peel County recorded well over a dozen Primitive and Wesleyan meeting-houses dotted all over the Township. While the little log structures have disappeared, some of the burying grounds remain to mark their location. Around Castlederg there were three churches within a narrow radius—on Charles Noble's farm, lot 15, Concession 8, and on James and John Monkman's homesteads, lots 17 and 18, Concession 8.

One of the first log churches in Albion was that built on Mount Pleasant, the home of William Roadhouse high in the ridges. As early as December 10th, 1845, we find William Roadhouse Jr. writing to the Christian Guardian, "We have a Sunday School in our neighborhood which has been in operation three summers, and which promises fair for usefulness . . . We number at present about twenty teachers and one hundred and twelve scholars."

Wesleyan Methodism seemed not to have hit its stride around Bolton until after 1850. In that year one James C. Slater wrote to the Christian Guardian, "Methodism has long been in a languishing state here, and we have no

chapel . . . Even now there is a shaking among the dry bones and the number of members meeting in the town hall during the last few months has been doubled." In 1852 the first Wesleyan Chapel was opened in Bolton, and given the name "Zion." The Christian Guardian had this to say, "The building is neat and plain, built of plank and roughcast on the outside. Notwithstanding the excessive badness of the roads, the Chapel was crowded. The amount of the collection was nine pounds—pretty well for a small village."

Dating from the building of Zion Chapel, Wesleyan Methodism progressed rapidly in Bolton. In October of 1876 the present fine Wesleyan Church was opened—at that time Wesley Methodist Church, and now Wesley United Church. The building cost $6,000, and after the collections of the day were tallied, the church was announced free from debt.

Many of the surnames of that first "Bolton Class," meeting in the newly opened Wesley Methodist Church eighty-five years ago are still family names on present congregational rolls of Wesley United Church. They were, Isaac Walton, Leader; Mrs. I. Walton, Annie Wolfe, Alice Hardwick, Matthew Hardwick, Isaac Kerr, John I. Bell, Mrs. John I. Bell, Jennie Bell, Mrs. Burns, James Burns, William Lang, Annie Lang, John Plummer, Mrs. J. P. Plummer, Henry Harper, Samuel Stewart, Mrs. Johnston, Ellen Hoath, Albert Dodds, Mrs. A. Dodds, Sarah Watson, Martha Tindale, Annie Tindale, Alice Harper, Walter Taylor, Mrs. W. Taylor, Miss Katherine Taylor, James Wolfe, Mr. Wakely, Mrs. Wakely, Sarah McDonell, Hannah Gardhouse, William Webber, Joseph Atkinson, Sophia Atkinson, Sarah Brown, J. Burns, Margaret Bailey, Edward Ward, Elizabeth Carter, O. Blanshard, James Murch, John Armstead, Thirsa Wakely, Sarah Hardwick, W. J. Downey, Sarah Beamish, Mrs. A. Fox, Prudence Fox, Charles Harper, Billie White, Miss Barber, Jerrie Egan, Charles White, Mrs. Rutherford, James Harper, Mrs. Gardhouse, Joseph Watson, Mrs. J. Watson, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Lackie, Mrs. Hilliard, Mr. Hilliard, Miss J. Hilliard (married W. R. Elliott).

Primitive Methodists and Congregationalists were still

going strong in the village when Wesley Methodist Church was built hence it was a venture undertaken by the Wesleyans alone. The frame chapel used by the Primitives was replaced by a large brick church in 1873, and Mrs. Isaac Wilson laid the cornerstone. The original chapel had been moved across the street to make room for the brick church, and is now the Orange Hall. The brick church, now Bolton's town hall, was sold to the village fathers when, in 1855, Primitives and Wesleyans united.

At one point in the history of Primitive Methodism in Bolton, a group who called themselves "Brethren" splintered off from the parent body under the guidance of a Primitive Methodist leader. This little band was the forerunner of the sizeable group meeting today in Bolton's Gospel Hall.

After 1885 Primitive Methodists were warmly welcomed into Wesley Methodist Church, and today Wesley United Church is the richer for having as one of its elders Wilson Thomas who is the grandson of those redoubtable leaders of early Primitive Methodism in Albion, Isaac Wilson and his wife, Jane Woodill.

CONGREGATIONAL

What seemed to have been the first church of any denomination in Bolton was erected by the Congregationalists in 1843. Built of mud brick, it stood on what had been part of the "Pexham" property on the north side of Queen Street. Later the "mud" church was taken down, and a fine frame building erected in its place. Its members from the earliest days included a goodly number of the prominent, well-to-do families in the village, such as the Warbricks, and some of the Boltons. Charles, eldest son of the first James Bolton, was a deacon for many years. He married Catherine Parker, and they, with their numerous progeny, could be found every Sunday filling their pew to overflowing. Charles' younger brother, Samuel, and Samuel's wife, Sophia Nunn, were also staunch members. Their eldest son Lambert's marriage to Marie Warbrick united even more closely the church's two leading families, and intensified, if that were possible, their engrossment in its welfare.

The story of the Congregationalists, as told by Samuel's youngest son, James H. Bolton, is chiefly the story of its much-loved pastor, the Reverend Joseph Wheeler, who was in charge of the Bolton Circuit, which included Macville. Mr. Bolton wrote,

"Mr. Wheeler was an exceptionally good man, though not so very brilliant as a pulpit orator, but he had the faculty of holding and interesting his hearers. His salary was donated by members and friends—a bag of flour, a side of pork and an occasional shilling—but it made little matter to him how much he got, for it was mostly given away to the needy of the district. The last dish of flour in the house or the last shilling from his pocket was given freely if he heard of anyone suffering for need of them.

His hobby was building pipe organs, and much of his spare time was devoted to that work, so when the new church building was ready for occupation he had a large organ ready to put together in it, and it was a splendid instrument of sweet tone and great volume.

Having come to the village in the early eighteen-forties to take charge of the Bolton Circuit, Mr. Wheeler often recalled that there was only one log shanty on King Street at that time, occupied by a Mr. Devlin, and standing squarely in the middle of what passed in those days for a road. The new leader of the Congregationalists was a man of many parts. He had been a blacksmith and a "carriage ironer" before experiencing a call to the ministry. Possessed of skilled, sensitive fingers, he delighted in cleaning and repairing his congregation's decrepid clocks. He composed beautiful music, and played it even more beautifully on his own organ. When he finally laid down his work in the Church, and devoted his last days to his clocks and his organs, he had saved for himself not a penny. But all the village joined with his congregation to shower him with gifts—a purse of seventy dollars—a bag of flour—a side of bacon—a quarter of beef—a cord of wood. And when he died they found in his house another pipe organ, almost finished.

When Church Union came in 1925—long after Mr. Wheeler's time—the Congregationalists allied themselves

whole heartedly with other denominations to form the United Church of Canada.

CHAPTER 25

VILLAGES

BOLTON

First a small grist mill was built, and a saw mill. Then, one by one, rough log buildings, identical except for size, sprang up to house a store, a cooperage where flour barrels were made, a blacksmith shop, a tavern, another store, a bootmaker's shop and a tailor shop—there were no readymades, not even boots in those days—a tannery, wagon shop, woollen mill and a distillery added to the grist mill to make use of inferior grain. Thus a village was born and proceeded to grow on the Humber River in the time of the pioneers.

Albion's first village, Bolton, owes its beginning to James Bolton, an Englishman from Norfolkshire,, who came into the Township in the spring of 1819 to join a half dozen settlers already snug in their log shanties in and around the area which was soon to be known as "Bolton Mills." James and his wife, Ellen, brought with them their young family, which included five sturdy boys, Charles, George, Henry, James and Samuel, ranging in age from fifteen to three. The youngest son, William, was born in Albion soon after the Bolton's arrival. All the sons, as they grew up, shared whole heartedly in promoting the welfare of the village bearing their name.

The family settled on lot 14, Concession 9, and James lost no time in carrying out settling duties and claiming his Crown Deed, one of the earliest granted in Albion. James' occupation in England had been that of a builder and carpenter, and it was he who erected the first gristing mills in Weston, the mills at Newmarket, Lloyd's Mills at Lloydtown, and Hughes' saw mill in Tecumseth, besides a number of buildings in and around York. When his bachelor nephew, George Bolton, arrived in Albion from

England with money to spend, James joined him in building on lot 9, Concession 7, the mill which gave the village its early name, "Bolton Mills."

Hailing for the most part from England, the first settlers around Bolton Mills brought with them as best they could, their beloved English gardens. Seeds from favorite flowers at home were tucked generously in odd corners of their settlers' effects in the holds of the sailing vessels, and it was not long before the small, crude log shanties were well-nigh buried in masses of colourful and fragrant English bloom. Thus Bolton became known from the earliest days for the beauty of its flower gardens, a reputation it still holds after a century or more. Every spring, on early settler John Godbolt's farm beside the Humber River near Bolton, the air was sweet with perfume from a grove of English lilacs extensive enough to merit mention in Tremayne's Map of the County of Peel, published over one hundred years ago. And the old Godbolt farm, now the property of barrister David McFall, of Toronto and Bolton, still boasts sweet-smelling English lilacs a-plenty.

In 1836 George Bolton opened the first store in the village in a small log building near what is now the south-east corner of King and Mill Sts. Groceries and other commodities were "sold" across the counter, but no money —or very little— changed hands. Produce from the farms was accepted in payment, and if the customer had nothing to offer in exchange for his "purchases," a year's credit was cheerfully given. A distillery was built soon after the store, and a tannery was started. In 1840 official figures supplied to the Government of Upper Canada indicated that there were fourteen log buildings in the village "with roofs on." Beside the distillery and the tannery, there were two stores, two blacksmiths, two shoemakers, one tailor and one small hotel kept by Thomas Rogers. From 1840 on marked progress was made both in population and in business enterprises. In 1843 George Bolton built for himself a fine, frame, rough-casted house. The first in the village, it stood out in startling contrast with the humble, honest little log homes surrounding it.

In the eighteen-forties and part of the eighteen-fifties, Bolton had the excitement of its first real estate boom.

A man named Prosser, a land surveyor who doubled as an architect, appeared on the scene, and was engaged to draw up a map of the village and the close-by settlements of Nunnville and Glasgow. All the vacant land was laid out in quarter and half-acre lots, with a high board fence defining each lot. An era of easy money was beginning. The Crimean War was being waged, and its heavy demands sent prices for everything soaring sky high. Everyone got the speculating fever, and lots in Bolton and Glasgow sold for fantastic sums—$175 and $200, and even as high as $350 for a quarter or half an acre for land in Albion more than one hundred years ago! The Crimean War ended in 1856, and Europe's cry for wheat and more wheat from Canada ceased soon after. Finally, the close of the Civil War in the United States in 1865 spelled "finis" to easy money even as far away from the scene of conflict as Bolton. The bottom fell out of the real estate boom with a sickening thud. As time went on only decrepid board fences surrounding still vacant quarter and half-acre lots provided mute evidence that there ever had been one.

Bolton boasted a population of four hundred in 1851. In that year it was officially but inadequately described as "a thriving little place containing a grist mill, carding and fulling mill, tannery and post office." The village was the hub of a widening circle of prosperous farms, and a more detailed report to officialdom would have told of Joseph Warbrick employing eight hands full time in his tannery to provide leather for four busy bootmakers and a saddler. The grist mill and the distillery required the services of two coopers to make barrels. Wagons and carriages, the only means of transportation at the time, were manufactured right in the village. There were three churches, and, of course, a school. Three hotels and three general stores did a thriving business, and the anvils from three blacksmith shops rang out a mighty chorus all day long. There were two doctors. Samuel Walford and Company, officially listed as "tallow chandlers," carried on a flourishing soap and candle factory. A pump maker, a furniture manufacturer, two tailors, two butchers and two bakers only partially rounded out the list.

Brick homes were starting to replace log houses all over the township, and in 1850 David Norton bought a brick making business from Matthew Grey, and turned it over to his son, Alsey. Of the Norton family James H. Bolton wrote,

"The Nortons were brick makers for several generations in England and Canada. When David Norton first came to Canada he worked in Toronto, and was specially selected as the workman to make the odd-shaped brick used in the construction of that wonderful edifice, St. James' Cathedral, in that city. He later moved to Vaughan Township, where he made the brick for practically all houses erected on the farms in the early days in the Nashville district. David Norton's sons were all brickmakers, John at Alliston, Dave at Woodbridge, Thomas and Jim at Mount Dennis, and George, the youngest, managed large plants in Cape Breton and at other points in the Maritimes. Mrs. Norton, their mother, spent her early years in Toronto, and was able to recount interesting events which took place during the stirring times of the Mackenzie rebellion."

From 1851 and 1857 the population of Bolton leaped to seven hundred. The number of stores had doubled, and there were four hostelries. Many more builders, carpenters and plasterers than were needed in the village found plenty of work all over the Township, where house building was still going on apace.

Elated with its growing population and expanding business, while the number of inhabitants in the Township as a whole was declining, Bolton severed its connection with Albion in 1872, and launched out on its own as a separate municipality. The village fathers had not been happy about the Township's scant attention to its increasing needs. "Now we can at least have some roads and sidewalks," they said. In January, 1873, the first election of municipal officers took place. For its first Reeve, Lambert Robert Bolton was the happy choice of the electors. A man "known for his industry and steady habits," he was the eldest son of Charles Bolton, and grandson of the first James. Possessed of a superior education, he had been Conveyancer in the Village, Commissioner for

taking affidavits, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, and Clerk of Albion Township. James Warbrick's daughter, Marie, was his wife. Lambert's colleagues on Bolton's first Council included W. Taylor, James Stork, J. Gardhouse and George Smith. The Treasurer was James Warbrick, and Samuel A. Walford was Clerk.

Following Lambert Bolton, Reeves and Acting Reeves who have guided the destinies of Bolton up to this time of writing include James Wolfe, Wyatt Jaffary, Bryan Dowling, Thomas Fisher, Alfred Doig, H. H. Bolton, A. D. Kennedy, J. K. McEwen, S. J. Snell, George Coates, J. F. Warbrick, David Pearcy, James Clarke, W. G. Beamish, James D. Goodfellow, Henry Black, O. M. Hodson, W. G. Dick, A. A. McFall, John Arnott, H. A. Rutherford, S. A. Egan, Alsey Norton, F. N. Leavens, E. A. Walshaw, D. B. Kennedy, Robert Smith, Floyd Henderson, P. W. McMurter, Cecil L. Gott, O. J. Hardwick, O. H. Downey, James C. Goodfellow, F. A. McCauley and Wilton E. Downey.

To go back to 1873, incorporation of the Village as a separate municipality accelerated even more the business tempo of Bolton. With his turnover doubling in volume from year to year, William Dick greatly enlarged the agricultural machinery plant started in 1869. Built two stories high, and occupying most of the west side of the block between David and Maria Streets, his foundry and machine shop turned out every kind of agricultural implement and machine large and small. It was not long before the Bolton Agricultural works ranged among the leading manufacturers in the County of Peel, with numerous agents fanning far out into the countryside booking orders for the latest in farm equipment. The plant was twice destroyed by fire, and twice rebuilt, each time on a larger scale. After William Dick's death his son, Thomson Dick, replaced the wooden structure with a fine brick building.

The Dodds Carriage Works, an enterprise which expanded into one of the largest carriage building factories for many miles around, was established in Bolton in 1873 by Albert Dodds. Emigrating from Ireland, his parents settled in the area as early as 1824. Young Albert learned every phase of carriage building in the Village of Kettleby

in King Township, and after launching out on his own in Bolton, it was no time before he was carrying home from Fall Fairs all over York and Peel Counties prizes and trophies awarded to him for the excellence of his product. A heavy demand developed for his wagons and buggies and carriages, and for the Dodds' specialty, the handsome, roomy, highly varnished, three-seater "democrats" which over-flowed with young people of all ages and sizes when the well-to-do Albion farmer and his wife set out in style to take the family to Church on Sunday morning, or to visit the neighbors on a fine summer evening.

Housed in a modest little building on King Street in Bolton, which had once been "Old-Man" Sheldrake's harness shop, an industry which placed many fine pieces of furniture into Albion farm homes was operated by Robert Alexander, a craftsman of the highest order. Before coming to the Village Mr. Alexander had made the famous Jacques and Hayes furniture in Toronto, with its ingrained signature which, to connoisseurs of fine furniture, promised perfection in design, material and workmanship. Robert Alexander's setting up shop in Bolton enabled Albion residents to acquire furniture of Jacques and Hayes quality at a fraction of the Jacques and Hayes price. A number of homes in the Township still boast these beautiful old pieces of furniture.

Bolton's inhabitants exceeded nine hundred in number in 1877, but the exodus of young men from rural districts to the cities, and more particularly to the fertile wheat fields of the Canadian prairies, began to take its toll. In 1881 the population had dropped by between two and three hundred. After that it fluctuated—now up, now down. That an encouraging level of business was maintained throughout these "ups and downs" is evidenced by a Bolton Business Directory published in 1894, listed the following business and professional people in the village: "Alexander. R., furniture dealer; Agnew, W. H., dentist; Brooks, J. S., dentist; Bonnar, D., physician; Bolton, H. H., barrister, etc.; Beamish, B., hotelkeeper; Bolton, J. H., stationer; Barons, Thomas, blacksmith; Buist, L. O., baker and confectioner; Beamish, J. and Sons, butchers; Burns, James, milk dealer; Black, H., contrac-

tor; Bell, Miss A., dressmaker; Bolton, A. E., painter; Clement and Company, hardware and tinware; Campbell, George, tailor; Crisp, R.. agent; Clark, James, general merchant; Curliss, W., hotelkeeper; Coats, George, blacksmith; Drake, W., wood-worker; Dodds, A., carriage maker and undertaker; Dick, William, foundryman; Dowling Brothers, coal and wood dealers; Elliott, Robert, shoemaker; Elliott, T. D., hotelkeeper and liveryman; Egan, S. A., agent; Extence, W., harnessmaker; Fisher and Company, general merchants; Friar, John, shoemaker; Gardhouse, Mrs., milliner; Hutton, L., Conveyancer, etc.; Harper, A. E., general merchant; James, W. H., blacksmith; Jaffary, E. A., general merchant; Kennedy, D. A., butcher; Lepper, W. J., physician; Leavens, F. N., printer and publisher; Martin, C. A., tailor; McDonald, James, cooper; McFall, A., miller and grain merchant; Norton, Alsey, brick and tile maker; Noble, A., planing and chopping mill; Norris, William, shoemaker; Nunn, George, agent; O'Dea, Miss M., dressmaker; Plummer Brothers, foundrymen; Pearcy, D., harness maker and merchant; Rummen, J. C., baker and confectioner; Russell, R. I., jeweller; Rutherford and Wood, general merchants; Stunden, George, potter, Stork, Miss N., dressmaker; Strong, Joseph, contractor; Sheardown, H., barber; Smith, George, painter; Snell, S. J., postmaster and druggist; Smith, W. D., shoemaker; Stewart, R. L., physician; Wilson, James, coal and wood dealer; Walshaw, J., woollen manufacturer; Willoughby, W. B. and Company, barristers; Walford, S. A., village clerk; Warbrick, J. F., conveyancer, etc."

In 1921 the population of Bolton started another downward trend, reaching the low point for the twentieth century in 1931. Since then the Village has been growing steadily, and, at time of writing, is a healthy 1700 plus.

The first to build a line through Bolton, the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway brought its own boom to the village in 1873. The station agent, Bryan Dowling, was the busiest man in town, handling a heavy volume of freighting, along with express and telegraph and everything else, with the help of one strong youth. Bryan Dowling's son, John, who later became one of Brantford's leading citi-

zens, recorded in 1938 a nostalgic story of his boyhood in Bolton, which is also an interest-packed recounting of some aspects of life in the Village at the time, particularly from the viewpoint of a sports-loving lad. We quote, in part,

"Our family were pioneers in Bolton . . . My father, the late Bryan Dowling, with my mother, came to Bolton about 1872, a short time after their arrival at Toronto from Ireland. Father was the Bolton agent of the then Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, now an important link of the C.P.R. He remained as agent for many years . . . later entering the coal and wood business in the Village. My father and mother lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary, being the parents of eight boys and two girls, all of whom attended the above anniversary.

The railway station in the pioneer days of Bolton also contained living quarters, and I was born in the station. My brothers and myself were well innoculated with railway ideas. One of the things I remember was that we were so familiar with the engines we could easily identify any engine, also its driver, by the whistles, as long as we were near enough to hear them toot.

I never lose my interest in my birthplace, and without any reason, find myself gravitating "home," where I enjoy revisiting so many old friends . . . Strange as it may seem one never seems to get far (in memory) from the birthplace, at least that is what I find; and while one's life takes them far and near in later life, I have yet to meet new friends who can take the place of the originals. So many of Bolton's sons left home at an early age, which blights memories, but I lived in the village into my voting age, therefore seem to have more of the personal connections than have many others. I suppose as long as I live these will remain with me. I hope they do.

How I remember the old uphill days—and I mean actually—for we daily climbed the tremendous hills—much higher than they are now—to and from school and into the Village. When my mother ever got herself in wrong was when she wanted one of us to go for purchases to the Village. It was pleasant going down, but what a climb returning, often lugging parcels.

Many summers were spent by us picking wild raspberries in the Stork and Andy Henderson gullies nearby. We picked till the larder was full and then sold extras to the Ed. Jaffary or Jim Clarke stores. Our parents were from the Old Country and firm. The habit of chewing gum was taboo rigidly, subject to the old fashioned penalty, and as our pants were usually thin it really hurt me more than it did my parents, notwithstanding their fiction talks to the contrary. When berry picking time came, however, our mother discreetly let down the bars on gum chewing for obvious reasons, evidently believing every rule has an exception, and it also resulted in more berries arriving home. Later my father established a domestic berry patch in his garden. I believe he was the pioneer at this, locally.

Probably the pioneer telephone system, locally, was erected by my father, built from the railway station to the home of the late Jennie Bell, now occupied I believe by my old lacrosse friend, Joe Warbrick. Joe graduated from home lacrosse into the Brampton Excelsiors. He sure could play, and how he could run. His brother, Jack, graduated to the Toronto Lacrosse Club, with which he toured Great Britain, and later, in 1903, I also had this great pleasure, particularly as there I met the lady who is now my wife and helpmate, and the mother of my son and two daughters.

While I could write reams about sport in Bolton, I will only mention some of the old, interesting days. Sport for us had a very successful and honest leader in Harry Sheardown, who was a real all-round athlete, excelling in most lines of sport. Those were rough and ready days, but we always had a fine example of a true sport in Harry. I never think of visiting "home" without a chat with him.

The Warbrick boys were probably our first inspiration to try our skill on larger fields of lacrosse. The Snell boys, Fred Scott, my brother Fred, now Reverend Fred at First United Church, St. Catharines, and myself saw pleasant times in lacrosse, most of us playing extensively in Canada and the U.S.A., and some of us abroad. Baseball was the vogue when I was old enough to play, and I liked it. The cycle turned to lacrosse, which I resisted, I sup-

pose because I had not money to buy an outfit, but I had to give way to the times, and finally wormed money from my mother to buy a stick. What success I had later at lacrosse was largely acquired by practice, bouncing the ball against our barn wall. The better I got the closer I moved up to the barn to learn to handle the return, and finally got proficient enough to catch the ball at any angle. My final position was point player—first in front of goal—and did my barn experience serve me in intercepting or picking off fast shots on the goal! Fred Scott, now living in Brantford, was a fine ball and lacrosse player. I am quite confident he would have gone to the top in the major baseball leagues had he not been diverted with us to lacrosse.

I recall also the many leaders in baseball at "home," Sheardown, Alsey and Dave Norton, D. W. Hughes, Alf Stork, etc. We all went to admire their games, and if we had not the money for entrance, well, we got in. There was also one other fine player, the late Frank Wakely. How he could play! He was often concerned that his father would turn up and pack him off to the farm work. I was a great admirer of Frank, who was so kind to me and often took me home overnight to the farm. These are some of the memories that are so pleasant.

Our people were members of Caven Presbyterian Church, first under the pastorate of the now late Peter Nicol, a fine old Scot who pioneered himself through Knox College. He and my father were great friends, and, I think, great admirers of each other. Reverend Peter was an ardent Grit and my Dad a Tory. I recall so easily their various discussions on politics. They were an excellent example of differences between friends. Later Reverend T. J. McLachlan looked after our many spiritual needs. I have respectful recollections of Reverend McLachlan's interest in us. I would be remiss if I did not mention that stalwart, the late Alex. Goodfellow, our Sunday school teacher. He was one of God's good men."

When the season for baseball and lacrosse was over, and winter had come to Bolton, skating and sleighriding took over. Mr. James H. Bolton has presented us with an intriguing but too-brief word picture of an early era in

the Village when sports were simple, uncomplicated and supremely satisfying. He wrote, "Dozens of young men and women and boys and girls would gather on one of the big hills every fine night with hand sleighs and bob sleighs and a glorious time would be kept up till ten p.m. That was the fixed time for respectable young folk to be at home. The pond above the dam from the boom log to Lundy's blacksmith shop was scraped free of snow, and sometimes swept until late in the season when there was too much snow. "Shinny," "Crack the Whip" and "Plum, Plum, Pullaway" games were played there by old and young. In 1865 the rink was made above the bridge, from the bridge up to Dr. Hickman's boat house, and a pump was set in the pond up there so the rink could be flooded when the ice got worn. There were masquerade carnivals with rollicking band music, and skating matches put on nearly every week, and prizes given for best costumes, best fancy skaters, etc. Miss Lizzie Evans and Miss Mary Ann Norton were among the best of the ladies in fancy skating, and Jack Legatt and Jim Lundy among the men."

To go back to the days before the Village of Bolton was even thought of, some of the land on which it was to be built was part of an 800-acre grant to one Major Robert Loring. This distinguished soldier and gentleman was aide-de-camp and private secretary to Lieutenant-General Drummond, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada, and Administrator-in-Chief of Upper and Lower Canada in 1814-1816. Major Loring served during the War of 1812, was present at the capture of York, taken prisoner at the Battle of Lundy's Lane, and not released until 1815. Other original Crown Grants of the site on which Bolton stands were: a patent covering lot 8, Concession 6, issued to "Elizabeth Plummar, Township Albion, widow, devisee in will of late husband, Ralph Plummer." Lot 9, Concession 6, was leased to James Byrns in 1830; in 1831 patented to the Canada Company, and later sold to Samuel B. Sterne.

BOLTON'S FIRST MUNICIPAL CLERK

Bolton's first municipal clerk, first school teacher, first manufacturer, with his father, of commercial soap and candles, Samuel A. Walford was one of those men

dear to a historian's heart who kept a Journal. Starting with the story of an exploratory trip made by himself and his father in the early eighteen-thirties from York to "Bolton's Mills or Bolton Hollow," as it was sometimes called," the Journal reads in part,

"Before we reached there we heard of fifty acres on the south-east quarter of lot 10, concession 5, Albion, for sale by one William King, familiarly known as old "Daddy" King, with whom my father entered into agreement to purchase, paying a certain amount to bind the bargain. We proceeded from there to Bolton. At that time there was not more than three or four log houses and the miller's house. The home of George Bolton, known as old "Boss Bolton," was a frame, rough cast building, and by far the most pretentious home in the village. The postmaster, Mr. Samuel B. Sterne, lived in a small log house and carried on storekeeping in another. There was a blacksmith shop on or near the site of James Wolfe's blacksmith shop at this date. There was not much of a clearing at that time, the bush being in close proximity.

"We returned to York and prepared for moving to our future place of abode. We left York on the 4th of June, a very warm day. We had two wagons, heavily laden with our belongings. We reached Murray's Hill in the evening. After doubling the teams the wagons were safely landed on the flat above at sundown. The teamsters considered it better to remain there over the night as there was nearly a mile and half of bush road to face in the dark. My mother and sister proceeded on foot expecting to be overtaken by the teams. They proceeded about half way when it became dark and sat down on a log to rest. After the wagons were on top of the hill my father followed on foot and found my mother and sister crying and frightened, lightning bugs being plentiful and flashing light. They proceeded through this road and came to a clearing and a large chopping on lot No. 9, owned by one Thomas Taylor. My father made for the house and begged shelter for the night, which was readily granted and food prepared for the visitors.

After camping on top of the hill by taking a bed off the load I slept soundly and found the quilt covered with

a heavy white frost. The teamsters hitched up as soon as possible and the trip through the bush was very rough. We arrived at our destination about ten o'clock on the 5th of June. During our five years residence on the farm, we experienced all the hardships and privations of bush life by clearing up old logs and slashing about nine acres covered with old logs, brush and raspberry bushes and adding some new land by chopping and logging, making altogether about thirty acres of clearing. Here we built a log house, log barn and other necessary buildings.

We found that farming and the uncertainty of the season by late and early frosts was not particularly our vocation, more especially not being used to bush fare in our way of living, with no fresh meat unless a sheep was killed and shared with our neighbors. On or about the 29th of May, 1839, leaving my sister and mother on the farm my father and I left for Rochester, N.Y., and found employment with a Mr. Samuel Moulson who ran a soap factory in that city and a nursery on the north road, four miles out. Both of us were employed at the nursery, my father for about two weeks, as he was taken to the soap factory as help was needed there. I remained at the nursery until the fall then went to the soap factory for the winter. I did the same the following year. I learned the trade of making soap and candles. During 1840-1841 I further pursued the soap making trade at Frankfort, near Rochester. Here I was married to my wife, now deceased, to whom was born to us five children, three boys and two girls, four of them having passed away and only one remaining, Samuel Cronshey.

Just previous to my marriage I was offered the purchase of ten acres on the corner of the west half of lot 8 in the 7th Concession of Albion, being a portion of the village of Bolton, by George Bolton, then the owner of the said lot, then a fugitive or refugee from justice or injustice, as those who are conversant of the times of the Rebellion, see fit to call it. The purchase was made and I became the owner of the property.

It may be well to say a few words relating to the Rebellion of 1837, to remember which my father and I had just reason. My father was a staunch Reformer and was

known by his Conservative neighbors to be on friendly and intimate terms with William Lyon Mackenzie. Consequently he was a marked man with the Tory party. As he had some notes on the Agricultural Bank, that had suspended payment, and it being reported that notes were redeemable at a discount, and having some other business in Toronto, and also to see what was going on, and how the rising was likely to end, he left home the day before the rebellion broke out, reaching the city in the evening.

The next day was one of anxiety and consternation to those who were not posted in what was taking place. Finding that the report that the notes were redeemable was false, and having transacted the business that took him there, he was returning by way of Queen Street when he was challenged by a man under arms (Sprague the lawyer), and asked where he had been and where he was going. To these and other questions he answered apparently satisfactorily, but as he carried a small parcel under his arm (a dress for my mother), the sentry felt suspicious of its contents and asked if he had any objection to returning to the city. So to the city he went, to the Court House before Mayor G. Gurnett, who upon hearing my father's name ordered him to the gaol as being one of Mackenzie's corresponding secretaries. He was placed for only a short time in the old gaol and subsequently marched up King St. in the centre of a squad of soldiers with a piece of artillery in front of him. Dr. John Rolph was also taken and placed in a similar position, and both taken to the garrison, my father being placed in a black hole for safe keeping. He was taken from there to the then parliament buildings where he was held as a prisoner for ten days.

A commission for the examination of those taken who were suspected of treason was sitting and my father brought before it. He was liberated, there being nothing against him only that he was a Reformer. Nearly a week had passed before my mother heard that my father had been detained in Toronto as a prisoner. She sent me with a satchel containing a change of linen, and to make enquiries as to the reason of his absence. On my way to the city at the foot of Murray's Hill, I was challenged by

the son of a neighbor, and a scout of the Tory party, who pointed his gun at me and ordered me to stand or he would shoot. As I had no desire to be maimed or hurt I obeyed his command. He told me that I was his prisoner and would have to go with him to Bolton. As I had nothing to fear of anything being brought against me I consented to go with him. On reaching the village I found others, ten or a dozen, who had been gathered in, they being obnoxious to the government, and, of course, Reformers. The party so gathered was marched off to the city under a strong guard, and on arriving taken before the same magistrate, George Gurnett, who, without any evidence being taken, ordered all of us to gaol. Major McGrath, who was present, said to the magistrate, "Mr. Mayor, you should hang these fellows first and try them afterwards."

To the gaol the party went. I was there just three days, as my father was just released and by a description of me given to him by someone, he applied to the commission to have me brought before it, which request was granted. There was nothing serious found against me, but I was bound on my own recognisance to appear when called on as a witness against one John MacDougall, said to be a captain of a squad, in future to be a good and loyal subject of the Queen, and told to go home.

My father and I left the city on the same day at four o'clock, arriving home after midnight, tired out. I need not say that my mother was rejoiced at our return. I might say that the father of the man who arrested me and took me to Bolton had constituted himself a captain of some of those scouts who had been watching and arresting others for no other reason than they were Reformers. When he presented the party of which I was one to the Mayor, he was told by someone in authority that if he brought any more in similar to those he had just brought, then he would have to pay the expense for so doing himself, as the government did not wish law-abiding citizens to be subjected to undue annoyance.

Now to return to Rochester and what took place after my marriage. My father remained in Bolton and settled on the lot I had purchased and built a frame house thereon, and commenced in a small way to manufacture soap

and candles for which he found a ready sale. The chief difficulty he experienced was in securing materials in such a sparsely settled neighborhood. He wrote me to forward from Rochester tallow and such other goods as he needed, and at the same time wishing me to return and help him, as there was a good opening for the business. In the early part of the year 1842 there was a great commercial crisis in the States, especially in the north. Many old firms suffered and suspended operations, discharging many of their old employees. I was one that was thrown out of work and found it almost impossible to obtain it unless I accepted a wage of fifty cents a day and walked two miles both morning and evening. Consequently I returned to Bolton, leaving Rochester on July 4, 1842, with my wife and infant daughter. Through the kindness of a farmer, William Williamson of Albion, we were permitted to ride on his wagon to his residence where we were very kindly treated and remained over night, leaving the next morning for Bolton.

In the September following I was invited and pressed to commence the honorable position of a school teacher, which was very much needed, there being none in the village or for some miles from it. I accepted the position, being the first teacher under government inspection. The names following were some of the pupils committed to my care and instruction: Mr. Charles Bolton's sons, Lambert and John, and daughters, Ruth and Annie; John Godbolt —Robert and Alfred, Misses Emma, Elizabeth and Eliza; Stewart—Samuel and Alexander; S. B. Sterne—Dorothy (Mrs. Thomas Starret) and Elizabeth; John McElroy—George, Mary Jane and Maria; Elisha Hersent—Mary Ann and Elizabeth; Ewart—Thomas; Densmore—Joseph; Hall —Bearland and John; Elliott—Robert. There were many others the names of which I cannot recall, it being fifty-two years ago.

I retained my position there until May 1844, and might have retained it only for the action of my political opponents, and in those days feelings ran high. The Board of Education was composed of six members called commissioners, one of whom lived near the village and made it his business to visit the school rainy days, or when

roads were drifted with snow. His object was to ascertain whether I had an average number of fifteen as required by the Government in order to secure the government grant. Finding that my position was unpleasant under such circumstances I resigned in 1844, and went back to Toronto where I remained for five years, during which time I got further insight into the business I had been following, being engaged by Messrs. Freeland & Taylor at the foot of Yonge Street. At this time this firm was noted for its superior soap and candles.

In July, 1849, I returned to Bolton and built the house now occupied by my son, and entered into partnership with my father in the soap and candle business. Mr. S. B. Sterne, the postmaster, wishing to resign that position, very kindly recommended my father to that position and used his influence to obtain it for him. He was appointed and held that office for twenty-four years until the day of his death. I was his assistant for four years preceding his death.

In the year 1872 the village was separated from the Township of Albion and became an incorporated village. The first Council was elected in 1873, and was composed of the following named gentlemen: Reeve, Lambert R. Bolton; Councillors, Walter Taylor, George Smith, James Stork and John Gardhouse; and your humble servant, Samuel A. Walford, Clerk. From the year 1874 to the end of 1878 and from 1881 to the present year I have had the honor of being secretary of the Bolton Public School Board, and was a trustee at the time our present school board was elected. In 1872 I was elected secretary of Albion and Bolton Agricultural Society, which position I held until the end of the year 1878, and was again elected to that office in 1883, resigning owing to increasing years and defective hearing in 1894; and also the position of municipal clerk at the first appointment for municipal officers, February 1898, having held that position for twenty-five years from 1872 to 1898.

EARLY BOLTON DOCTOR—WILLIAM HENRY DALTON, L.C.P.S.

Perhaps this sketch of a much-loved early Bolton doctor, William Henry Dalton, L.C.P.S., can best be word-

painted by starting with the present. Fascinated with the story of Doctor Dalton's years of selfless devotion to his calling, the author of this book set out to learn something of his descendants. Happily, she found one of them in the person of his grandson, Fredrick Keith Dalton, B.A., Sc., E.E. It is co-incidence that Mr. and Mrs. Keith Dalton and this author were friends and almost next-door neighbors for a number of years in Etobicoke's Kingsway.

Keith and Margaret Dalton and their children and grandchildren, are well known in Bolton. They own a large farm near the village, known to everyone as "The Dalton Ranch." And Keith's maternal great grandfather was no less a person than Bolton's own James Warbrick. His daughter, Susan Esther Warbrick, was Doctor William Henry Dalton's wife.

A beautiful little story involving both Keith Dalton and his doctor-grandfather was published in The Bolton Enterprise in August, 1960, and is worth repeating, in Keith's own words,

"This is a story in two parts, separated by sixty years. My grandfather, Dr. W. H. Dalton, practised medicine in Bolton sometime between the years 1860 and 1875, and was the coroner of Albion Township. Years later, my father, John L. Dalton, recounted to me how, on one occasion, two young boys, the Monkman brothers from Castlederg, had rushed into the doctor's office for help. They had been handling a shotgun, and by some accident, it had discharged a full loading of buckshot through the palm of the right hand of one of these boys. The doctor was much worried for fear that he could not save that hand. This was about the year 1865.

In 1925, just sixty years later, the farm home of Mr. Clayton Monkman, three miles south east of Brampton, was completely gutted by fire resulting from lightning having struck the radio aerial. At that time an American magazine, Radio News, was offering a prize for an authentic account of any instance where lightning striking a radio aerial had caused damage to the building upon which it was mounted. I therefore visited the Monkman home to investigate the situation. This was indeed an extremely rare, but absolutely indisputable case.

When Mr. Monkman mentioned to me that he had lived near Bolton I immediately recalled that this was the same surname as that of the boy whose hand had been damaged by gunshot, and who had rushed to my grandfather for aid, so I told him the story, thinking that Mr. Monkman may have heard of that case, and that perhaps the boy was a relative. To my surprise he turned toward me and held up one hand, with the remark, "Well, there's the hand."

A hardworking and successful farmer for most of those sixty years, Clayton Monkman gave me the answer to my grandfather's doubts and worry—who "had builded better than he knew," so long before.

Almost needless to say, I paid a second visit to the Monkman farm, and this time I was accompanied by my father, keenly interested in this sequel to the early story that he had told to me, and in this vivid link with the distant past and with his long deceased father.

The story of the lightning stroke and damage done is recorded in "Radio News" in 1926, and also in "Hydro Bulletin," September, 1925."

William Henry Dalton, L.C.P.S., was born in Newfoundland on March 9th, 1811, and with his parents moved to Kingston, Upper Canada, in 1814. In 1828, when his father, Thomas Dalton, began the publication of "The Patriot and Farmers' Monitor" in Kingston, William, with his younger brother, Robert, learned the printing business. At the age of twenty William forsook printing and began the study of medicine with Dr. John King, of York, with whom he remained for five years. The short-lived College of Physicians and Surgeons of Upper Canada had just taken the place of the old Upper Canada Medical Board as an examining body, and it was from that institution that William Henry Dalton received his diploma, and acquired the right to practise medicine. He was the seventh person to become a licentiate of the College, which was on November 1st, 1839.

In 1859 Doctor Dalton settled at Bolton, where patients from his previous practices in Toronto, Ancaster, Dundas and Burlington continued to seek his advice. He was appointed Coroner of the Township of Albion, and

had a reputation as a medical jurist. On leaving Bolton in 1875 he practised on the Davenport Road near Toronto for twelve years, and then moved into the City, where he died on February 14th, 1890.

In 1842 Doctor Dalton married Susan Esther, daughter of James Warbrick of Bolton, a prominent manufacturer from Bradford, England. They had ten children, five sons, and five daughters two of whom died in infancy. They were, Thomas, Watchmaker and Jeweller, in U.S.A.; Maria, married Reverend Andrew L. Parker; Adam Wilson, Robert Gladstone, John Joseph, Surveyor, O.L.S., D.T.S., who was Keith's father; Sophia, married Reverend Samuel Mills, of Mono Mills; William Bartlett, Jessie, married Alfred E. Morrison, Toronto Barrister.

Mr. Keith Dalton has provided this author with some interesting notes on James Warbrick, of Bolton, his great grandfather. He was an extensive manufacturer of woollen goods in Bradford, England, where he was the first to introduce machinery operated by steam. His weavers, however, did not like this innovation and deliberately damaged many of the looms, also promoting some strikes. He was so disgusted with this that he gave up the mill and came to Upper Canada about 1832, settling at Scarborough, near York. Later he bought some property north of the Village of Bolton and operated a sawmill there for a number of years. He then moved into the village where he resided until he died. While at Bradford, England, he married Maria Firth. Their children were, John Clark, Doctor of Medicine in Bolton; Susan Esther, married Dr. W. H. Dalton; Joseph Firth Sr., a tanner, resident in Bolton. In 1848 Joseph Firth Sr. bought a tannery from Mr. Pexham and operated it very successfully for many years, built the family home in Bolton and married Mary Brown Paul. The children of Joseph Firth Sr. were Margaret Alexandria, married Edwin A. Jaffary; John Clark, Doctor of Medicine in Chicago; Joseph Firth Jr., married Margaret McFall, Bolton; and Mary Alice (Daisy) who was unmarried.

CALEDON EAST

James and Joseph McDougall served as postmasters in the settlement which later became Caledon East, from 1851 to some time before 1857." So says a record in the Postmaster General's Office in Ottawa, although local history names James Munsie the first postmaster, holding the office from 1857 to 1874.

Since the days when settlers began taking up land around the First Line of Albion, the village which sprang up—as did most villages in pioneer times—around a large stone tavern, has had four names, Tarbox Corners, Munsie's Corners, Paisley and—from 1857 on—Caledon East. In 1821 Elisha Tarbox arrived with his wife, Elizabeth Lawrence U.E., daughter of Richard Lawrence U.E., to settle on two hundred acres, being lot 4, Concession 6, Caledon, drawn by Mrs. Tarbox in her right as a United Empire Loyalist. Today the name "Tarbox" appears on deeds to numerous Caledon East properties, because much of the village stands on early "Tarbox" acres.

Built solidly of stone over a century ago, the fine well-proportioned Tarbox house on Walker's Lane, which succeeded the original log house, is now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacNamara and their children. On their hundred acre farm the MacNamaras very successfully raise vast numbers of broiler chickens in the converted Tarbox barn, now four stories high, and heated with steam!

Elisha and Elizabeth Tarbox were followed into the area by the Youngs, the Greers, the Flannagans and the Higgins family. In the late eighteen-fifties, while the hamlet was still called "Paisley," the names of only three business people were officially recorded, although there may have been others. They were James Munsie, Postmaster and General Merchant; Henry Pettigrew, Clerk of Division Court, and William Stone, General Merchant, who had built his store high on the hill south of the village—perhaps because there was less mud there! The first store in the settlement proper was erected by Joseph Carter, who also built the first blacksmith shop, and several houses.

Twenty years later the picture had changed enormously, and Caledon East hummed with the activity of

many flourishing business enterprises up and down and around its main street. Alexander Cranston operated a large and profitable saw mill, with a circular saw kept constantly running; George Peacock owned a wagon and carriage factory; J. F. Scott manufactured first class harness and saddles; Thomas Cranston and T. C. Campbell were the proprietors of large general stores; Thomas Glassford was the village blacksmith; David Lougheed owned a cabinet factory, and both James Murphy and James Riddell kept boot and shoe stores. At that time the population of the vallage was some 250.

Apropos of early boot and shoe makers in Caledon East, a story with a hearty laugh attached to it has come down through the years. A bootmaker in the village, known for his honesty, and for his excellent workmanship, had need of a load of good maple and beech firewood. A nearby farmer with a large woodlot was in the market for a new pair of boots, and a barter was arranged. The firewood was duly unloaded into the bootmaker's shed, and in a week or so the farmer carried home his shiny handmade boots. It was not long before he was back, spluttering with rage. The right boot looked as good as new, but the left one had already disintegrated to the point of falling to pieces. "Well, it's this way," the bootmaker explained when he could get a word in, "You paid for the right boot with the good hardwood in the top half of the load, and you paid for the left one with the cedar and stuff I found in the bottom half. You got what you paid for. Now git!"

In 1867 a thirty-one-year-old doctor named Samuel Allison came to Caledon East, and started in to establish what could be an all-time record of sixty years' continuous medical practice in one small Canadian Village. During that time Doctor Allison brought five thousand babies into the world, most of them, obviously, within a reasonable radius of Caledon East. There were only eight or nine families in the village when the young medic arrived on the scene to hang out his shingle, but the surrounding farms were becoming populous, and a large contingent of militiamen maintained a camp on the north edge of the village, and kept things lively.

Soon after Samuel Allison graduated from the Toronto School of Medicine, the Civil War in the United States broke out, and he offered himself to the medical services of the northern armies. Stationed at Richmond, where boats were kept in constant readiness to transport wounded soldiers to hospitals in New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, the newly graduated Canadian doctor acquired broad experience, especially in surgery, which was to stand him in good stead many times in his long practice around Caledon East. For example, one day in harvest time he was called to a farm near the village. The farmer, busy cutting the tall grain, had not seen the little daughter who had eluded her mother and raced into the field into the path of the horses. The reaper passed over her, almost severing a leg. Although he could have cut it off with one snip of the scissors, Dr. Allison put the limb in place and bound it, as he had seen it done by great surgeons in flat-bottomed boats on the Potomac River in the days of the Civil War. Throughout the anxious time that followed the doctor watched the child day and night. The wound healed, the little girl grew up, married, and walked through life without even a limp.

At first Samuel Allison was the only doctor between Mono Mills and Sand Hill, and just as far east and west. As he made his rounds requests for sick calls piled up ahead of him, brought to his patients' homes by messenger, the only means of communication in that day. And he heeded them all, no matter how many. When he had paid his last visit, often at midnight and many miles away, he wrapped the reins around his middle, and fell asleep, sure that his faithful horse would take him straight home. The weary animal, stepping carefully over mud holes not to rouse the sleeping "Doc" slumped in the old buggy, was a familiar sight late at night around Caledon East.

All through his sixty years of practice, and even more markedly in his later life, when his son, Doctor Thomas Allison, worked with him, Samuel Allison interested himself in everything which concerned the welfare of Caledon East. When, in the late eighteen-seventies, the Hamilton and North Western Railway passed through the village, the happy circumstance was brought about largely by his

efforts. Almost to the day of his death in 1928, at the age of ninety-two, he retained his physical and mental powers to a remarkable degree, reading his bible and the newspapers without the aid of glasses.

How many of "Old Doc's" five thousand babies were given the name "Allison" by their parents in tribute to a much loved, much overworked, completely selfless country doctor? Close enquiry around Caledon East reveals that the number of "Samuel Allisons" in that area at least was far from few.

Family roots grew deep in Caledon East. One dark windy evening back in 1853 an orphan boy, thirteen-year-old Robert Cannon, who was to become the grandfather of one of Caledon East's top citizens, William Burrell Cannon, got off the train at Brampton. He had come all the way from London, England, to find his seven older brothers who had emigrated to North America from England, and of whom he had lost all trace. Incidentally, the search, which he continued to carry on by correspondence throughout his long life in Caledon East, proved fruitless. North America, the London-bred Robert Cannon found, was a big place.

By prearrangement, the boy was met at Brampton by a farmer named McLeish, who had offered board and lodging in return for work. McLeish tied Robert's tin trunk to the side of his horse, and the trio, man, boy and horse, started at a slow pace for "home," which was north of what is now Caledon East, the man and the trunk riding, and the boy trudging alongside. Later, when he grew up and married, and found his special place in the life of Caledon East, Robert Cannon often recalled the terrors of that journey along the slippery, broken corduroy road which marked the First Line of Albion, and through the cedar swamp which, he was told by Mr. McLeish, was the Village of Paisley. He learned afterwards that the loud deep-base chorus which mysteriously accompanied them all the way, and which sounded to him like music from hell, emanated from the throats of a multitude of giant bullfrogs as they plopped heavily in and out of the deep mud holes which honeycombed the road. The frightened lad leaned for comfort against the horse's

warm flanks, and once the kindly McLeish leaned down to shout in his ear, "Shove over a bit, laddie. Ye're crowdin' the beastie so hard, ye're pushin' us all off the road."

The Burrells, the Fleethams, the Cannons, the Evans family, the Proctors, the Brackens, the McCartneys, the Berneys, all these and many more like them, put their own indelible stamp on Caledon East in the rugged, honest days of the pioneers, and the imprint is clearly decipherable in the village today. Bill Cannon said truly, "The outward character has changed with the years, but the vitality, the strong spirit, remains."

The name "Burrell has never been painted out on the store which has been a landmark in Caledon East since "way back," when the first Burrells found their way into the village. "The name meant too much to too many people in the early days to obliterate it now," explains William Burrell Cannon. Early settler Christopher Burrell's great grandson, "Bill" Cannon has owned and operated Burrell's General Store—most successfully, we add—since the last Burrell died in 1929.

The Burrell brothers, Christopher and Austin, emigrated from Kent County, England, in 1845 to take up land in Toronto Gore. The State of Illinois, which was just opening up, was pictured to the brothers by agents as the Land of Promise, and they pulled up stakes in Toronto Gore, and moved to the United States. Christopher's young wife died there, and in a year or two he married an American widow. Their only son, Richard Warren was born in Illinois in 1850. Christopher, a staunch Britisher, was unhappy in an atmosphere engendered by a strong anti-British feeling in the United States, and when Richard was three years old the little family returned to Toronto Gore, where they settled on lot 11, Concession 7.

To digress a little, Bill Cannon as a boy was fascinated —albeit a little skeptical—when he was told stories of his American-born great grandmother Burrell's forebears crossing the ocean with the Pilgrim Fathers in the Mayflower, and landing at Plymouth in 1620. Some years ago, while driving through Massachusetts the Cannons visited Plymouth, and in the records they found confirmation of Mrs. Christopher Burrell's claim. "I came home feeling rather

proud," Bill Cannon said, understandably.

As Richard Burrell grew up in Toronto Gore he became interested in every phase of the milling industry. In time he owned the flour mill and distillery below Tullamore, at Stanley Mills where his father, Christopher, had been postmaster. It was there he met the girl who was to be his wife, Annie Noble, and they were married in 1869. One of Bill Cannon's keepsakes is a letter from Richard written to his brand-new wife in 1869. After several sentences full of new-husbandly endearments, he had to come right out and say that he couldn't get home that weekend because he was too busy getting out a large number of blankets for the Mono Mills Fair!

The Richard Burrells had one son, William, and three daughters, Lily, Iva and Ella. Iva Burrell married James Wesley Cannon, son of the London-born Robert Cannon who came into the Caledon East picture at the age of thirteen, back in 1853. James and Iva Cannon were the parents of William Burrell Cannon, whose present-day interests spread far beyond Caledon East, but whose concern for the welfare of his village is so deep, he might well be called, with respect, "Mr. Caledon East himself."

When Richard Burrell started his son William in the general store business, they chose for its location the thriving little hamlet of Lockton on the Fourth Line of Albion. William had already spent three years in a long-established general store in nearby Alliston, studying every angle of a complex business. "And they turned him out a perfectionist," declared Bill Cannon, who had worked with him as a boy. Around 1890, wishing to expand, the Burrells bought the present store in Caledon East from Charles Herbert, a hardware merchant and undertaker. Hardly was the paint dry on the new sign, "R. W. Burrell and Son, General Merchants," when William, being young, felt an urge to see something of the Spanish American War. He played the cornet in one of the United States military bands, and Bill Cannon, who is a "hoarder" of things pertinent to family history, still treasures his uncle's battered old horn.

"That was one of Caledon East's blackest days," the older people in the village say, as they look back to 1914,

when an acetylene gas explosion in one of the store outbuildings took the life of Richard Burrell's only son, William, "We all liked Billy Burrell. We were sure the village would never be the same without him."

His grandfather's store had an enormous attraction for the boy Bill Cannon. When he was ten years old he helped out smartly at Christmas time and loved it. As the years passed Richard Burrell leaned more and more on the young grandson who was happiest behind the counter. Caledon East was enjoying a time of intense business activity which newcomers to the placid village of today find hard to visualize. And Burrell's store, along with Burrell's great grain elevator at the C.N.R. Station, formed the focal point for much of it. In addition to four passenger trains a day, long freight trains piled high with timber, coal and pulpwood ground to a halt day and night on the Caledon East siding to take on more carloads of cattle, grain or potatoes, teamed to the village by farmers whose wagons were often lined up out of sight on the First Line of Albion. So important were potatoes to local economy the Burrells built a large potato house, and rented freight cars from the Canadian National Railway, lining them themselves with lumber, and installing stoves for safe transportation in cold weather.

To go back to Christopher Burrell; when St. Mary's Church, Tullamore, was in the planning, it was he, a devout member of the Church of England, who gave land, and later purchased a Burrell family plot in the churchyard. A valued old employee, who was a Christian and a Methodist, had died, and Christopher wished him to be buried in that plot. When the simple funeral procession arrived, the gate to the churchyard had been padlocked, but the coffin was lifted over the fence, and the Methodist circuit rider stood outside to conduct the service. The upshot was that Bishop Strachan threatened to excommunicate Christopher Burrell for having brought about burial of a Methodist in a Church of England graveyard, until he was told that the deed to the Burrell's gift of land had not yet been turned over. After that His Lordship had second thoughts on the matter of excommunication.

After a time the Burrells transferred their allegiance

to the Methodist Church, and among Bill Cannon's family treasures are two thick volumes of John Wesley's Sermons, presented to Christopher Burrell "by the Trustees and friends" on the occasion of the opening of Stanley Mills Methodist Church. Pasted inside one volume is a clipping from the Brampton Times dated 1861, which reads in part, "The erection of this church is perhaps chiefly due to Mr. Burrell who has, besides his liberal subscription, superintended the work from the commencement, and it is probable that but for his active and determined energy the enterprise would not have at least so early a completion, if indeed it had been yet begun."

Richard Burrell was indefatigable in his efforts toward the advancement of the Methodist Church in Caledon East, but he did not wholly relinquish the Church of his forebearers. As long as he lived one Sunday morning in the year found him seated happily in St. James' Anglican Church! In addition to his preoccupation with numerous business enterprises in and around the village, he served as Justice of the Peace for thirty-two years, and for ten years before his death in 1929, he was Peel County Police Magistrate. When Caledon East School was completed in 1890 Richard Burrell was named Secretary-Treasurer of the School Board, a position he held for Twenty-eight years. Then Bill Cannon took over from his grandfather, and has held the office ever since.

In 1927 the young man who had helped his grandfather and uncle over the Christmas rush when he was ten years old and could scarcely see over the counter, bought the Burrell store. His marriage to Mildred Fleetham in 1922 brings the old Fleetham family into the story of early Caledon East.

John Fleetham and his wife, Jane Nicholson, emigrated to Canada from Yorkshire, England, in the eighteen-fifties, settling first in Meadowvale. In the early eighteen sixties they and their two-year-old son, another John, arrived to make their home in Caledon East. Ready made clothing of any kind was unheard of at that time, and John opened a tailoring shop where he made suits by hand for the prosperous farmers roundabout. On Sundays and week nights he acted as lay preacher, superintendent of

the Sunday School and leader of prayer meetings at Brown's Wesleyan Methodist Church north of the village. His wife, Jane was even busier mothering an increasing brood of children, and, between babies, serving as the village doctor's midwife, and generally caring for the sick, for which she steadfastly refused to accept remuneration.

The first commercial sewing machine anywhere around found its way into John Fleetham's tailoring shop, but many of his customers were suspicious of the newfangled contraption, and still demanded that their Sunday suits be made the old way, every stitch by hand. Creases down the side seams rather than down the front were high fashion in breeches in John Fleetham's day, and his granddaughter, Mildred Cannon, who shares her husband's propensity for "hoarding" tangible reminders of the early days in the village, still treasures her grandfather's pressing iron, made narrow and deep and heavy, for thrusting far down into the coals of a pioneer fireplace.

The second John Fleetham lived in Caledon East eighty-four of his eighty-six years, except for the time in 1896 when he got caught up in the gold rush to the Klondike. So homesick was he for his folks and his village, he was soon back home, no richer than when he went away, but well content to stay in Caledon East for the rest of his life.

Boys went to work early and cheerfully in those days to help put food into the mouths of large families of younger brothers and sisters, and John Fleetham often recalled his first job when he was ten years old. Working for a neighboring farmer, he could barely lift the pails of swill high enough to pour them into the troughs for the pigs. But working with the railway was young John's real ambition. In his early thirties we find him a section foreman at Caledon East, first with the Grand Trunk and continuing on with the Canadian National Railway, a position he held until his eighty-second birthday! Early pictures show John Fleetham to have been "a fine figure of a man," stalwart, hearty and handsome, with a wide jolly smile. His marriage in 1887 to Elizabeth Berney, a sister of the first George Berney of Caledon East, introduces into our story a fourth family of early settlers in the

village.

When Caledon East incorporated as an urban municipality late in 1956, it was not just coincidence that electors voting for its first Reeve and Council, chose for all five offices descendants of those pioneers who had, by their thrift, hard work, and cheerful endurance of hardship and privation, set a good pattern for any age to follow—the Evans, the Berneys, the Brackens, the Proctors, the McCartneys.

Thomas Richard Evans, who was acclaimed Caledon East's first Reeve, and who is in his "young" seventies, is prone to boast that he "has been around this village a lot longer than anyone else." He is a grandson of John Evans, of the Irish Constabulary, who came from the Emerald Isle in the eighteen-twenties, to settle on his Crown Grant about two miles north of the village, and to hold court there as one of Albion's first magistrates. Tom Evans was brought up in his grandfather's log house. "I loved the old place and all its memories. We worked hard, but we had more fun than the youngsters have today," he remembered. One of Tom's earliest recollections is helping his father hitch up the team to drive to Toronto with the wagon piled high with bags of potatoes. "Driving over those roads was surely an endurance test when I was a lad," he reminisced. "When we got there we were lucky if we were paid anywhere near forty cents for a hundred-pound bag, but forty cents bought more then than the two dollars odd we get for a bag of potatoes today."

Jim Berney, one of Caledon East's first Councillors, is the son of George Berney who came to the village in 1878, a handsome, fine-featured lad of eighteen, to apprentice himself to a tinsmith named McGillivray. Between them, George Berney and his son, Jim, have guided the destinies of the Caledon East Post Office for well over fifty years. Jim also has a flourishing hardware business which has been Berney-owned for over seventy-five years, stemming from McGillivray's old tinsmithing shop which George Berney bought out in 1882, when his apprenticeship was completed. Bill Cannon likes to tell of one day some years ago when he was on a ladder cleaning out the leaves from the Burrell store eavestroughing. George

Berney, crowding ninety, and out for a stroll in the sun, ordered Bill down, and climbed the ladder himself to "take a look." When he descended he explained, "I wanted to see what shape the eavestroughing is in. I put it up there around 1882, when the store was built. It looks all right."

The great grandparents of George Bracken, another Municipal Councillor chosen at the first elections after the incorporation of Caledon East, were Irish-born John Bracken and his wife, Elizabeth Bonner, who came from Portadown, in the County of Armagh, to homestead in Caledon. It was in the early eighteen-twenties, a time when only a few hardy folk had ventured into that township. Caledon was slow getting settled because pioneers thought it too far from civilization for humans to even survive, let alone achieve any degree of comfort. The first Brackens operated three successive farms in Caledon, bettering themselves with each move. Finally, for seventy-two years the farm on the Fifth Line now owned by Orval Baxter was their home, and it was they who built the present fine brick farmhouse.

John and Elizabeth Bracken were faithful followers of the Church of England, and it is not surprising that a goodly number of their young men descendants were educated for the Church of England ministry. Their grandsons, Reverend George Bracken and Canon Henry Bracken, were leaders in the Anglican Church throughout their lives. Canon Henry Bracken's son, the Reverend Newman Bracken, B.A., B.D., will be remembered as Rector of East Mono Parish, which includes St. John's Church, Mono Mills, from 1942 to 1947. John Bracken, one time Premier of Manitoba, and later Leader of the Progressive Conservative party in the Federal House, also sprang from this fine Bracken stock.

George Bracken's father, John, a long-time resident of Caledon East, and now in his late seventies, has some lively memories of the village, dating back to the time when he was three, and his parents brought him "to town" of a Saturday evening. He vividly recalls his excitement in spring flood time when the water flowed down the main street in what seemed to a little boy to be the mightiest of

rivers. The grown-ups in the stores and houses, he remembers, thought little of it. They just moved their families and their goods and chattels upstairs, and let the water have its way, while life went on as usual until the river subsided.

When Reeve Thomas Evans congratulated young Douglas Proctor on his election to Caledon East's first Municipal Council, he added this sentence, "For more years than I care to remember, boy, your grandfather, Joe Proctor, carried this town on his back." In Ontario's early pioneering days Joseph Proctor's English-born parents settled near Meaford, where they established a saw mill. When the old folks died and the family scattered, young Joe chose the pretty and prosperous little village of Caledon East in which to establish a home and found a family of children, grandchildren and great grandchildren, a goodly number of whom are still resident in the village. "It looks as if Caledon East will have to put up with us Proctors for a long time to come," laughed James Proctor, Joseph's eldest son, and now the senior member of the family.

Soon after coming to the village Joe Proctor formed a partnership with Samuel White, and together they established a saw mill, a forerunner of Jack Whitlam's present woodworking plant. In the years that followed Joseph Proctor not only "carried the town on his back," as Tom Evans put it, but he also built a large part of it. When Caledon East attained the status of a Police Village in 1913, it was logical to name him a Trustee, an office he held until his death in 1934.

The laying out of "Proctor's Hill," a subdivision of modern homes high on the hill at the south end of the village, highlighted a bit of Caledon East's earliest history. The project had its beginning on a large Proctor-owned farm, and when a road was being built through the subdivision, an old log building which had been used for years as a stable, was in the way, and had to be torn down. Old timers said it had housed the first general store around Caledon East, operated by a Mrs. Stone, who, according to Peel County's Atlas published in 1877, "did a very lucrative business." Judging from tell-tale evidence

unearthed from under the old building when the Proctors demolished it, the store's "lucrative business" was not wholly derived from selling just groceries!

Compared with the Burrells, the Fleethams, the Cannons, the Evans family, the Proctors, the Brackens, and the Berneys, the fourth member of Caledon East's first Council, Roy McCartney, and his wife, who was Irene Gott, are "newcomers" to the Village. They have lived in Caledon East a mere forty years, although their family roots, both McCartney and Gott, were planted in Albion well over a century ago. Roy's grandfather, Henry McCartney, is named in Tremaine's 1859 Map of Peel County as owner of east half of lot 25, Concession 2, Albion, on which he built the very fine house, now over one hundred years old, which has been home to Mr. and Mrs. Theo Patterson for close to forty years.

Before Henry McCartney's day the east half of lot 25, Concession 2, was owned by the Kearnes family. Today, a poignant reminder of the grim self-sufficiency of the first settlers in Albion is a little graveyard on what is now Theo Patterson's property. Dating back to the eighteen-twenties, there were nine burials, and three head stones mark the place, all inscribed with the name "Karnes."

The old Kearnes homestead is not the only farm in the Township with an ancient tombstone or two standing high in a quiet, well tended corner, often iron-fenced against intruders. They hark back over a century, when public graveyards were so remote, a burying meant a two-day trek on foot along a narrow blazed trail through solid forest, with family and neighbors taking turns shouldering the rough, heavy coffin. Small wonder that grandfather and grandmother, when it came time to die, were content to lie side by side within their own home place. On the Gott farm, the east half of lot 21, Concession 2, where, incidentally, Mrs. Roy McCartney was brought up, small headstones mark the graves of four children of an earlier owner, James "English" Wilson. All four were victims of one of the many epidemics of black diphtheria which swept the Township, wiping out whole families of little children.

In passing, it is of interest that young parents in early

Albion, cruelly bereaved of all their children by diphtheria, often within a few days of each other, found some comfort in their sorrow by giving children born later the names of their deceased sisters and brothers. For example, there could be the strange anomaly of four lively children named, say, John Elizabeth, Sarah and William, being shepherded into church by their parents, while a nearby headstone in the church recorded the deaths at an earlier date, of four children of the same family bearing the same names, John, Elizabeth, Sarah and William!

To get back to Caledon East's first Councilman; Roy McCartney, the son of Thomas McCartney, was born on his father's farm on the Fifth Line of Caledon. Farming was not Thomas McCartney's only business interest, however. He was Director of the Board, and later President of Peel Mutual Farmers' Insurance Company. After Henry McCartney's death, Thomas and his family moved over into Henry's farm in Albion.

In his forays into mischief when he was a young lad on his father's farm, Roy McCartney was often companioned by his cousin, Lester Bowles Pearson, winner of a recent Nobel Peace Prize, and Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the Federal House. The boys' mothers were sisters, the daughters of Thomas Bowles, for many years Sheriff of Dufferin County. While Lester's father, the Reverend E. A. Pearson, was travelling around the country carrying out his duties as a Methodist circuit rider, the boy who was destined to become one of Canada's ablest statesmen spent long wonderful summers on the McCartney farm. Of those days, Roy McCartney recalled, "One summer 'Mike' fell off a horse and broke his arm. He and I were alone, and medical help was a long way off. I improvised a splint of sorts and set his arm right there in the field. No harm resulted from my amateurish ministrations, but 'Mike' often reminds me of how much I hurt him."

All his life Roy McCartney had a hankering for the grocery and general store business, and in 1920 he bought a large brick store and outbuildings on the east side of the main street in Caledon East, where the Creamery now stands. The business flourished for twenty-three years

until one night in 1943, when it was totally destroyed by fire in one brief hour. "It is sad but true," Roy commented, "that the fire, which started outside the store, could have been extinguished in minutes if the Caledon East fire engine had not been undergoing major repairs. The Bolton brigade responded promptly, but when they arrived the store was beyond saving, and they could only turn their attention to threatened nearby buildings.

The McCartneys' store, Caledon East, residents say, was the last of the old style hot-stove open-cracker-barrel type of country store, a social centre for the whole community. On Saturday nights farmers and their wives brought the children and settled them to sleep in an adjoining room, while they themselves enjoyed the warm free-and-easy hospitality of the McCartney store, along with the townspeople. Their sleighs filled the big driving shed, and Tom McCartney, who, after his wife's death, made his home with Roy and Irene, was a genial co-host.

The fire which destroyed the McCartney store had scarcely died down when an army of men, one hundred and thirty-seven strong, turned up with seven trucks to help clear away the debris. "I know the names by heart," Roy declared, "I made a list, and I read it over gratefully, even now." After the catastrophe, he turned to general and life insurance, and so successful was the venture, the Life Underwriters' Association presented him with their National Quality Award.

The McCartney home in Caledon East is unusual, in that it has been developed from a large barn, of sturdy structure and fine lines, which was one of the buildings on the store property. Standing opposite St. James' Anglican Church, it is a charming example of what restoring and modernizing can do. An added glass-enclosed room full of flowers and sunshine looks out on a garden of roses—a spot of rare beauty in the heart of the Village.

McCartney activities directed toward the advancement of church and community life would fill at least one page of any book. Perhaps the appreciation of the townspeople for the contribution Roy and Irene have made toward the welfare of Caledon East can best be summed up in the words of one oldtimer, "It was a lucky day for this

place when the McCartneys decided to 'move into town'."

PALGRAVE

The name "Palgrave" seems to have been thrust willy-nilly by the postal authorities on the inhabitants of Buckstown back in 1869, when the first post office was established. It was bestowed, without too much thought, on the little settlement of mostly Irish folk, to honor the name of an Englishman, one Sir Francis Turner Palgrave, poet, critic and editor, who published the Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics.

The early name, Buckstown, had more meaning. Barney Dolan, an early settler, was adept at slaying the huge buck deer around Gibson's Lake, to keep his and other hungry families supplied with venison. He soon was nicknamed "Buck" Dolan, and the little hamlet growing up around his log cabin became Buck's Town. In 1846 a log tavern was built where hunters came from as far as Toronto, and it was given the name Buck's End.

Since most of the first settlers in the Palgrave area were Irish farmers escaping from the potato famine back home, it soon became the centre of a potato growing country, but it had its ups and downs. Mrs. Edgar Patterson, on the Third Line of Albion, remembers her husband, in depression times, teaming his potatoes on a sleigh to Palgrave railway station, to sell them for ten cents a bag. Then, in wartime, the price rocketted to an unbelievable $6.50 a bag.

A saw mill started operations in Palgrave in 1866, with J. L. Card as the sawyer. In 1873 this mill was acquired by Robert Campbell, who was operating a large lumber business in 1877. At that time there were two stores in the village, F. Morrow's and James McCauley's; a blacksmith shop run by D. Walker, and two hotels owned by R. Robb and John O'Connor. In 1877 the Hamilton and Northwestern Railway built their line through Palgrave, stepping up business enormously. In a short time the population, which had been 150, doubled in number. The Hamilton and North Western amalgamated with the Northern Railway in 1879, and was absorbed, with the Northern, into the Grand Trunk Railway in 1888.

From 1890 to 1907 two saw mills were going strong in the village, the second being that of Henry Beatty, who also had a shingle mill in 1892. In that year a chopping mill was being run by E. Bradley, which became a flour mill before 1911. Miller Allan McLean, who is one of Palgrave's outstanding business and community-minded personalities, came into the village with his family in 1909, when he was very young. Later he and his father bought the mill founded by William Parker about 1890. In the heyday of the wheat era McLeans' ground 1,000 bushels of hard wheat a day. As late as 1946 the flour mill had a capacity of fifty barrels a day. And it is still functioning busily as a grist mill.

MONO MILLS

Two years before Albion was surveyed, William Frank, a Pennsylvania Dutch Loyalist built the first log house on Market Hill, now Mono Mills. Long before that, however, the Rawns and the Moons had settled on land not far away, under government regulations which came into force in 1804. Jacob Rawn (or Rahn) came from Holland to Pennsylvania, and from there to Markham Township in 1796. Through the dishonesty of another Dutchman Jacob lost his landholdings in Markham Township, and in 1806 he and his family found their way into Albion. When the Township was surveyed in 1819 he was quick to apply for land for his four sons, Peter, Frederick, Rudolph and John, all of whom worked on the Welland Canal until its completion in 1833. All four received hundred-acre grants in the First Concession of Albion, and another hundred acres were alloted to their father, on the Caledon side of the Sixth Line.

The fine Maple Grove Farms now operated by Robert and Hilliard Rawn, great, great grandsons of Jacob Rawn, are located on Frederick Rawn's grant, west half of lot 35, Concession 1, Albion. A few logs mark where Frederick's first house stood, on the back part of the farm. The "new" house, of glistening white clapboard, with wide, comfortable verandahs, was built ninety years ago at a cost of one hundred and fifty-six dollars! The Rawns, who have a respect for old things, still have the account

books, the bills and the receipts. The "new" house is home to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rawn, Mr. Hilliard Rawn, and the Robert Rawn's children, Susan and Jackson, sixth generation Rawns in Albion.

Doctor Stanley Baker and Mrs. Baker are the owners of the farm patented by Jacob Rawn for his son, John, being east half of lot 35, Concession 1, and now known as the Chateau Dingle Farm. A little knoll on the property was used in the earliest days as a family burying ground for the Rawns. A tombstone which at one time marked the spot disappeared long before the Bakers came into the picture. The Rawns tell of a hired man being ordered not to bury a horse on the knoll, but he did just that, and disinterred a strong wooden box in which were the remains of a woman with a baby on her breast.

Two fine homes have been built on part of the Rawn property to the north. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Gunn and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson are convinced, with reason, that their view from the escarpment across miles of countryside, is the finest in Albion.

Peter Moon, great grandfather of Edgar Moon, and great, great grandfather of Keith, Joan and Sandra Moon, of Braeview Farm, lot 1, Concession One, Adjala, hailed from Buck's County, Pennsylvania, as did the Rawns. Peter fought in the War of 1812, and was captured at Queenston Heights. When he was released from internment in York after the end of the war, he lost no time in returning to Pennsylvania to marry Elizabeth Rawn, and return with her to Canada to join other Rawns and Moons who were already located around Mono Mills.

Peter and Elizabeth Moon settled on the present Braeview Farm, which, we are told, was originally covered with giant butternut trees. The Moons were Methodists, and their graves are in the burying grounds which surrounded the now non-existent Snell Methodist Church in Adjala. The official Methodist Church organ, the Christian Guardian, dated August 18th, 1852, carried a story of a week-long Methodist camp meeting held "on Mr. Moon's farm near Mono Mills."

In 1819 Michael and John McLaughlin, from County Tyrone, Ireland, built a small grist mill—the only one for

miles around—which changed the name Market Mill to Mono Mills. The tavern around which the village grew was owned by Parshal Terry Jr., who closed his barroom every Wednesday night for a prayer meeting! Isaac Simpson owned a carriage and wagon factory; there were three general stores and four hotels, harness shops, blacksmith shops, shoe stores and a tannery employing fifty hands. In 1871 the population of the village was in excess of 500. Then the railway passed Mono Mills by in favor of Orangeville, and population and business dropped like a stone. In 1911 only one general store and one hotel remained.

There are those who wonder how much Mono Mills itself was to blame for the failure of the railway to pass through the village. Railway officials did come to look things over, but they were not impressed with what they saw. They reported twelve fights in progress at one time, outside the hotels on the main thoroughfare. They expected also that citizens would give land for the railway, in return for which they would receive benefits many times its value, but owners held out for exorbitant prices, and the raliway officials went on up to Orangeville.

On a farm just west of Mono Mills a little girl who wore hoop skirts on Sundays planted the yellow rose bush which inspired John Mitchell, using the pseudonym "Patrick Slater" to write The Yellow Briar, that "best seller" of the mid nineteen-thirties, printed and re-printed five times. John Mitchell himself dubbed it "an old daguerrotype of stiff, long dead figures made to move and laugh and talk and cry." Mitchells, whom the author named Marshalls, were early settlers on the homestead, and the little burrying ground beside the Mitchell Church on a corner of the farm holds their graves, all the way back to Nancy Trueman, who came there a bride more than a hundred years ago "with bloom on her cheeks as fresh as an apple."

And the yellow briar planted by the little girl with Sunday hoop skirts grew over into Albion. Oldtimers say that Jimmie O'Leary's wake took place in Farrells' old log house on the Jack Alexander property on the Fourth Line. Mrs. Robert Rawn has an enormous white candlewick

quilt made by Sarah Duncan of "Yellow Briar" fame, who lived in Mono Mills and went to the Mitchell home to work "by the day." Jimmie Haffey on the First Line of Albion has the quilting frames on which it was made. He also owns the property close to Glen Haffey on which stood the Reverend Alexander Lewis' proud stone house, now not much more than a heap of rubble-stones. Let us read what Paddy Slater had to say about the Scottish Reverend.

"Sure it was the Reverend Alexander Lewis himself, and he was a sporty looking old fellow for a retired Presbyterian minister. Away back in 1820 he had been the first settler in Mono Township. For a time he kept the first post office at Mono Mills, and the good man had since preached the doctrine of the election of the saints to two generations of Mono Presbyterians. For several years he had been living retired in the village, lending his money carefully on good security at twelve per cent.; yes, and like a shrewd banker, deducting his interest out of the face of the loan. It is a caution to me how the Lord prospers some clergymen on their small salaries. With his silk waistcoat and ruffled white shirtfront, I would like to show you a picture I have of that smart pioneer of Mono, as he sat glowing with health, his hand resting gallantly on the shoulder of a gentle, feeble old lady, whose eyes show plainly she is proud of him. Now I ask you what better charcater evidence than that can any man leave behind him?"

SLESWICK

In 1825 James Killeen, emigrating from King's County, Ireland, met Mary Carroll on shipboard, and married her. They settled close to the north west corner of Albion, on the main travelled Sixth Line which separates the Townships of Caledon and Albion. There they opened a tavern, a general store and a smithy, and before they knew it, the hamlet of Sleswick sprang up around them. Killeen's dances, held in the big ballroom over the tavern's driving shed, attracted folk for twenty miles around, and Rose Ann Killeen and Richard Evans, the first postmaster and father of Tom Evans of Caledon East, were voted the best dancers. Other early settlers were Michael Finnerty and

his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Farrell Rossney. They leased the west half of lot 30, Concession 1, Albion, in 1846 and bought it in 1847. The Finnertys also kept a hotel. It was not long before Sleswick was important enough to have a Magistrate's Court, with John Evans presiding. It was also a favorite place for Albion's Council meetings.

Gradually Sleswick faded away, and nothing remains of it today. The hotel was moved along the Thirty Side Road to Harry Pett's property on the west half of lot 31, Concession 3, where it is now a comfortable family home. Where Sleswick used to be, one of the finest new houses in Albion has been built, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Noble. The former Marie McEnaney, Mrs. Noble insists that by building there she is "just coming home." She is one of the old McEnaney family, who were among the earliest settlers in Caledon. Built on the site of the old Atkinson log house—the new home is named "Audley's End," straight from the pages of Samuel Pepys' Diary.

MONO ROAD

Mono Road, a mile south of Caledon East on the first line of Albion, blossomed out almost overnight when the Toronto, Gray and Bruce Railway passed through around 1870. Before that the farm folk were served by a stage coach from Mono Mills to Malton. Robert Shields proceeded to lay out the village in lots, and built a house and steam saw mill. By 1877 the village had a population of 300. Caesar and Mitchell kept store in 1876; Judge and Parsons followed suit in 1877; William Maw required day and night shifts in his factory to fill his orders for wagons and carriages; Charles Bowles was the blacksmith, and John Lanford ran a tailoring shop. Around 1880 two hotels, a large cheese factory, a saddler's shop and a tinsmith had been added. Before Caledon East got the railway, more grain and timber was shipped from Mono Road than from any place between Orangeville and Toronto. Thomas Bowles and Thomas Parsons were the most extensive wheat buyers.

When the trains passed through the village, the inhabitants were all agog to see the earliest weather reports in all Canada. Great discs on the side of the train de-

picted a full moon for fine, a crescent moon for showers, and a star for thunderstorms. The only drawback was that the novelty wore off with the train crew, and more often than not they forgot to change the discs with the weather!

MACVILLE

No early settlement in Albion is richer in historical background than Macville—or McDougall's Corners, as it was first known—although it is cited in the Peel County Atlas of 1877 as "a small place on the Fourth Line of Albion, supporting only a general store which George Newlove has operated for five years, Andrew Hope's blacksmith shop, McNeice's tavern, a church and a school."

Macville was founded by Daniel and John McDougall. The brothers had made their way into Albion from York, where their father, John McDougall U.E. had operated an inn since 1794. Before 1820 John Junior and his wife, Mary Porter of Weston, had established a home on what had been his brother Daniel's U.E. grant, lot 11, Concession 4, Albion, later the site of the village. Daniel McDougall was also granted the west half of lot 10, Concession 5, for service in the War of 1812.

Daniel, the first patentee at Macville, married Hannah Matthews of St. Andrews, Lower Canada. Their son was the Honorable William McDougall, who started out on the road to fame as publisher of the Canadian Farmer, and founder of a widely read reform paper, the North American. After that we find him sucessively, Member for North Oxford; Commissioner of Crown Lands, Provincial Secretary; and Minister of Public Works. In recognition of these services he was created Companion of the Bath. Later he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the North West Territories. After 1878 he rounded out a lengthy and exciting career by representing Halton in the Dominion House.

Macville's early story is bound up in that of Love Newlove, who patented lot 12, Concession 4, immediately to the north of the little settlement. A present-day Newlove descendant, Thomas Vernon Newlove, B.Sc., B.Ed., A.T.C.M., of Edmonton, Alberta, is so intrigued with the

interesting facts he has already uncovered, he spends all his vacations indulging his hobby—the Newlove family history. His search for data has taken him all over Canada and the United States, and to England as well. We are grateful to this indefatigable member of the Newlove family for the story of Love Newlove's coming to Macville. We cannot do better than quote Mr. Newlove verbatim,—

"Love Newlove, a native of Yorkshire, sailed from England with his brother Joseph in 1821, his wife, four sons and a daughter. The exact time of sailing is not known, but an entry in the Family Bible shows that the daughter, Mary, died March 3rd, 1821, at 3.00 a.m. Since there was much cholera on these sea voyages, it is altogether likely that this two year old girl died at sea.

Love's brother Joseph went to Marysville, Ohio, and his descendants are still to be found in this neighborhood and throughout the United States. Love settled in Albion Township, on lot 12, Concession 4, about 1825. When this lot was surveyed in 1836 to decide the value of certain improvements made by a neighbor, Richard Shore, prior to Love's occupancy, the surveyor reported to Honorable Robert Baldwin, Minister of Crown Lands for Upper Canada, and described the improvements already made by Newlove as "a log dwelling house, log framed barn, stable, large fold-yard, sheds and orchard-garden, near 130 acres of cleared land well fenced and half the front fence adjacent to the road was cedar poled posts and rails which gave the front an elegant appearance." The value put on the property by the surveyor was "thirteen shillings and 9 pence per acre," by his "candid appraisement."

Land records show that Love Newlove made application for Crown lands in 1827, two hundred acres each for himself and his four sons. Five hundred acres in all was approved, with the promise that an additional five hundred acres would be granted later if approved.

The extensive improvements that were made to Love's land were apparently carried out between 1827 and 1836. Title to the property was not gained until July 24th, 1850. It cost Love 137 pounds to gain complete possession, possibly because Richard Shore had claimed recompense for work he had done on the property earlier, as a squatter.

In addition, Love would have to pay the Government "five pounds, fourteen shillings and one pence sterling," before "writings" would be made out securing the land to him and to his heirs.

While these improvements were being made to the land, Love Newlove was also engaged as a contractor on the Welland Canal from the start of the Canal until it was finished in 1833, with the exception of a short time during one summer. He worked with his four sons, six yoke of oxen and two span of horses. In 1836 Love testified before a Committee of the Legislative Assmbly in his claim for losses sustained on the Canal work, "I started as a contractor at the commencement of the work on the Canal and continued until it was finished." It was while working on the Canal that his first wife Mary died, and he further stated before the committee, ". . . and I was obliged to borrow twenty dollars to bear necessary expense of her burial. I was left without one shilling, and I have not received one farthing for all the outlay on that job of Hartwell's from that time to the present." There is not any record as to whether the Legislative Assembly compensated him for this work.

Little wonder, then, that Love abandoned these excursions into contracting and devoted the remainder of his days entirely to his farm. Both he and his wife, Hannah Hardy and their entire household were staunch Methodists and Reformers. A family tradition tells of William Lyon Mackenzie receiving sanctuary in their neighborhood when fleeing from Montgomery's Tavern in 1837.

Of Love's four sons by his first wife, Mary, the eldest, Love Jr., moved to Sanilac County, Michigan, about 1860, and his descentants still farm in that County; William remained in Albion, and his grandson, William, took over the old family home, lot 12, Concession 4, following the decease of James Harvey Newlove of the second family in 1922. The old homestead remained in the family until 1953, when William retired to Bolton. It is still classed as some of the best land in the area, pointing to the astuteness of Love Newlove. Fifth-generation Newloves, descentants of Love and his first wife, Mary, include William John Newlove, who makes his home in Bolton with his

wife, and children Harvey and Rosemary; and William John's sisters, Ethel Newlove, Dorothy Newlove, now Mrs. Hudson Wilson; and Daisy Newlove, the wife of Kenneth Kee.

Love Newlove was born in September, 1779, in Newtoun, Yorkshire, England, and died in 1854. Burial was in Providence Cemetery, Albion. There were five children by his first marriage, and nine by his second marriage to Hannah Hardy, which took place in 1830."

There is a world of pathos hidden in the simple record, "Hannah Hardy married Love Newlove in 1830." Jack Whitlam in Caledon East is a grandson of Love Newlove and Hannah Hardy. In Jack's home hangs a large framed sampler, 36 inches by 26 inches, done in the finest of needlepoint, with a myriad of colors still clear and bright. At the bottom, worked into the intricate pattern is the inscription, "Hannah Hardy, aged thirteen years, 1828." Hannah Hardy worked the sampler while she spent the whole of her thirteenth year ill in bed, and records uncovered by Thomas Vernon Lovegrove prove that at the age of fifteen she married Love Newlove, and bore him ten children, one of whom died in infancy.

SAND HILL

Sand Hill, at the junction of the First Line of Albion and Ten Side Road, was first called Newton (New Town) Hewitt for its earliest settler, John Hewitt. When the post office came to the settlement in 1844 the name was changed to Sand Hill, although there was neither sand nor hill, the land being flat and the soil a heavy clay. The first store was opened by Francis Logan in 1839. Alexander McKee built the first house, which seems to have been used as a tavern in 1840. A stage was running regularly to Toronto in 1851, a time when the little hamlet could boast one hundred inhabitants. Although the population never topped 200, Sand Hill, before 1870, was an important village, humming with activity. There were two general stores operated by W. G. Hughes and W. Dean; three blacksmith shops were run by Robert Hodgins, Thomas Scott and W. Mitchell. There was Smithers' large saddlery shop; Joseph Elliott kept a shoe store; James Elliott was a builder and contractor; J. B. Bur-

bidge owned a large carriage and wagon factory; Dixon, Elliott and Company were tanners. George Lougheed kept hotel. The picture changed, however, when the railway came to centres nearby. Business dropped off in the by-passed villages almost overnight.

Sand Hill won somewhat dubious fame for herself right across Canada by having had, in the opinion of people who make a hobby of searching out such things, the most curious of all tavern signs. In the days when tavern signs—the more bizarre the better—swung in the breeze every mile or so along the highways, and even on the crossroads of Albion, this sign hung outside Alexander McKee's tavern at Sand Hill telling its strange tale to the farmers as they transported their wheat and other farm produce to the mills and markets. Suspended from a high post from 1840 to 1865, it depicted four robust, highly-colored male figures. Under one garbed as a farmer, and carrying a bag of grain, were the words, "I Feed All." A soldier in uniform, and aiming a gun, proclaimed to the world, "I Fight All." A clergyman of pious mien, carrying a prayer book, promised, "I Pray For All." And last of all, a well-dressed banker with a large bag of money boasted, "I Pay For All." At the top, in huge letters, was the name of the Tavern, "The Four Alls."

Among the earliest settlers to invade the area of Sand Hill was the Little family, which has given to Albion its able and long-time Assessor and Building Inspector, Elmer Little, along with other well known members of his family. Brothers William and John Little came with their families from Sligo County, Ireland, around 1830, to settle on lots 20 and 21, Fifth Line East, Chinguacousy. Their first dwelling places in the forest were shelters of boughs under which they camped while the men cut down trees for log houses. When they had made their little clearings, and harvested their first wheat, the women gleaned in the fields after the reapers. So precious was flour, they spread a sheet on the ground, into which they tossed the heads of wheat broken off by the cradle, to be threshed out with a flail on the barn floor later, by the women themselves.

William and John Little were devout followers of the

Church of England, and because there was no clergyman of that faith nearby to administer the rite, William carried his little daughter, Mary, in his arms all the way to Toronto to have her baptized by Bishop Strachan. The Littles worshipped in the frame church of St. Mary's, Tullamore, when it was founded in 1832 by the first travelling Church of England missionary, the Reverend Adam Elliott. After the fine brick church was built in 1875, four generations of this pioneer family in succession filled the same pew. At Sand Hill, from the days when the first congregation of St. Mark's Church met in the Kee schoolhouse in 1851 until the church was closed a few years ago, Littles were among its most faithful supporters.

LOCKTON AND CENTREVILLE

At first the settlement of Lockton boasted the stately title, "The Pines," while farther down the Fourth Line of Albion, Centreville brazened it out under the obviously merited name of "Helltown." Both, however, were equally lively little places, as fast-moving and spirited as the horse races which were run regularly and riotously on the road between the two villages.

Lockton was named for Scottish-born Archibald Lock, a gunner in the Royal Artillery, and a veteran of the Battle of Waterloo, who emigrated to Canada in 1820. For his services in the Napoleonic wars he had been given a military grant in Albion, being lot 35, Concession 3, and he, himself, had patented lot 25, Concession 4. On reaching this side of the water Archibald met a young widow, Sarah Spence Irwin, whose husband had died on shipboard, leaving her with three small children. After a whirlwind courtship the couple were married, and the little family of five set out to find their new home in Albion. Close on their heels came William and Loftus Lock, both of whom took up land near their brother.

Tremaine's 1859 map shows Archibald and Gabriel Lock to be owners of lot 26, Concession 4, and it was on this lot, as well as on Archibald's adjoining Crown Grant that Lockton proceeded to grow. In a year or two the population jumped from fifty to one hundred and fifty. Archibald Lock was the busiest man in the place, keeping

a store, acting as postmaster, butchering and peddling meat, and running the Rossney Hotel, with its "dancing academy," an adjunct which provided the village with plenty of rollicking diversion every evening.

In 1864 the village supported a second general store, two blacksmith shops, a milliner, of all things; a soap and candle maker, a miller, a wagon maker, lumber merchant, carpenter and cabinet maker, and two shoemakers. Surprisingly, at a time when doctors were few, Lockton had no less than three. Their names are recorded as Aldicott, Pettigrew and Phiniusbob. Lockton reached the peak of its good times in the early eighteen-seventies. Then the railway passed through Centreville, giving that village its turn at prosperity. Mrs. Elizabeth Mellon, at this time of writing well into her nineties, remembers Lockton in the later eighteen-seventies. When she was Lizzie Hayes, a little girl on her parents' farm, she walked the two miles to Lockton every day with a basket of four or five dozen eggs to barter for "a little tea—a little sugar—some baking soda."

Today Lockton is just a quiet junction of two country roads with one or two sparkling little homes, but with no hint of its early magnitude.

While Lockton's inhabitants were almost wholly Roman Catholic, Centreville's population was an explosive half and half — Methodist Orangemen and Irish Roman Catholics. Most of the time, however, they managed to get along together— except, say, on the Twelfth of July when the Orangemen took to themselves the right to trot their white horses in and out and around and through Roman Catholic "Mike" Dwyer's tavern, an outrage he and his Irish Catholic clientele could hardly be expected to take lying down.

Thomas Hockley built the Centreville grist mill back in 1857, five storeys high, and with a flume eighteen feet deep. All the wheels, cogs and shafts were wood, and only the grinders were of stone. It was erected on ten acres purchased from what is now Erle Spinks' farm, Cedar Valley, east half of lot 22, Concession 4. At that time Erle Spinks' grandfather, John Little (or Lytle) homesteaded the hundred acres, and if ever there was an

intrepid man it was he. First he walked into Albion from York, leading a cow, and with a big trunk strapped to his back, holding all his possessions. After that rugged journey he thought little of walking eighteen miles to Claude to attend church on a Sunday. Later a little log meeting house, Centreville Methodist Church, was built almost at his doorstep, and he was lay preacher there until his death. John Lytle's big bible is still treasured by the Spinks family, all the tatters of its leather binding drawn together meticulously with heavy cord. No one could doubt that its frayed pages had been pored over all the adult years of John Lytle's long life.

Not so edifying is the story of Jack Whitlam's brother, Lafayette, and his church-going propensities. The Whitlam boys were brought up in Centreville, where their father had a farm. A passing fad was for the young bloods in the village to keep a trained pet squirrel, and Lafayette Whitlam's was the best trained of any. The young lads, Whitlams, Spinks and all, made the rounds of nearby churches on Sunday evenings, and what more natural than that Lafayette's squirrel should go along too, tucked warmly in his master's pocket. When the sermon was dull, and some tired folk were dozing, young Whitlam thought it his duty to liven things up a bit. An adroit toss landed the squirrel squarely into the lap of the lady nodding in sleep in the front pew. That did it. The resultant pandemonium did not last too long, however. Lafe had taught the squirrel to scuttle back with all speed to the safety of his pocket, and Sunday decorum was eventually restored.

William Spinks, who married John Lytle's daughter, and succeeded to his farm, bought back the ten acres sold earlier to Thomas Hockley, and he was the last to operate the mill and the adjoining store. To provide easy access to the mill Thomas Hockley had opened up a road between the Fourth and Fifth Lines. Known today as the Mill Lane, it was built on land donated by John Lytle and his neighbor to the north. In legal documents it is termed "a given road for ever and ever." On this Mill Lane, close to the picturesque site of the Hockley Mill, Mrs. Harry Hughes and Miss Edna White, of Toronto, have built a

charming little "home in the country." They call it "The Mill Stone," because its wide semi-circular doorstep is part of one of the original stone "grinders" at the historic Hockley's Mill.

Erle Spinks' mother, who was ninety-eight when she died a few years ago, liked to tell of her excitement as a little girl when a band of Indians set up their wigwams on the edge of the farm, and proceeded to make bows and arrows and baskets from the withes of the willows growing there. The redskins put on amazing displays of skill for the palefaces with their bows and arrows, even hitting a penny held confidently between a thumb and forefinger, at fifty yards, with seldom, if ever, a miss.

Sunday afternoons found the farm families, young and old, gathered with the Indians around the wigwams, all joining lustily in singing the old hymns.

Centreville has not faded out of the Albion picture, as have other villages. True, the mill is gone, and the Mill Lane is a quiet place, no longer choked with teams of horses struggling with heavy wagons piled with barrels of flour. But high on a hill the Roman Catholic Church of John the Evangelist goes on dominating the scene, and now, nearby, is a fine, many-windowed separate school, modern to the last degree.

TORMORE POST OFFICE

POSTMASTER or POSTMISTRESS	Day	Month	Year	to Day	Month	Year
Mr. William Graham	1	6	1861			1869
Mrs. M. J. Graham	1	7	1869	25	11	1869
Mrs. M. J. Graham	25	11	1869	26	12	1873
Mr. Thomas Shuttleworth	1	4	1874	7	6	1880
Mr. Thomas Smyth	1	10	1880	1	7	1904
Mrs. Mary Ann Smyth	1	8	1904	31	10	1915

Mr. William Graham established the post office which he named Tormore in 1861. He operated it in his general store on lot 1, Con. 7, Albion, the exact location being on the east side of what is now Highway 50 in Mr. T. K. Cranston's lawn. The mail was delivered by a stage coach operating between Weston and Bolton, two or three times weekly.

After Graham's death, his daughter Miss M. J. Graham, became postmistress in 1869. Later that same year she married Robert Robinson and continued as post mistress until the end of 1873.

In 1874 Thomas Shuttleworth became Postmaster, with the result that Tormore Post Office was moved from its original location, Lot 1, Con. 7, Albion to Lot 17, Con. 12, Toronto Gore in Shuttleworth's house. This house still stands in the same place at the corner of Wildfield side road and Highway 50 and is presently owned by Mr. A. R. Sacre. Thomas Shuttleworth gave up the Post Office in 1880 and Thomas Smyth became the new Postmaster that same year.

Tormore Post Office was now moved to Thomas Smyth's residence, located on Lot 28, Con. 11, Vaughan Twp. This building had originally been the Hartville store, operated by William Smyth, a brother of Thomas Smyth. Hartville was the name given to this community some years before the Tormore post office was founded It apparently originated with Robert Hart, a Yorkshire Englishman who farmed on Lot 17, Con. 12, Toronto Gore. This name was forgotten with the passing of the years, and Tormore came to be applied to the communtiy as well as the Post Office.

The mail was still delivered to the Post Office by stage coach, at least into the eighteen-eighties. After the stage was discontinued, the mail was sent by train to Kleinburg Station. It was picked up at this point by a courier and delivered to four Post Offices in the district. These were as follows: Coleraine, Castlemore, Wildfield and Tormore.

After the death of Thomas Smyth, his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Smyth, became Postmistress in 1904. Mrs. Smyth continued in this position until the post office was closed in 1915. At this time the rural routes from Bolton and Nashville began to deliver the mail in the district.

Tormore Post Office opened on June 1, 1861 and closed on October 31, 1915. It was in Albion Twp. for 13 years, in Toronto Gore Twp. for six years and in Vaughan Twp. for 35 years. This adds up to a total of 54 years and four months.

The old Hartville store, where Tormore P.O. operated for the last 35 years of its existence, is still in use today. Due to the widening of Highway 50 it has been moved slightly further from the road than its original position and was covered with insul brick siding in 1963. It is owned by Mrs. William Temple and presently occupied by C. W. McKnight.

CHAPTER 26

LOG HOUSES

Just where to set up their log shanties was something of a puzzle to the first families to take up land in Albion. There were no roads. Surveyors swam across wide deep streams and waded through a morass of swamp to set their boundary marks in forests choked for centuries with fallen trees and matted undergrowth. Understandably, mistakes in surveys were made. There were times when settling was complicated still further by patentees arriving to take possession, only to find that a "squat" had been made on their property. Long before a survey was even thought of a few venturesome white families had moved in among the Indians, without benefit of Government recognition. They had made homes of sorts in total wilderness, and had sown their meagre crops among the stumps of trees they had felled, and the Government said they must be recompensed by the patentee for any clearing they had done, before they could be evicted.

Some squatters cheerfully relinquished their dubious rights, and moved on, in return for a gift from the patentee of, say, a good jacknife or similar small tool. Others were tenacious and exorbitant in their claims. English-born William Thomas, who came to Canada in 1830, learned this when he settled south of Bolton on the west half of lot 30, Concession 10, in Vaughan Township, a farm occupied until recently by William's grandson, Wilson Thomas, who, with his wife Ann, now makes his home in Bolton. The Crown Deed was withheld from William

Thomas until 1857, although the land had been granted to him long before 1845. More than a decade in time, and one hundred and thirty-one pounds, five shillings of Thomas money was spent settling boundary uncertainties, and getting squatters off the land.

Serious survey inaccuracies in the whole area had resulted in some long-drawn-out and costly law suits. Faulty surveys had also raised the question between neighbours, "On whose farm did the squatters do the clearing? On your farm or on mine? Do you recompense them, or do I?" In an attempt to answer the question, a second survey was made of the William Thomas farm and that of his neighbor, Thomas Smith, where squatters were also making an exorbitant claim. As it turned out, this beautifully handwritten document, still preserved by the Thomas family, only served to confirm, through several expensive pages of highly technical phraseology, that the first surveys conducted by the Government on the William Thomas and Thomas Smith farms in 1818 were correct down to the dotting of the last "i." There was nothing left for Messrs. Thomas and Smith to do but for each to dip deep into his pocket and pay off his own worrisome squatters.

Around the year 1823 a carpenter would contract to build a log house for something in the neighborhood of seven pounds, ten shillings—a little more than thirty-five dollars. For this sum a house would boast "two apartments, a stone chimney and hearth, and two glazed sash windows." Furthermore, the package deal would include "a shade for oxen and a pigstie." But thrifty Albion settlers had a better, cheaper way. They helped each other to erect their first log shanties, and the total monetary outlay was the cost of food and drink for those who gathered to help. The forest supplied all the materials, free for the taking. True, instead of "two apartments," there would be one room. The "stone chimney" would most likely be a hole cut in the roof to let the smoke out, and, until something better could be afforded, the "hearth" would be slabs of limestone set on end in a corner, and packed well with clay at the back to keep the fire off the logs. If there was a window at all, oiled paper would

substitute for "two glazed sash windows." There would be no immediate need for "a shade for oxen and a pigstie," because most likely there were no oxen and no pigs until such time as the homesteader had grown something to barter for them. With little money in circulation, cash had to be found to pay his far from exorbitant taxes, but he carried on his buying and selling almost entirely by barter, and, when he rated it, long term credit.

On the day set for raising the newcomer's log shanty, neighbors gathered at sun-up to organize their own version of modern-day assembly line procedure. One group hied to the woods to cut down timber. Others "snaked out" the logs, and trimmed and notched them. Still others who had brought oxen hauled the loads to the location, where five men, after setting the base logs on a foundation of flat stones, fitted log after log into place as fast as they were fed to them. There were few tools of any sort in Albion when the first log houses were going up, and most men came to the raising armed only with shipaxes, short handled and but little heavier than a hatchet.

After a shanty was raised the cracks and crevices were chinked with wedges of wood, and plastered inside and out with clay. The roof was usually made of strips of elm bark, thickly overlapping, and fastened with strong, supple twigs. Only wooden pegs were used to fasten pieces of timber together. Nails and screws were still being mnaufactured one at a time by hand in the larger centres of Canada and the United States, and, because of their prohibitive price, were unknown luxuries in early Albion.

The Township's first log homes were sometimes as meagre in size as ten feet long, eight feet wide and six feet high. To shed the rain, the roof sloped back to a wall so low only a juvenile could stand upright. Some settlers chose to sacrifice light and air for winter warmth by building their shanties without windows. Too many subzero blasts would whistle through already existing apertures in walls and doorway, they reasoned. Family clothing and household utensils were hung on long wooden pegs thrust through smallish holes cut through the logs, and a few of these holes—only a few—were left pegless to

let in a modicum of light and air. Darkness fell early in Albion winters, and when candles were in short supply a twisted rag in a bowl of goose grease made a brave effort to illuminate the interior.

With no metal at hand, hinges and locks were made of wood and odd bits of leather. The wooden door-latch was on the inside, and could be lifted from the outside by a leather latch-string passing through a small hole in the door above the latch. Seldom, if ever, was this latch-string drawn inside. The saying, "Their latch-string is always out," could have been coined to typify the warm hospitality found then and now in Albion homes.

Increasing broods of lively children soon called for roomier living quarters than the first shanties offered. Log houses began to take on proportions up to and beyond twenty feet long, eighteen feet wide, and from nine to twelve feet high to accommodate a sleeping loft for the older children. The loft was often reached from the exterior of the house, and morning and evening, in the pitch dark and in the cold of winter, a procession of nimble-footed youngsters descended and ascended the ladder fixed on the outside of the log wall.

For the roof of the new, roomier home, shingles were fashioned by hand, one at a time, chiefly of pine, of which there seemed to be no end in Albion. Some of his descendants who still live in the Township tell of the profitable one-man shingle business Johnny Hayes carried on more than a century ago. Fresh from Dublin, Johnny made a "squat" on unsurveyed waste lands in what is now the heart of Albion. He was hemmed in for miles by stands of incredibly tall, beautiful pines, and the young immigrant, working single-handed, did so much clearing, the Government finally granted him a deed of ownership to land at the corner of Twenty Side Road and the Fifth Line. In due time Johnny and his wife, Mary, found themselves with thirteen mouths to feed, and in addition to planting and harvesting the fine crops of potatoes in which he specialized, Johnny somehow found time to fashion with his draw knife quantities of fine wide pine shingles. When he finished a "bunch" he loaded it on his back and set out over a blazed trail through the woods

to James Dwyer's tavern in the bustling little hamlet of Centreville on the Fourth Line. Among the thirsty ones crowding the bar there was sure to be someone looking for shingles. Each time Johnny arrived at the tavern with a fresh "bunch," the proprietor handed him five shillings to pay for the last lot. It was virtually the only cash the Hayes household ever saw.

So huge was the stone fireplaces in the new log houses, oxen were sometimes needed to drag over the threshold the immense backlogs they accommodated. Whole trees were cut into three or four sections, and fed into their insatiable maws, branches and all. For the fire to die out was a calamity. There were no matches in Albion until long after 1829, the year they were invented in England. Unlike the Indians, the white settlers never became adept at making fire by striking sparks from a flint on a dry combustible surface, or by rapidly revolving one dry piece of pine against another. It was simpler, and sometimes quicker, to send the family's fleetest runner to a neighbor —often a mile away—to bring back a shovel of live coals.

The great hearth was the living heart of the pioneer Albion home. It engendered an abundance of comforting warmth, and provided the family with their only means of cooking food. When hungry men gathered from the fields and forests for the evening meal they found the women folk bustling about the bake oven built at one side, and busy with the pots and cauldrons suspended on hooks from a crane in the fireplace, so devised it brought the bubbling, savory-smelling kettles away from the fire and out into the room at a touch of the finger.

At night the blazing logs illuminated the home, sometimes with the help of crude tallow candles made by patiently dipping and re-dipping a length of wick into hot tallow, and allowing it to harden between dippings. When metal found its way into Albion more plentifully, a prodigality of candles was enjoyed. They were made in an iron mold, a dozen at a time. After the first barrel of coal oil was unloaded in York in 1855, it was not long before oil lamps took over the job of lighting the fine brick farm homes which began to supplant log houses in Albion about that time. No longer serving a useful purpose, Grand-

mother's prized candle molds, battered and bent from much using, were among the first to lose themselves in that limbo of outmoded household gadgets, the attic of a big brick house.

The old log house, no longer a home, was put to some humbler use on the homestead, or the notched logs were tidily piled away, leaving the great stone fireplace to stand naked and alone. Long after the fine brick home was built the blackened hearth continued to serve the family by boiling, in the open, the cauldrons of sap for maple syrup, and the vats of soft yellow soap. On some Albion farms it still stands, the crumbling chimney stones steeped in the strong essence of pioneer birthing and living and dying; the newly-born baby's first warm bathing in the midnight firelight; the gatherings of neighbors for laughter and feasting and dancing to fiddle music; the worshippers crowding and overflowing the log house on a Sunday morning because the circuit rider has come by, and the little log church has not yet been built; the old grandmother in her chimney corner, warm and babbling in sleep as she relives in dreams her turbulent youth in old Ireland; the heartbreak of all-night futile watching at the bedside of whole families of little children choking with the black diphtheria from which few pioneer homes in Albion escaped.

And now all over the Township the old log house has come into its own again. The sturdy, simple, honest dwelling places of the old settlers have captured the imagination of the "new settlers" coming into Albion to establish homes. Take the Ogilvies, Will and Sheila, who have turned the old Minnock log house, long regarded as "derelict and only fit for burning," into a home, gracious and charming in its old-time simplicity, for one of Canada's leading artists and his lovely wife. Standing picturesque beside what is now the Conservation Authority's Humber Forest on the Sixth Line north of Twenty-Five Side Road, the Minnock house has weathered close to one hundred and twenty Albion winters, but the pine logs and beams were found by the Ogilvies to be sturdy and strong as ever. While the interior has been modernized and furnishd for comfortable living, nothing has been taken away and noth-

ing has been added to detract from its early character. The Ogilvies are adamant on that.

Before settling down to make their home in Albion Will and Sheila Ogilvie had travelled widely. Born in South Africa, Will came to Canada in 1925. He studied in New York, and now his paintings hang in the National Gallery at Ottawa, and in numerous other galleries across Canada. He has had paintings exhibited in the famous Tate Gallery of London, England, and in the National Galleries of the United States, Rio de Janiero and South Africa. He was an Official War Artist in World War Two, serving with the Canadian Army in the Sicilian, Italian and North West Europe campaigns. For these services Major W. A. Ogilvie was awarded the M.B.E. His portrait, painted by Charles Comfort, the National Gallery Director, hangs on the gallery wall sacred to Official War Art. English-born Sheila Ogilvie, a professional pianist well known in the realm of music, lived much of her earlier life abroad. She met her husband in Italy, where he was spending a year studying the Old Masters. Albion is indeed honored to have this distinguished artist and his talented wife living in its midst.

A log house, now restored, and the prized possession of Alan and Naomi Harris, was built a century ago by Daniel Sullivan on the west half of lot 32, Concession 5, Albion. From the earliest days of settlement the Township has had its full quota of Irish Sullivans, all with sons answering to the favored names of Patrick, Daniel, Michael, Thomas, Francis, John. Nicknames became imperative, even the parish priests agreed, and at the time John Sullivan fell heir to his grandfather Dan Sullivan's farm and fine log house, his neighbors had all but forgotten that his name was John. Because of his tendency to volubility on all occasions, he was known to everyone as "Billy Sunday."

Around the late nineteen-thirties John Sullivan sold the hundred-acre homestead to D. L. McCarthy, Q.C., of Toronto, who proceeded to restore the log house, and to build on necessary additions. "Lally" McCarthy was a lover of good horseflesh, and it was not long before some fine new stables were housing his thoroughbreds. It was

his thoughtful replanting and landscaping of the grounds that had much to do with making the Harris property one of the finest in Albion today. In the large log-lined living room the furnishings are antiques all as intriguing as the old "pipe chair" near the fireplace, with its aperture in the right arm, which looks as if it could have been used to safely harbor old Dan Sullivan's clay pipe one hundred years ago.

After the McCarthy regime, and before Alan and Naomi Harris purchased the property Dan Sullivan's old log house was, for a comparatively brief time, the home of George Drew, Canada's present High Commissioner to England, a former Prime Minister of Ontario, and later Leader of the Opposition in the Federal House.

A ten-acre spring-fed lake, known for a century in Albion as "Sullivan's Pond," offers year-round fun for the young people and for older ones too, in the Harris family —swimming, skating and even boating. Alan and Naomi Harris are enthusiastic students of wild life, and they recall with satisfaction one day not long ago when, seeing a gull having difficulty rising from their lake, they were able to free its bill from the hooks of a trolling lure attached to ninety feet of line. Said Mr. Harris, "The bird must have run foul of the hooks in the deep water of Georgian Bay or the Muskoka Lakes. How the ninety feet of line missed getting entangled in the trees on the gull's flight all the way to Albion, we shall never know."

Mr. and Mrs. Harris are bird watchers of the deepest dye, and since they began to keep count, as a matter of interest, they find they have poured into the many feeding stations surrounding their home over one thousand pounds of bird food. "And when I came here I only knew robins and crows," laughed the distaff member of the bird-watching team. Chickadees are perhaps their favorites, and sitting in the garden with the Harrises can mean watching with fascination tiny black-capped pale yellow chickadees fly down from a tall spruce tree in an almost continuous procession to help themselves fearlessly to peanuts held in outstretched hands or even between lips. Returning to their spruce tree, the little "free loaders" seldom fail to emit what could be a chirp of repletion, but

the Harrises optimistically interpret it as "Thank You."

Much tree planting—with resultant halting of land erosion—has been done on the old Dan Sullivan property, first by the McCarthys and later by the Harrises. A Master at Upper Canada College in Toronto, Mr. Harris is also an expert in the field of reforestation. For some years he has been in charge of an ambitious tree planting program on four hundred acres of land at Norval, near Georgetown, acquired by Upper Canada College in 1912. Students who board at the College, both senior and junior, spend weekends there enjoying summer and winter sports, pursuing the study of wildlife in an ideal setting, and taking a goodly share in the care of the trees.

The hundred-year-old log house on the Third Line of Albion in which Mr. and Mrs. Donald K. Tow and their daughters, Eleanor, Ruth and Margery, spend long satisfying months in the summer, and some weekends in winter, has required little restoring. "Aside from keeping the outside logs well chinked, we have done very little," said Donald Tow, as we admired the graceful lines of the century-old front door and windows, with just enough ornamentation for good taste in any age. Inside, on the living room walls and ceiling, the smooth, original plaster seems not to have a crack. "Perhaps we should say that we have restored our old log house in reverse," the Tows smile when they remember the day they discovered, tidily stored away in the log workhouse at the rear, some of the original many-paned windows which had been replaced by a former owner with modern, single-pane window sash. "The small-paned windows are so much more in keeping with the character of the house, we couldn't wait to 'restore' them to their old places," they said, and added, "We still get our water from the well with the help of the old windmill. We like it that way."

The story of John Smith, whose son, another John Smith, built the Tow's log house, goes back to the year 1812. The first John Smith was aide de camp to General Brock when he fell in the Battle of Queenston Heights. When Albion was surveyed he was granted, along with other properties, the east half of lot 23, Concession 2, on which he settled. The location of John Smith's first log

house, built farther back on the property, is marked by a circle of ancient lilac trees, a cistern which still supplies water to the barn, and a few old logs.

John Smith's great granddaughter, Mrs. Roy McCartney of Caledon East, who was Irene Gott before her marriage, has been told many stories of the early days on the Smith farm by her grandmother, Mrs. Harriet Smith, who lived well into her nineties. Her grandparents, John and Harriet, moved into their brand new log house just a few hours before their daughter, Mary Eliza—Mrs. McCartney's mother—was born. Harriet, who came from England when she was seventeen, with her uncle, Thomas Walton, who patented lot 23, Concession 5, often talked of attending the little log church in which the first Church of England congregation worshipped in 1843, and which was the forerunner of St. James' Anglican Church, Caledon East. After her marriage it was Sunday morning and evening practice for the Smith family, young and old, to walk the long miles from their home well down the Third Line to Brown's Wesleyan Methodist Church, a little log meeting house north of the Cemetery on the First Line of Albion.

The Smith farm, of heavier soil than most in Albion, has been extremely productive through the years, and abundant crops are still harvested regularly, while cattle pasture on the higher land. A large spring-fed pond has been constructed, most successfully under the guidance of Conservation Authorities, and now Mr. Tow is toying with the idea of moving to a location beside the pond a little log building near the barn, standing trim and straight as the day it was built, probably to store and keep dry the ashes gathered to make potash when the virgin trees covering the land were felled and burned. The old ash house —if it was that—would indeed make a satisfactory and certainly useful hundred-year-old version of a bathing cabana.

Donald Tow is more than willing to commute between his office and his country home even longer than through the summer months to enjoy, with his family, the relaxation of the log house and the quiet farm with its stupendous view far across the hills of Albion. He is Vice-President, General Manager and Director of the Toronto

General Trusts Corporation, and a part of his biographical sketch in "Who's Who" contributes this further information—"Brigadier Donald K. Tow, O.B.E., E.D., a graduate of the University of Toronto, he served during the Second World War with The Toronto Scottish Regiment as Adjutant and later Commanding Officer and also on the General Staff, seeing service in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and North West Europe."

A small part of the Smith farm was sold in the early days to the Millburns, and the stream which turned the great water wheel operating the Millburn Mills now borders the Tows' property. Sarah Smith, who was John and Harriet's younger daughter, married Tom Potter, the Millburns' miller. It is coincidence that Russell Davis, who bought the Mill House from Tom and Sarah Potter for a country home for himself and his family, was, until his death some years ago, also a valued official of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. Mrs. Russell Davis and her children and grandchildren still enjoy the Mill House and the restored Millburn grist house, originally three stories high, which pleasantly houses in summer Mr. and Mrs. Martin Rowe—Mrs. Rowe was Evelyn Davis before her marriage—and their children.

"Chiltern" is the name Mr. and Mrs. George Leishman have given to their home on the east half of lot 29, Concession 4, Albion. It stems from the days of World War Two when George Leishman was Liaison Officer between the Royal Air Force and the Royal Canadian Air Force, stationed in the lovely Chiltern Hills of England. When the Leishmans acquired the old Doherty farm back in 1946, the quiet charm of the woods and field, the gently rolling hills and wide, winding stream brought to mind the old farms of Chiltern.

The Dohertys' more-than-a-century-old log house, with the ceiling removed, but with all the original rock elm beams and logs intact, and with a huge stone fireplace filling one end wall and reaching up two storeys high, is now the Leishmans' living room, a perfect setting for Josephine Leishman's cranberry glass, and for all the other lovely old things she has collected over the years. Clapboard wings, built on at each end, provide additional

living space, and wide flagstone patios, flower bordered and overlooking a swimming pool, make outdoor living in summer a delight.

Before his retirement George Leishman was Merchandising Manager for the T. Eaton Company Limited. Mrs. Leishman was Josephine Eaton, daughter of W. F. Eaton of Oakville, and niece of Lady Eaton and the late Sir John Eaton. Both enjoy to the full every phase of their life in Albion, winter and summer. They appreciate the rural neighborliness, as it was exemplified in a little story related to them by Mrs. Fred Doherty, the former occupant of the log house. When before the days of cars, one of the Doherty men was suddenly stricken with a ruptured appendix, and an emergency operation was being performed on the kitchen table. Mrs. Doherty looked out of the window to find a long line of horses and buggies filling the lane, the occupants quietly waiting. When the operation was over, and the neighbors were assured of its success, they drove off home to return later with enough good things to eat to fill the Doherty larder to overflowing.

It is of interest that John Paul was the man who was granted the Crown Deed to the Leishman property on December 24th, 1830, apparently his only venture into land ownership in Albion. A forebear of the highly regarded Warbrick family in Bolton, Major John Paul came from Scotland to Canada in 1824, and settled in the little hamlet known at that time as The Humber, and later as Weston. Soldier, schoolmaster, churchman, builder of business enterprises, and leader in municipal affairs, so forceful was John Paul's impact on life along the Humber, his story merited a lengthy article by historian Jean McFall—Mrs. David McFall—in the Annual Report issue of the York Pioneer Magazine in 1958, sponsored by the York Pioneer and Historical Society. Mrs. McFall, in her article, presents a vivid picture of a flood in 1850, when the Humber rose twenty feet and wiped out most of the rapidly growing Humber settlement—"Paul's cooperage, Warbrick's Tannery and Saddlery, Musson's Brewery, two stores, fifteen homes and the bridge of the Albion Plank Road Company over the Humber."

In 1831 John Paul sold what is now the Leishmans'

hundred acres to George Dixon for £50. The next year George Dixon made a profit of six pounds by selling to John Treanor. Other owners before the Dohertys were William Proudfoot, Ann Lyons and the Longworth family.

"Quiet Hills," formerly the Brooks' farm on lot 31, 1st Concession, Albion, is now a pleasant place for Norman and Ettie Irwin and their chlidren, Peter and Dierdre, to weekend and holiday. On a high slope commanding a wide wonderful view, some earlier owner moved two houses built of birch logs, end to end. The long graceful lines thus achieved present a challenge to the Irwins to restore and renovate, but they are taking their time, and, being Norman and Ettie Irwin, are sure to come up with something special. In the meantime they have made their log house comfortable and attractive, and are going on with an extensive tree planting program on their hundred acres.

Norman Irwin is a partner in the architectural firm of Hanks and Irwin which, for thirty years, has played a leading part in setting the fine architectural pattern of Etobicoke in general, and the Kingsway and Humber Valley Village in particular. Hanks and Irwin designs have not only been built in Etobicoke, but in every province across Canada. While they enjoy a high reputation in the residential field, they also design several million dollars worth of industrial and commercial building each year, and are busy designers of churches and schools. Coming close to Albion, the fine new union school at Mono Mills is Norman Irwin's design.

The log house which served "Willie" Wallace—early settler John Wallace's son—for the many years he farmed the property, has lent itself to a happy blending of the old and the new, in the lately acquired home of Mr. and Mrs. Jon Dowsley on the east half of lot 22, Concession 2, Albion. The uncovered hundred-year-old logs now form the walls of a goodly-sized dining room, and the original fireplace at one end has been ingeniously converted into a hooded indoor barbecue, to provide the Dowsleys and their guests during the cooler months of the year with the next best thing to al fresco dining. Understandably proud of the new stone fireplace, open on two sides and rising

two stories high, Jon Dowsley likes to tell of its having been built by a twenty-year-old Swiss lad who had served his apprenticeship well in the homeland, and came to this country a perfectionist in his field. The cement is deeply indented around the stones, which gives them a three-dimensional look, unusual and attractive.

Large glass enclosed living rooms which have been built on to the south and to the west, now bring into the Dowsley house all the beauty of the rolling hills, and of a wide stream nearby, with its own quaint stone bridge and busy little waterfall.

Mrs. Dowsley, incidentally, is Mrs. George Leishman's sister. "That is one of the reasons why we look forward to living in Albion," the new owners of the former "Agmaur Farm" say.

It was in 1937 that Simon Edward Finnerty sold to Mary, Beatrice and Edith Alexander fifty acres from John Finnerty's homestead, lot 31, Concession 4. The ancient log house on the property seemed of little account to either the vendor or the vendees, but today it is the pleasant home of Mary Alexander, and is classed by experts as one of the best examples of restored log houses in Albion. The hundred-year-old "Finnerty" school is on one corner of the property, and while Mary Alexander delights in the high, happy sounds of children's voices, there was a time when the Alexanders were sorry the school was there. A young girl teacher had insisted that the children start a grass fire, although the youngsters warned her that it was too windy. The result was that many of the 35,000 newly-planted trees, some of them rare types, were burned, along with most of the fences. "However, we replanted the trees, and the old log house was saved, thanks to the help of neighbors," said philosophical Mary Alexander.

King Township's Planning Consultant, Gordon Culham, has employed all his well known skills in restoring and renovating the log house at the corner of Fifteen Side Road and the Fifth Line, where the Baguley family lived for more than a century. Indeed, the history of the old homestead dates farther back than its occupancy by Baguleys. Mary Blain, who married Fred Baguley of Aurora, had been bequeathed the property by her mother,

Lavinia Blain, whose husband had predeceased her. Coming from Vaughan Township, the Blains had purchased it from its first owner, early settler George Hutchinson. Mr. and Mrs. Culham bought the fifty-acre property after the death of J. Howard Baguley. In addition to the old house, it includes well-kept apple orchards and barns in good repair.

The most important of all log houses in Albion is the old Boyce home built about 1850 on what was the Boyce homestead, and is now at Albion Hills Conservation Park, three miles north of Bolton on Fifty Highway. The Metropolitan Toronto and Region Conservation Authority have restored it, and the task of furnishing it in keeping with its early character has been placed in the capable hands of Bolton's Coronation Women's Institute, under a committee comprising Mrs. A. G. L. Neelands, Miss Mae Harper, Mrs. Robert Wilson and Mrs. Henry Wilson. There will be no glass enclosed patios, no clapboard wings, no picture windows in this living link with Albion's earliest days. Rather, it will tell to the thousands of visitors who throng the Albion Hills Conservation Park its own graphic story of the homely comfort of the settlers' homes in the days of the logging bees, the apple paring and corn husking bees, the gatherings of neighbors in the log house to listen to the message of the circuit rider, the sugaring-off parties in maple syrup time, the feasting, and dancing to the music of the fiddle, in good old days in Albion.

BOLTON

Some History and Events

By

JAMES H. BOLTON

Re-printed from The Bolton Enterprise
1931

BOLTON — SOME HISTORY AND EVENTS

In the year 1818 James Bolton came to Canada from Norfolk, England. In the fall of that year he came inland as far as Weston and built the first mill on the Humber at that place.

In the Spring of 1819 he took up land on the Humber about three miles east of the present village of Bolton. In 1820 his nephew, George Bolton, came out. He was a bachelor with some capital and took up the west half of lot 9 and west half of lot 8 in the 7th concession of Albion and the East half of lot 9 in the 6th con. He selected a mill site at what is now the round corner of Mill St. and he and his uncle, James, built a dam and a small frame grist mill with one run of stones. In 1836 he built a log store near what is now the South-East corner of King and Mill Sts. In 1843 he built the first frame house erected in the village. The walls were of inch boards six inches wide and were laid flat on each other. Every other board was laid half an inch in, thus making a place for the plaster to catch. It was plastered and roughcast and is still in use as a dwelling, being part of the creamery dwelling house.

In 1832 Cholera came to Canada and was very fatal in most towns and villages and created a scare amongst the settlers here, but no cases developed.

In 1835 Charles Bolton bought the west half of lot 8 in the 7th con., and William the east half of lot 9 in the 6th con.

In 1837 James Bolton and his son, Samuel, had to get out of the country owing to the prominent part they had taken in the rebellion. A price was set on their heads but they managed to get to Niagara and thus into the States where James Bolton died in 1839.

About that time Mr. Pexham bought the place over the pond on the north side of Queen St. (now the Brown property) where he built a house and tannery. In 1843 he sold a part of the lot to the Congregational Church trustees and they built a mud brick church on it. Rev. Jos. Wheeler was the pastor. Later the old church was taken down and a fine frame building erected in its place. Mr. Wheeler was an exceptionally good man, though not so very brilliant as a pulpit orator, but he had the faculty of holding and interesting his hearers. His salary was donated by members and friends—a bag of flour, a side of pork and an occasional shilling—but it made little matter to him how much he got for it was mostly given away to the needy of the district. The last dish of flour in the house or the last shilling from his pocket was given freely if he heard of anyone suffering for need of them. His hobby was building pipe organs and all his spare time was devoted to that work, so when the new church building was ready for operation he had a large organ ready to put together in it and it was a splendid instrument of sweet tone and great volume.

Mr. Wheeler used to tell that he had to smile once when de-

livering a sermon. Jack McDonald, a boy of 12, sat behind Billy Robinson, a very stylish young man who carried a large mop of fiery red hair, and Jack was poking his finger into the hair and holding it there for a little while and then taking it out and pounding it with his fist on the back of the seat as a blacksmith would do a hot iron.

In 1842 the first school was opened, Samuel Walford being the teacher—a mud brick building on the N.E. corner of King and George Sts. On proof being given that there was a regular attendance of at least fifteen scholars, a small grant was given by the government and the balance of the teacher's salary was raised by a 25c tax on each pupil. In 1852 the town hall was used and in 1860 the Temperance Hall was purchased by the School Board and used as a school until 1874, when the present school was erected on Albert St.

Geo. Taylor was the mail carrier from 1832 to 1878. At first he carried the mail on his back and on horseback and when there was a road opened he drove a horse and gig, and later, when the roads were improved, a regular bus from here to Weston, carrying passengers as well as mail. He left here between 4 and 5 a.m., picking up mail on the way and got to Weston at 10 a.m.; leaving Weston at 5 p.m. for Bolton, getting here at 9 p.m., when the roads were good, but any time during the night in the spring and fall when the roads were bad.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Of the Late Sam'l A. Walford

At the request of The Enterprise the late Samuel A. Walford many years ago wrote a short sketch of his career which will prove interesting to our readers.

This is the autobiography left by Mr. Walford and is written up to 1899:—

"I have been requested by Mr. F. N. Leavens of *The Enterprise* newspaper published in Bolton, to write a short sketch of my life that will be given in that paper after I am passed away. In complying with his request I feel that it may or may not be of any interest only to some few of those now living who may remember certain incidents connected herewith in the early settlement of Bolton and vicinity. I shall incidentally have to refer to my parents who emigrated to Canada in the year 1834.

"I was born in London, England, Feb. 18th, 1816, and within the sound of Bow Bells, therefore may be called a cockney. My father, Samuel Walford, though in fairly good circumstances as an upholsterer and carpet manufacturer, through reading very flattering accounts of Canada was satisfied that he could in the new world better his position by emigration. Therefore on the 18th

day of February, 1834, the 18th anniversary of my birthday, took passage in the good ship President, 500 tons, Geo. Moore, captain. The family consisted of father, mother, sister and myself. The ship left her berth at St. Catharines' dock on the evening of that day and was towed into the Thames as far as Gravesend where a pilot came on board and took command until we reached Portsmouth. After a voyage of six weeks and five days we reached New York. We remained in that city about two weeks then took passage on the Hudson river to Albany and Troy from which place boarded a canal boat on the 26th of April and proceeded on to Oswego where we embarked for Toronto. The weather had up to the time we reached Canandaigua been very warm.

"During the night of the 26th and early morning of the 27th of April a great snow storm visited that locality. When we got on the deck on Sunday morning there was six inches of snow thereon. The fruit trees on the farms adjoining the canal were in leaf and blossom. It was to us a rather unpleasant experience after such warm weather that had prevailed.

"We reached Toronto about the 5th of May. During the month we resided there my father and myself made excursions into the country on foot, there being no means of conveyance on the routes we travelled. We arrived on the evening of the day we started at a log farm house the owner of which was one Wm. Copeland, situated at lot 12, con. 5, township of Albion, a distance of 27 miles from Toronto. We were treated very kindly and hospitably by him and his wife, both of whom were from Yorkshire, England. We remained there during the night and after breakfast on the following morning wended our way to near the village of Mono Mills, then only a very small place. Here we met a friend, a Mr. Thos. Brett, comrade in arms of my father, both of whom had been in what is known as the Peninsular war between the years of 1804 and 1814 and both in the 24th regiment of infantry. Mr. Brett had taken up land in that locality—a soldier's grant of 200 acres. We remained there some two or three days, the old comrades fighting in words the battles they had been engaged in. In 1814, at the close of the war, both of them took their discharge. Brett, through being wounded in the foot by a bullet which the surgeons failed to extract and which he carried with him to his grave, was discharged on a pension of one shilling a day, ranking as color sargeant. My father was sargeant-major of the regiment when he took his discharge with a grant of 200 acres of government land in any township where said land was available.

"After a short rest we returned and made for Bolton's Mill or Bolton hollow as it was sometimes called. Before we reached there we heard of 50 acres on the south east quarter of lot 10, con. 5, Albion, for sale by one, Wm. King, familiarly known as old "Daddy King" with whom my father entered into an agreement

to purchase, paying a certain amount to bind the bargain. We proceeded from there to Bolton. At that time there was not more than three or four houses (log) and the miller's house. The home of George Bolton, known as "Old Boss Bolton," was a frame, roughcast building, the most pretentious building in the village. The postmaster, Mr. Samuel B. Sterne, lived in a small log house and carried on storekeeping in another. There was a blacksmith shop on or near the site of Jas. Wole's blacksmith shop at this date. There was not much of a clearing at that time, the bush being in close proximity.

We returned to the city and made preparation for moving to our future place of abode. We left the city on the 4th of June, a very warm, fine day, with two wagons heavily laden with our belongings. We reached Murray's hill in the evening. After doubling the teams the wagons were safely landed on the flat above about sundown. The teamsters considered it better to remain there over night as there was nearly a mile and a half of bush road to face in the dark. My mother and sister proceeded on foot in advance expecting to be overtaken by the teams. They proceeded about half way when it became dark and sat themselves on a log to rest. After the wagons were on top of the hill my father followed and found my mother and sister crying and frightened, lightning bugs being plentiful and flashing their light. They proceeded through this road and came to a clearing and a large chopping on lot No. 9, owned by one Thos. Taylor. My father made for the house and begged shelter for the night which was readily granted and food prepared for their visitors. After camping on top of the hill during the night by taking a bed off the load and sleeping soundly I awoke next morning and found the quilt covering me with a thick coat of white frost. The teamsters hitched up as soon as possible and travelled through this bush road in daylight over roots and other obstacles which had they travelled it after dark might have caused an upset. We arrived at our destination about 10 o'clock on the 5th of June. During our five years' residence there and experiencing the hardships and privations of a bush life by clearing up old logs and a slashing of about 9 acres covered with logs, brush and raspberry bushes and adding some new land by chopping and logging, making altogether about thirty acres of a clearing. Here we built a good log house, log barn and other necessary buildings.

We found that farming and the uncertainty of the seasons by late and early frosts was not particularly our vocation, more especially not being used to bush fare in our daily living, no fresh meat unless a sheep was killed and shared in by our neighbors. On or about the 29th of May, 1839, leaving my mother and sister on the farm my father and I left for Rochester, N.Y., and found employment with a Mr. Samuel Moulson who ran a soap factory in that city and a nursery some 4 miles on the North road. Both

of us were employed at the nursery, my father for only about two weeks when he was taken to the soap factory as help was needed there. I remained at the nursery till the fall and went to the factory also for the winter and did the same the year following, the nursery in the summer and soap factory in the winter, where I got an insight into and practice of making soap and candles. During winter of 1840 and 1841 I left Moulson and engaged with Jacob Anderson, a soap and candle manufacturer at Frankford then a suburb of Rochester, at better wages than I had been receiving from Moulson with further insight and instruction into the mysteries of soap and candle making. I remained with Anderson about a year and six months. During my engagement with him, on the 15th of June, 1841, I was married to my late deceased wife by whom was born to us five children, three boys and two girls, four of them having passed away and only one remaining, Samuel Cronshey. Just previous to my marriage I was offered the purchase of ten acres on the corner of the west half of lot number eight in the 7th concession of Albion, being a portion of the village of Bolton, by one Geo. Bolton, the owner of said lot, then a fugitive and refugee from justice (or injustice) as those who are conversant with the times of the rebellion of 1837 may think fit to call it. The purchase was made and I became the owner of said property.

It may be well here to say a few words relating to said rebellion, to remember which my father and I had just reason.

My father was a staunch reformer and was known by his conservative neighbors to be on friendly and intimate terms with William Lyon Mackenzie. Consequently he was a marked man with the tory party. As he had some notes on the Agricultural Bank that had suspended payment, and it being reported that notes were redeemable at a discount, and having some other business in Toronto and also to see what was going on and how the rising was likely to end, he left home the day before the rebellion broke out, reaching the city in the evening.

The next day was one of anxiety and consternation to those who were not posted in what was then taking place. Finding that the report that the notes were redeemable was false, and having transacted the business that took him there, he was returning by way of Queen street when he was challenged by a man under arms (Sprague the lawyer) and asked where he had been and where he was going. To these questions and others he answered apparently satisfactorily, but as he carried a small parcel under his arm (a dress for my mother) the sentry felt suspicious as to its contents and asked if he had any objection to returning to the city. So to the city he went, to the court house before Mayor G. Gurnett, who upon hearing my father's name ordered him to gaol as being one of Mackenzie's corresponding secretaries.

He was placed for only a short time in the old gaol and subsequently marched up King street in the centre of a squad of soldiers with a piece of artillery in front of him. Dr. John Rolph was also taken and placed in a similar position, and both taken to the garrison, my father being placed in the black hole for five hours for safe keeping. He was taken from there to the then Parliament Buildings where he was held a prisoner for ten days.

A commission for the examination of those taken who were suspected of treason was sitting and my father brought before it. He was liberated, there being nothing against him only that he was a reformer.

Nearly a week had passed before my mother heard that my father had been detained in Toronto as a prisoner. She sent me with a satchel containing a change of linen, and to make enquiries as to the reason of his absence. On my way to the city, at the foot of Murray's hill, I was challenged by a son of a neighbor and a scout of the tory party, who pointed his gun at me and ordered me to stand or he would shoot. As I had no desire to be maimed or hurt I obeyed his command. He told me I was his prisoner and would have to go with him to Bolton. As I had nothing to fear of anything against me I consented to go with him. On reaching the village I found others, ten or a dozen, who had been gathered in, they being reformers and obnoxious to the government, in a similar position. The party so gathered was marched off to the city under a strong guard, and on arrival taken before the same magistrate, George Gurnett, who without any evidence taken, ordered all of us to gaol.

Major McGrath, who was present, said to the magistrate—"Mr. Mayor, you should hang these fellows first and try them afterwards." To gaol the party went. I was there only three days, as my father was just released and by a description of me given by some one he applied to the commission to have me brought before it, which request was granted. There was nothing serious found against me, but I was bound on my own recognisance to appear when called upon as a witness against one John McDougall, said to have been a captain of a squad, in future to be a good and loyal subject of the Queen, and told to go home. My father and I left the city the same day at 4 o'clock, arriving home after midnight, tired out. I need not say that my mother was rejoiced at our return. I may say here that the father of the man who arrested me and took me to Bolton had constituted himself a captain of some of those scouts who had been watching and arresting others for no other reason than that they were reformers. When he presented the party, of which I was one, to the Mayor he was told by some one in authority that if he brought any more in similar to those he had brought then he would have to pay the expense for so doing himself as the government did not wish that law-abiding citizens should be subjected to undue annoyance.

Now, then, to return to Rochester and what took place after my marriage. My father and mother returned to Bolton and settled on the lot I had purchased and built a frame house thereon and commenced in a small way to manufacture soap and candles for which he found a ready sale. The chief difficulty he experienced was in obtaining material in such a sparsely settled neighbourhood. He wrote me to forward from Rochester tallow and such other goods as he needed, at the same time wishing me to return and help him, as there was a good opening for the business. In the early part of the year 1842 there was a great commercial crises in the States, especially in the north. Many old firms suffered and suspended operations, discharging many of their employees. I was one that was thrown out of work and found it almost impossible to obtain it unless I accepted a wage of fifty cents per day and a walk of two miles morning and evening. Consequently I returned to Bolton, leaving Rochester on Sunday evening, July 4th, 1842, with my wife and infant daughter. Through the kindness of a farmer, Wm. Williamson, of Albion, we were permitted to ride in his wagon to his residence where we were very kindly treated and remained over night, leaving the next morning for Bolton.

In the September following I was invited and pressed to commence the honorable position of teacher of a school, which was very much needed, there being none in the village nor for some distance from it. I accepted the position, being the first teacher under government inspection. The names following were some of the scholars committed to my care and instruction:—Mr. Chas. Bolton's sons—Lambert R., John and daughters Ruth and Annie; John Godbolt—Robert and Alfred, Misses Elizabeth, Emma and Eliza; Stewart—Samuel and Alexander; S. B. Sterne—Dorothy (Mrs. Thos. Starret) and Elizabeth; John McElroy—George, Mary Jane and Maria; Elisha Hersent—Mary Ann and Elizabeth; Ewart—Thomas; Densmore—Joseph; Hall—Bearland and John; Elliott—Robert. There were many others the names of whom I can scarcely recollect, it being 52 years ago. I retained my position there until May, 1844, and might have retained it only through the action of many of the Conservative party being against me and doing all in their power to injure me. The Board of Education was composed of six members called commissioners, one of whom lived near the village, who made it his special duty to visit the school on rainy days or when the roads were unfit for children to come from a distance or when the roads were drifted with snow. His object was to ascertain if I had the average number (15) as required by the Government, in attendance, to obtain the government portion of the grant. Finding that my position was unpleasant under such circumstances I gave it up in May, 1844, and went back to Toronto where I remained for five years, during which time I got further insight into the business

I had been following, being engaged by Messrs. Freeland & Taylor, at the foot of Yonge St. At this time this firm was noted for its superior soap and candles.

In July, 1849, I returned to Bolton and built the house now owned by my son and entered into partnership with my father in the soap and candle business. Mr. S. B. Sterne the postmaster, wishing to resign that office, he kindly recommended my father to that position and used his influence in obtaining it for him. He was appointed and retained that office for more than 24 years, till the day of his death. I was his assistant for 4 years preceding his death.

In the year 1872 the village was separated from the township of Albion and became an incorporated village. The first council was elected in January, 1873, and was composed of the following named gentlemen:—Reeve—Lambert R. Bolton; Councillors—Walter Taylor, Geo. Smith, Jas. Stork and John Gardhouse, and your humble servant, Samuel A. Walford, Clerk. From the year 1874 to the end of 1878 and from 1881 to the present year I have had the honor of being Secretary of the P. S. B. and was a trustee at the time our present school house was erected. In 1872 I was elected secretary of the Albion & Bolton Agricultural Society, which position I held till the end of 1878, and was again elected to that office in 1883, resigning owing to increasing years and defective hearing in 1894, and also the position of municipal clerk at the first appointment of municipal officers, Feb. 1898, having held that position for 25 years. SAM'L. A. WALFORD.

(NOTE—Nothing has been written since the death of Cronchey Walford in 1899.—ED.)

In 1848 James Warbrick bought the tannery property from Mr. Rexham. His son, J. F., became a prominent citizen, interesting himself greatly in the improvement of the Village and Township. He was the first Deputy Reeve to represent Albion in the first County Council of Peel in Jan. 1867. Thomas Swinarton, afterwards our member, of parliament, was reeve. The tannery developed into quite a large business in his time, employing eight hands, and buying up all the hides and hemlock bark of the neighborhood. The bark was piled east of the tannery and covered a quarter acre of ground, with some of the piles 20 feet high. A horsepower mill ground the bark for use. His brother, the doctor, later practiced medicine here.

In 1843 Dr. Hickman settled here in the last house south on the east side of Queen St., on the hillside. He bought the 14-acre hill next above it and hauled some stone to the top of the hill intending to build there. The hill road past his house was always in very bad shape in spring and fall owing to spring holes. All the teaming to the city used this road and the teamsters used to do

a good deal of swearing at their teams to get up the hill with a load. Mrs. Hickman had a very fine parrot that was a wonderful talker and it learned to swear beautifully from listening to the teamsters. One day the Rev. H. B. Osler called on her and the parrot greeted him with a terrible splurge of profanity. Mrs. H. was awfully shocked but she threw her apron over the parrot's cage, which hushed it up, but she was terribly put out over the affair and was bound to move off that street as soon as another place could be got so that the doctor bought the Sterne property over the river, west of Thos. Curliss' Hotel (now Mrs. Austin place). It was a large stone house and the old stone distillery back of it on the edge of the pond was made into a stable. Beautiful gardens were laid out and in a little while it became the finest property in the village. The doctor entered a suit against Lawson, the mill owner, for backing the water on to his property, which lasted for many years before a settlement was reached.

In 1840 there were fourteen houses in the village, 2 stores, 2 blacksmiths, 2 shoemakers, 1 tailor and 1 hotel, kept by Thos. Rogers.

In 1842 James C. Bolton bought the mill property from George Bolton and two years later moved the Mill to its present site. That was a tremendous undertaking at the time, as the big hill had to be cut through to build the race, and a high race bank to be built right up to the old dam, but it was a great improvement as it gave the new mill a head of 13 feet while the old one had only four and a half. The new mill was a five storey frame building with two run of stones, and is now the west half of the present mill. In 1850 he built an addition to the mill as large as the first mill, which is the present mill. He also built a large cottage and stables on the rising ground on King St.

In 1854 he sold the mill property to Edward Lawson who, the following year, built a large two-storey frame store on the south corner of Queen and Mill St. with an 80 ft. frontage on Queen St. and floor space of 80 by 40 ft. The Mill St. end was for groceries, the middle hardware and the south end dry goods. Two large double door entrances were in front. Dress making, millinery and tailoring were carried on on the second floor. The store had a window front the whole length, which had to be covered with heavy wooden shutters every night. The store was open at 6.30 a.m. and closed any time from 10 to 12 at night and did a large trade.

He also built a steam bakery next the saw mill on Mill St. This corner of Mill St. on the east side was quite a busy place—a saw mill next the river, the steam bakery next and old man Christian's shoddy and wool mill on the creek, and his new frame residence on the rise behind it.

In 1843 T. C. Prossor, a land surveyor, moved in. He built a residence with small store attached close beside the creek on the

north corner of Mill and King Sts. (now the Jaffary place). He was engaged to make a map of the village including Nunnville and Glasgow, and all the unoccupied land was laid out in quarter and half acre lots and nearly all fenced with board fences, and in 1854 these lots in Nunnville sold for $175 and $200. But the village was booming then and prices for everything were very high owing to the great demand by the Crimean War. The real estate boom kept up until 1865 but fell flat after the close of the Civil War in the United States. Not a house remains.

"Millerites," a religious society, started in New York State in 1815. Wm. Miller, a man deeply interested in the prophecies of the scriptures, had a very large following in the Northern States and Canada. They preached the second coming of the Lord and he announced that it would take place in a certain day of August, 1843.

At Lloydtown the Society had a large membership and a few from this district had joined the sect, and like many other members gave away or sold their possessions and were gathered together on the hill at Lloydtown, dressed in their resurrection robes, where they spent the day singing hymns and looking for their Lord, but nothing unusual took place and our people came back next day very disconsolate and disappointed. They had been so sure that Miller's teaching was correct and their faith was badly shaken. There were thousands outside the Society who passed the day in fear and trembling, not feeling sure that Miller was wrong, and half expecting the end of the world, and it was great relief when the strain was over.

In 1855 J. McIntosh bought land and water power on the river half a mile west and built a residence and woollen mill. Ten hand were employed and quite a good business done in wool carding, etc. At this time Lawson's mill had 8 hands and 7 or 8 teamsters were kept busy hauling the surplus flour to Malton and Weston, while his delivery wagon supplied all the district with small wares and soda biscuits from his steam bakery. This of itself was quite a business. One man, John White, was kept busy the year round making and repairing the wooden biscuit boxes. These were made of 3-8 in. basswood and were about 22x16x10 inches and were all hand dressed, and everybody ate the biscuits.

In 1854 James C. Stork built a drug store and seed store on the S. W. corner of King and Queen Sts. He was a popular citizen and served for years on the school board and in the village council.

The Shields family, Wm., Jane, Agnes and John were very reserved and did not mix with the villagers much. Wm. was a good businessman and had some capital. He bought a farm on the river about a mile below the village and built a large cottage there and a large barn. His daily exercise was a walk out to the farm, but he did not live long after and John took over the business.

He was a tall man, but very unpopular. His corner was a great place for the boys and young men to gather and this annoyed him a lot and he would come out and push them off and sometimes slap their faces. He tried that once on Bill Clark but Billy went for him head first and butted him down, which resulted in his spending several weeks in bed with Dr. Hickman in attendance.

There was an iron rod driven through the plank sidewalk to mark the corner of his property and as the fracas occurred on the street side of the rod and Shields himself made the first break, Clarke was not prosecuted.

The Shields family accumulated considerable wealth. After their removal to Toronto and the death of John the surviving sisters endowed the Toronto General Hospital with their money, sufficient to build the Emergency Wing of that institution, purchase an up-to-date ambulance, and in part provide for its maintenance in perpetuity. People who go to this institution for treatment are therefore greatly indebted to the Shields family. Up to the present thousands of people, and in the years to come, tens of thousands of people, who meet with accidents and are suddenly stricken with illness, will receive the tender ministrations of "angels of the sick room" and attention of skilled physicians by the beneficence of the Shields family who, during their lifetime, lived frugally and unostentatiously, saved their pennies and at last put their money to such good use. A tablet in the emergency wing of the hospital bears these words and tell in a few words what I have been trying to set forth above, all of which I commend to the consideration of those of my readers who may be blessed with a goodly portion of this world's wealth:

Built, Equipped and
In Part Maintained by
Agnes and Jane Shields
In Loving Remembrance
of their brother
John Shields.

In 1852 the Callendar Bros. built the most of a large brick store and residence on the corner of King and Queen Sts., but two years later ran out of money and the building stood unfinished till 1858 when the property was bought by Wm. Shields, who engaged W. C. Hughes and S. Bolton to finish the woodwork and Geo. Smith to do the painting and graining. It was finished the following year and was much the best building on the street.

In 1845 Matthew Grey came and started a brick making business at the end of David Street. In 1850 he sold to David Norton whose son, Alsey, conducted the business until recently. Like his father, Alsey was interested in the growth of the village and was a member of the council for many years. The Nortons were brick makers for several generations in England and Canada. When David Norton first came to Canada he worked in Toronto

and was specially selected as the workman to make the odd-shaped brick used in the construction of that wonderful edifice, St. James' Cathedral, in that city.

He later moved to Vaughan where he made the brick for practically all houses erected on the farms in the early days in the Nashville district. David Norton's sons were all brick makers, John at Alliston, Dave at Woodbridge, Thos. and Jim at Mt. Dennis and George, the youngest, managed large plants in Cape Breton and at other points in the Maritimes. Mrs. Norton, their mother, spent her early years in Toronto and was able to recount interesting events which took place during the stirring times of the Mackenzie Rebellion.

Every winter from 1845 to 1865 a number of Indians made camp on the Cold Creek. They made baskets and bows, which they peddled around the district with hand sleighs. The women were good looking and beautiful singers, and the camp was kept clean and tidy. Sunday afternoon would find half the village down there enjoying the hymn singing. The Indian boys were experts with the bow and arrow; one of their stunts was to hit a penny held between the thumb and finger at 50 yards and it was a rare thing to see them make a miss. Of course they got the penny.

Like all new settlements the "raisings," logging bees and quiltings brought quite a lot of folk together and usually ended up with a dance, old man Phillips, a violin maker and a right smart player, often being the whole orchestra. In many places when a bee and dance was on a pail of whiskey stood on the corner shelf in the kitchen with a dipper beside it and everybody helped themselves as they liked. The meals were wonderful—big roasts of pork or of venison and sometimes bear, partridge, quail and fish in season, with turnips and potatoes for vegetables; delicious home-made bread and buns, with maple syrup; pies and puddings galore. Lots of the early settlers dried raspberries and Indian (wild) plums in the summer for winter use.

In 1860 E. Lawson sold his store and mill property to John Gardhouse who started in to improve it and build up business. He was a quiet, reserved man and occupied himself strictly with his own affairs, though he was a member of the first village council after incorporation, and established a branch store at Claireville and his mill teams brought nearly all the freight that came here. He gradually increased the mill business till by 1870 it had a daily output of 125 barrels of flour, besides doing a large custom trade, and his store business had increased its fall trade from $50 per day to $600 and $800. In fact by 1875 his annual business amounted to about a half a million.

He built a large brick store on Queen St., just south of the old one, and the next year a fine brick residence on the King St. property.

After the coming of the T. G. and B. Railway and a little later the H. and N. W. Ry. across the north end of the township the mill business began to fall off rapidly. He died in 1878 (?) and his widow and youngest son, Frederick, kept the business on but did not make a success of it and in 1881 the mill property was sold to Andrew McFall and the store to James Clarke. Mr. McFall had the mill until 1894 when he passed away and his son, Arthur, took over the management of the property. Arthur was a young man of vision and was greatly interested in the welfare and improvement of the village. He installed and operated an electric light plant which served us until the advent of the Hydro System. He also was a strong promotor of the Bolton Telephone Co. and was reeve of the village for several years.

In 1857 Wyatt Jaffary moved in from Macville. He brought the Prosser place beside the creek on Mill Street for a residence and also bought a partnership with J. McIlroy, who had a small store on the north-west corner of King and Queen Sts., and a few years later he bought out the McIlroy interest and moved the old store back and built a large frame store on the corner which in 1893 was sold and moved off to make way for the present brick store. He never sought honors in the council or school board but was considered one of our best citizens without that. His sons, Ed. and Wyatt, followed, doing a large store business in the place, though neither of them has tried for public honors.

1860—above and below the dam—were the swimming places in the evenings—but the daytime "old swimming hole" was below the Mill beside Godbolt's bush, as there was a deep hole there and it was well out of sight from the road, and on Saturdays during the summer was well patronized. Jim Lundy was champion fast swimmer. He could swim the race from the dam to the Mill and back in 20 minutes, but Jake Shore (still alive at 90 years) was the best under water. He would dive off the boom log at the dam and not be seen again until he was half way to Queen St. bridge.

Fish were plentiful—brook trout, red chub and shiners—all good eating fish. It was a common thing to take fifteen or twenty 8 to 14 inch trout below the dam in an evening's fishing with rod and line. Even Jaffary's creek gave good fishing in the spring. The saw mill men would hang a basket over the wheel in the pit a little above the water at night in the early part of the season and find a good catch of trout in it in the morning—fish that had been trying to jump the little dam but lit in the basket. Of course the salmon were all gone, but 20 years earlier big catches of these fish were speared in the deep holes on the river.

The saw mill, an old style up and down drag saw, quit business about 1870, logs getting scarce and so many better mills started up and down the river.

It was quite a sight to see the long mast timbers hauled

through here; the butt end on the front wheels of a wagon and a pair of hind wheels chained under the log about every twenty feet to the end, and drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen or ten or a dozen span of horses. The roads were bad and it generally took three days to take a mast from the ridges to Lake Ontario. The Hotels and stables, blacksmith and woodworker shops were placed about every three to five miles on the road. There were five hotels with large stables and sheds here so teamsters and travellers were seldom stuck for accommodation.

In the fall of 1858, I think, we saw the last great flight of the passenger pigeon. The roosts were near the river in Godbolt's and Beamish's bush and the birds flew out in the morning to feed and back about six o'clock in the evening to roost and were so thick they would shut off the sunlight. They flew low coming in and the boys in the lower end of the village would get on the roof of the kitchen or outhouse and knock them down by the dozen with a pole or fishing rod.

Old man Mootry lived about a mile up the river. He made basswood butter bowls and ladles, shaved them out of the solid wood by hand. He very seldom came to town in the summer but was a regular visitor in the winter. He had a double size home-made hand sleigh to which he hitched his cow and, having piled the sleigh high with his wares, would bring the outfit to the village and sell his stock to the stores here.

About 1860 the Dan Rice Circus came and pitched their tent at the end of Sterne St. for an afternoon and evening performance. During the evening show some men and boys lifted the tent flaps at the side and crawled under. The circus men undertook to put them out, pounding them with tent stakes, which raised a general row and some of the villagers joined in to help and one of the village boys and one of the showmen were terribly beaten and nearly killed and the circus show was stopped. In the morning Michael Galvin, the village constable, and an assistant arrested the whole bunch "in the name of the Queen" and brought them before Geo. Evans, J.P. for trial. They were fined pretty heavy and the manager of the circus had not enough money to pay up and they finally had to sell their Arabian trained stallion to make up the amount. Billy Williamson, a nearby farmer, bought the horse and he became a prominent figure in all the shows and processions in the district for many years. Williamson christened him "Bob Ridley," after the circus man that owned him.

In 1856 Lawrence built a large frame store and residence on Queen St., next to the Ontario Hotel, which was afterwards occupied by Hamilton Fraser, then by Taylor & Steele, followed by Thos. Fisher and taken over when he left by Wm. Extence, whose son, in partnership with Geo. Norton, did business there until 1916, when it and the Ontario Hotel were destroyed by fire.

In the winter of 1862 Henry Shore, a very unpopular man, was

married to Miss Hull and came to live at the corner of James and Albert Sts. The small boys put on a chivaree and asked for 50c when Mr. Shore came out, but he would not give them anything and chased them. They came back for several nights, but got nothing and then the young men joined in to help and asked for $2, but were refused, so they put on a regular show with torchlight procession for every night the following week. Actors, dressed in masquerade and in pantomime, showing some alleged misdoing of Mr. Shore in the past, winding up on Saturday night with a burning effigy of him on the back of old "Bob Ridley," stolen for the occasion from the farm. When the hot tar began to light on his back he started kicking and finally upset the figure on the road. The maskers gathered it up and, digging a grave in the snow at the roadside, held a regular funeral service. The devil (Jack Legatt) in a tight fitting black suit with a long black tail pointed with tin attached, being the officiating minister. Mr. Shore had offered them $10 to quit some nights before but as their expenses had already got to $40 they would not take anything less than that. It was a great show and was enjoyed by hundreds of folk, as people from all around the country, even as far as Schomberg, came in to see it. The actors and performers got up a concert the next month for the benefit of the poor and the old Town Hall was crowded, as nearly everybody understood it was held to defray expenses. Jack Legatt, in his Satanic masquerade dress, came to the front of the platform with the money that had been taken at the door in his hands and thanked the people for their attendance and appreciation of their efforts to help the poor, and deliberately started stuffing the bills into his pockets, saying, "We are the poor," and walked off the stage. The applause was terriffic for it was taken as a great joke. However the boys had enough over expenses to send flour, meat and fuel to all the needy ones around, and they did it.

In 1864 Dr. Pettigrew settled here and built a cottage on the last lot on the north side of King St., west. He died in 1870 and Dr. Dalton bought his place and practice.

Skating and sleighriding were the main winter sports and dozens of young men and women and boys and girls would gather on one of the big hills every fine night with hand sleighs and bob sleighs and a glorious time would be kept up till 10 p.m., that was the fixed time for respectable young folk to be at home. The pond above the dam from the boom log to Lundy's blacksmith shop was scraped free of snow and sometimes swept until late in the season, when there was too much snow and "Shinny," "Crack the Whip" and "Plum, Plum Pullaway" games were played there by old and young, but in 1865 (?) the rink was made above the bridge, from the bridge up to Dr. Hickman's boat house, and a pump was set in the pond up there so the rink could be flooded when the ice got worn. There were masquerade carnivals and

skating matches put on nearly every week and prizes given for best costumes, best fancy skaters, etc. Miss Lizzie Evans and Miss Mary Ann Norton were among the best of the ladies in fancy skating and Jack Legatt and Jim Lundy among the young men.

This particular winter had been extremely cold and also had a very heavy fall of snow. Some said four feet on the level in the bush, and the first week in April spring came with a rush. The ice below the dam moved out but only got as far as the bend, opposite Chas. Bolton's house and there formed a tremendous ice jam, which backed the water and flooded that part of the village and the water was over the floor in the Keyes house, which was just below the mill bridge on the river bank and so deep all around it that the family could not get out, while above the Queen St. bridge, the ice being three feet thick from the extra flooding, broke in large pieces and turned up against the bridge, being too large to go through between the piles. This turned the river down Queen St., which was then about three feet lower than it now is, and all the cellars on the east side of the street were filled.

The Gardhouse store, being lower than the rest, had about two feet of water on the main floor and all the land above the bridge and near the river was under water. Dr. Hickman had the only boat in the place but it was in his boat house on the other side of the pond and by this time the Keyes family were in a dangerous position, the water coming in the front window and going through the back ones, and something had to be done to get them out. Jack McDonald, Cooper McDonald's son, first family, a daring young man, volunteered to swim across the pond to the boathouse and get the boat. He swam part of the way and got on the raised ice in the middle of the stream and crossing it swam the rest of the way, untied the boat and rowed back down Queen St., around Shields' corner, down King St. to Jaffary's Creek, where willing hands helped take the boat out of the water and carry it down as far as Ed. Robinson's place where it was again launched and Jack rowed over to Keyes' bringing the family, two at a time back to the higher land. This was by far the worst flood in the history of the village and did the most damage, though the flood of 1911 was very bad in the east end—from the mill down to the hill was all under water.

The river usually cleared of ice first from below the mill bridge down to the Beamish farm and the young men had great sport and an occasional ducking, riding a cake of ice down to the jam. A cake would be pried off above the mill bridge and two or three jump on it and have a swift ride, but the second bridge, Cairns', was much lower than the present one, and the boys had to lie flat on the ice to pass under it and sometimes jumped off and if they wanted to go any farther ran across the bridge and jumped back on the cake. Sometimes they missed it, too, and went down in 8 or 10 feet of water. This was generally a Sunday

sport, with half the village looking on. There was a little watchmaker living here named Kilpatrick, a very neat dresser, who wore a high plug hat on Sundays. He thought he could take a ride around on the ice too, and at the bridge jumped off and ran across and jumped, but he had been too slow and just missed the ice. We had a great time getting him out as he could not swim, and, my, he was a mess from the dirty water and drag through the mud to the bank. His plug hat was never seen again.

In 1864 the Civil War in the U.S. was near a standstill and fresh troops were badly needed by the Northern army. Recruiting sergeants were all over Canada offering big pay to any that would enlist. Abel Walford, Samuel Walford's son, and Billy Bell, John Bell's son, signed up. Billy became an officer and was shot by a private to whom he had given an order, and Abel got home in 67, but was so badly used up from exposure and privation that he died a few months after.

In 1868 Edward Poritt moved in and built an Ashery on the lot opposite the mill. Ashes were plentiful as the settlers cleared the land by felling the trees into windrows and the following winter burning them, leaving a row of ashes over the whole field. His wagon was out gathering ashes and hauling them in, when they were put into the leeches which ran the whole length of both sides of the building. In the centre of the place was the furnace which held three large iron pots for cooking the lye into potash. In 1885 the ashery quit business as there was very few ashes to be got.

Someone put up a store and dwelling on the lot next to Shields' and L. R. Bolton in 1860 built a block of four frame houses with store fronts north of that and Yelland put up a bakery on the next lot adjoining Thos. Cooper's tailor shop and dwelling. The Bolton houses were all rented or sold and Queen St. began to look like a business street.

George Evans came about 1835. He had a small log house and shoemaking shop on the corner of Sterne and Queen Sts., but in 1845 built a large brick hotel a little farther south on King St. He was very active in building up the Volunteers, particularly No. 4 Company, of which James Wolfe was Captain. He was a Captain and later a Major in the 36th Battalion. He was created a Justice of the Peace in 1860 (?) and was called on to settle all kinds of cases occurring in the district. His decisions gave general satisfaction.

The Fenian Raid of 1866 created quite a stir among the Volunteers here and quite a few of them could not be located when No. 4 Company was called to arms. Capt. Wolfe succeeded in getting some of them as far as Brampton, but I think the invasion was checked before they got any farther.

In 1819 Albion Township was surveyed by the Government and settlers began to come in. In 1821 the Township had 110 of a population, 62 acres cleared and an assessed value of 1631

pounds. The Downeys, Roadhouses and Hudsons moved in in 1819, as well as John Grant, Thomas Coats and a few others. They were probably the first white settlers in Albion, and were very glad when the Bolton Mill was started. By 1848 the population had increased to 3567 and the village was the main market and growing fast.

In 1865 Peel County had a provisional council and Albion was represented there by Thomas Mills as Reeve and John Vance, deputy. In 1866 Peel voted for separation from York and in 1867 the County buildings were erected at Brampton. The first council for the County met in the Court House on the 22nd day of January, 1867—Thomas Swinarton as Reeve for Albion and J. F. Warbrick as Deputy. Albion folk, especially our side of it, have always been good patrons of Bolton and ready to help us when help was needed.

In June, 1865, the last bear hunt in the village took place. The bear, a big black fellow, had left the woods below the village and came down the hill past the school house. The children, out for afternoon recess, saw it was crossing the opposite field heading toward the King Road and Beamish's bush. One of the boys ran up to the Front Street and reported and in a short time about twenty men with guns and dogs were on its track, but they never got a sight of it though they spread out and beat the woods till darkness forced a halt. This was the last native wild bear to visit us though a few were seen in the district afterwards. Bears, wolves and deer were plentiful thirty years earlier, and the taking of them made great sport for the hunters, and at that time nearly every man carried his rifle if he had to go a few miles. Bear meat and venison were a big help in supplying fresh meat for the settlers.

In 1868 Wm. Dick bought the block between David and Maria Sts. In 1869 he built on the west side of it a large machine shop and foundry and in a few years was supplying the district with horsepowers, cutting boxes, plows, reapers and mowers. He did a lot in building up the village business and was a progressive man, being a member of the council and school board for many years. The building was destroyed by fire in 1879 (?), Mr. Dick being a very heavy loser, though the town did not suffer greatly as he rebuilt right away on the river at the west of the village. He built a dam half way to Glasgow and ran a race from it to the foundry and so got cheaper power for his machine shop. He did a very large business in reapers, mowers and threshing machines and other farm implements, and had a lot of agents around here handling his output. This machine shop and foundry was also destroyed by fire, and Mr. Dick, having passed away, his son, Thomson, built a fine brick shop, which is now standing.

The building of the T. G. and B. Railway in 1872 and '73 brought a lot of extra business here and it was thought that when the road

was running it would do a great deal in developing the place, but the improvement was scarcely noticeable. Of course it shut off some of the teaming, particularly grain, flour and timber and built up a little more local trade in those things, but it also made it easy for the people to slip down to the city and do their shopping and so took a good many dollars away that would have otherwise been spent here.

Mr. B. Dowling was our first Station agent and he was certainly a very busy man, doing all the freight, express, telegraph and other work with only one assistant, and the freighting alone was at that time five times as great as it is now.

The building of the Sudbury branch in 1904 (?) gave us a big transient trade for a year or so but the new line added very little to the regular trade here.

In 1886 the village suffered its greatest loss by fire, more than half the business places on the east side of Queen St. being destroyed, but they were soon rebuilt, and much better as they were of brick and much less liable to damage by fire than the old frame ones.

The old town hall had got into very bad condition and in 1871 a new one was built on Nancy St., which was used until after the uniting of the Methodist churches when the Primitive Methodist church on King St. was purchased and the old hall sold to T. D. Elliott, who moved it down to Queen St. and used it for storing his livery rigs. It formed the front of the T. D. Elliott & Son Service Station and Ford Agency.

1894—Up to this time there were four grave yards on the hills north of the village and they had all got into a very dilapidated condition, having no regular caretaker, so the people of the village and district thought it advisable to buy a place and make a real cemetery. Laurel Hill Cemetery Company was formed and land bought on top of the hill from Samuel Stewart. It was surveyed and a plan of the cemetery made by J. N. Bolton, P.L.S., which was satisfactory to the Company and work was commenced making the driveways and levelling and sodding the grounds and having evergreens and shrubs planted. The first to be buried there was Mr. Joseph Taylor, and it had very few burials for a year or two, when it began to grow rapidly. Many removals were made from the old graveyards and the general public being educated to its advantages began using it altogether. It is now one of the finest country cemeteries in the province, but will soon have to take in more ground as it is getting pretty well filled up.

In 1872 we found the village large enough to take care of itself and severed our connection with the Township of Albion, becoming a separate municipality. In January, 1873, the first election of municipal officers took place when the following were elected: L. R. Bolton, Reeve; W. Taylor, James Stork, J. Gardhouse and George Smith, Councillors, who appointed J. F. Warbrick

Treasurer and S. A. Walford, Clerk. The population was over 900 and the Township had not given much attention to the village needs, especially the roads and sidewalks, and this was the main reason for separating from it. Although our population has decreased since then we have no regrets for having made the move.

The first newspaper, "The Cardwell Observer," was published by J. N. Bolton in 1871 (?). It was for a while subject to a great deal of comment and adverse criticism, and many were the hoaxes that were tried to catch the editor. I remember one that nearly got through. It was a letter purporting to be from a subscriber, a farmer up in Albion telling of digging up a large stone two and a half feet long and one foot in width and having the following letters cut in it: Forc Attl Etor Ubth Eirt Ail Saga Inst, and he was sending the letter hoping some of the readers of the paper could decipher the inscription. A few numbers of the paper had been printed on the old Washington hand press when a neighbor dropped in to look over the news and discovered the hoax. The Editor got busy and unlocked the form and took out the article, filling its place with a news item that had been left over. In the meantime the neighbor had found an electro plate that was about the same size and cut into the wood of its back "Subscribe Now," and rubbing it over the ink roller stamped it on the article on the papers that had been printed. The Editor never knew who sent the letter, but had a strong suspicion it was a young man of the town who had taken great offence at an article that had appeared a few weeks before.

The newspaper was not a paying investment, but the job work paid pretty well and made up the shortage. One man was the whole office force and was editor, printer and compositor, except for a few hours on publishing day when a boy was taken on to run the ink roller. There were just two presses in the office, one small Gordon pedal press for printing cards, billheads and small dodgers, and an old hand press for printing the paper and large posters. The name of the paper was later changed to The British Standard.

The whole outfit was sold in 1888 to H. H. Bolton and moved to Queen St., North, the name of the paper being changed to The Enterprise. As H. H. B. had no experience in the printing business he engaged a young man, F. N. Leavens, from Pickering, to manage the business for him, which he did with success until 1891 when he purchased the plant, and now in 1931 does a large job printing trade. The Enterprise has always been a paper of merit and, being among the best of small town weeklies, enjoys a good circulation.

Owing to the great increase in drinking and the disgraceful exhibitions put on by the navvies who worked on the construction of the Sudbury line and who infested the village for many days after pay day, drinking and quarreling, the people here got very

strong on the temperance question, which resulted in a Local Option vote being taken in 1906 and carried by a majority of eleven. Since then, the law being pretty well kept by the hotel and the drinking public, we have had very little to complain of in the matter of drunks and disorderlies.

Two of our village boys were with the forces sent to quell the Riel Rebellion in 1885—William H. Alexander (afterwards Dr.) with the Queen's Own and James W. Bolton with the 10th Royals. They had a very hard trip and a rough time generally, but returned safely and received a wonderful welcome when they got here—special meeting in the town hall and a presentation to each of them of a gold headed cane with a suitable inscription engraved on it with the name and date.

Hugh Scott, a bookkeeper for J. Gardhouse here, was a brother of the man Louis Riel murdered and took the matter very much to heart, which the following year produced a breaking down of the brain forces, from which he never recovered.

The Cardwell election in 1872 found the village a pretty hot spot. Hon. J. H. Cameron, of Brampton, was the Conservative nominee and L. R. Bolton, our reeve, was his opponent, for the Reform party. The village vote was about evenly divided and party feeling ran very high for a week or so before the election. It was a rare day or evening that did not have a fight of some kind and peaceful citizens had quite a job to keep out of them. Our meetings in the town hall were pretty lively affairs as good speakers were here on both sides. "Wandering Willie" McDougall, a real orator, stumped the county for the Tories and Hon. Oliver for the Grits. The Cameron meeting here was a riot of howls and hoots except when Mr. McDougall had the floor, so to even it up the Tories gave Mr. Oliver such a reception that the meeting broke up in disorder. Cameron won the election and the next night large bunches of crepe were tied on Lundy's, Smith's and S. Bolton's front doors. The following 12th of July was to be celebrated here, and the night before the Grit young men evened up by painting large green crosses on the Evans and Curliss Hotels, decorations that took hours of scraping and scrubbing to remove on the 12th morning. The paint had been taken from Lundy's shop, and although there was lots of guessing, it was not definitely known till years afterwards that Jim Lundy and Will Bolton were the artists. One thing was gained, however, by both parties as they were both thoroughly disgusted—at least the thinkers and respectable citizens among them were—with the hoodlum element which had been so much to the front during the campaign, and an attitude of fair play and decent opposition resulted, which was very noticeable in subsequent election campaigns, especially in this locality. The Reform associates were not able to (at any rate they did not) put up all the expenses of their candidate, and Mr. Bolton had to make good the deficiency,

which was considerable, out of his own pocket, and although working for his party always he never considered being a candidate in another contest, though requested to do so.

H. H. Bolton, Charles Bolton's youngest son, became quite a prominent figure in the village doings. He was a lawyer, graduated in 1879 (?), and opened an office here, becoming very popular and doing a large business. He served in the Council for two years and was then elected Reeve, which position he held for a number of years, and was elected warden of the County in 1888.

It was a bright Sunday morning in September when Charles Bolton and his wife (Ann Parker) took the trail through Godbolt's bush and up the 8th line to visit his father-in-law, Wm. Parker, at whose place services were to be held that day by the Methodists. He left his three brothers, James, Samuel and Wm., to look after things and Tom was elected to prepare the dinner while the other two strolled across the garden to the river. They discovered a bunch of wild ducks at the deep hole and Jim ran back to the house for the gun. He was back in a few minutes and fired into the flock, killing two of them. The noise of the splash of the shot in the water started up a large salmon which slowly swam up the rapids. A few hundred yards upstream there was a large tree fallen across the river and used for a foot bridge and at its butt the salmon spear was always left. Samuel ran up there and with the spear in hand walked out on the log and the next minute saw the salmon coming and hit it with the spear right behind the head, and after a few minutes hard struggle he got it to the bank. It was the largest salmon they had ever taken and they took it to the house to be weighed and measured. It measured over four feet in length and weighed twenty-eight pounds. Tom had dinner ready and after eating and clearing up, Tom, who had bought a new Sunday suit, said he was going to dress up and go visiting, so the other two took the spear and gun and strolled downstream to Godbolt's bridge looking for more fish, and, knowing Tom would cross there, waited to guy him about his girl.

They saw Tom coming across the flats carrying his rifle, as was the regular custom if one expected to be coming back after dark. There was an island a few hundred yards above the bridge and hemlock trees had fallen down the hill with their tops resting on the island, and as they had been barked there was a smooth log slide from the top of the hill down, and as Tom came past he saw a large bear sunning himself at the top of this slide. He stepped across to the island, the water on his side being low, went carefully through the bushes and crawled about twelve feet up the slide to get a good sight of the bear and shot. He killed it but it fell forward and slithered down the logs at great speed catching Tom before he could get out of the way. The shock sent both of them into the water, near the clay bank, and poor Tom was an awful mess of mud and blood when he got out,

while the other two had a big laugh at the pickle he had got himself into. They dragged the bear up to the woodshed at home, strung him up with the tackle used when dressing the pork and skinned him, having taken in the day's sport enough meat, fish and fowl to keep them all for several weeks. But Tom did not get to see his girl that Sunday as he had only the one good suit and it could not be dried and cleaned in time to be of any use. Still they all pronounced it "the end of a perfect day."

Pat Ronan and his wife Bridget lived in a small cottage opposite the mill. They were a droll pair. She sometimes gave him a threshing when he got on a spree and Pat always contended that it did her the most good. He worked as a vat man at the tannery and gave the hands many a hearty laugh at his sayings. He fell in the lime vat one day and his skin was pretty well burnt when they got him out. They got his clothes off and rinsed him off good with cold water and then painted him all over with fish oil, the boss meanwhile scolding him for his carelessness. This roused the fighting spirit in Pat and he said, "It was your own darn stinginess that was to blame, making the vat walls that narrow that the devil himself could not cross on them as often as I have without making a miss, and I notice that you never cross that way yourself but always go round. It's aisy for you when I am burning up outside to be blistering my insides with your tongue, but if it had been yourself that took the dip you likely would not have been scorched much."

In the fall of 1861 the young people started "Penny Readings" and kept them going every Friday night in the Town Hall for the whole winter. The entertainment was made up of readings, recitations, music, songs, dances and sleight of hand performances, all put on by local talent. The orchestra gave very good music. J. N. Bolton was first violin, Pete Rogers, second violin, Harry Keyes, cornetist and fat old man Sheldrake with the bass viol, and a little portable melodeon presided over by Miss Patty Hickman did the accompanying. By the way, this was the first melodeon brought to the village and belonged to L. R. Bolton, who loaned it for the performances. It now graces the home of J. H. Bolton as a writing desk. The readings wound up in the spring with a great cantata, Lizzie and Fanny Evans rendering the solo parts with a chorus of twenty voices assisting. The net cash secured from the venture was over $200 and the committee elected to spend it in putting a plank sidewalk from the corner of David and King Sts. up to the school at the end of Victoria St. as there was no sidewalk at all on any of those back streets.

In 1855 Mr. Mishaw, a mulatto, was teacher of the school in the old town hall. There was a big racket with the trustees for hiring a colored man, but teachers were scarce and as he turned out to be a No. 1 teacher the opposition to him soon died away. He was very kind hearted and the scholars all liked him and made

a very good showing at the examinations, and he was kept on for three (?) years and then the school was moved from the town hall to the Temperance Hall, which had been bought from the Cadets of Temperance by the Trustees.

Thos. Elliott, a young man of 23, was engaged as teacher and held that position for seven years. He had very little ability and used the older students to do a great deal of his work in teaching the lower classes. He was a very poor penman but fortunately had Connor O'Dea for a pupil who had taken a Spencerian course in penmanship. He was an elegant writer and took a lot of pleasure in helping in writing classes. Connor afterwards became the champion penman of America, taking the highest honors and prizes at the Boston World's Fair in 1876. One of his exhibits was the Lord's Prayer, written and decorated with pen drawings of flowers on a piece of parchment the size of a five-cent piece, which had to be read with a magnifying glass, but was pronounced by the judges a perfect piece of work.

Though the general advancement of the school was limited, there was some excuse for Mr. Elliott as the attendance was 140 to 200 scholars, too big a bunch for any one man to handle with any degree of success. He was a very hard, almost cruel, man with the cane, and used it freely and often on some of the scholars, but a few others, just as bad, got off very lightly. He was followed by Mr. McTavish, a very learned Scotchman with great ability in imparting knowledge to any one who wanted to go ahead, but was too easy going to do much with the rebels and rough necks that attended. His daughter had charge of the second room and gave general satisfaction.

Probably the best principal the school ever had was a Mr. Westervelt, who was engaged soon after. He brought the school up to a high standard of efficiency but left us to take the principal's place at Owen Sound.

George Smith came here about 1860 and started up in business as a painter. He was a real artist on lettering and sign painting, but a marvel on graining work. His imitations of oak, birdseye maple and burl walnut were of such accuracy and finish that few people were able to say they were not the real wood. Many of the better houses in the village and district still show his skill in that line, and look nearly as good as when done fifty years ago. He built on the east corner of James and Victoria Streets a large frame house, got married and lived there for some years, when his wife died and he sold out to Mr. Lang. Later he bought the old Burnett property at the east end of the village and built on it and married again; still later he built the brick house on Nancy Street, where his widow still lives. He was a strong temperance man and worked with all the temperance societies that flourished here in his time. He was also active in village work being a member of the first Council. In politics he was a Liberal but it was to his

church that he gave the great work of his life. He was a Presbyterian and attended "Caldwell's" church down the 6th line before it was moved to Bolton more than fifty years ago. For perhaps fifty years he had charge of the Sunday School Bible Class and on many occasions was called to fill the pulpit.

The first undertaking business with a hearse for hire was started here in 1865 by Samuel Bolton. The hearse had a canopy top and open sides draped with black cloth and heavy fringe. It was made as light as possible on account of the condition of the roads and the first two years was drawn by one black horse. The coffins (there were no caskets then) were made of pine and covered with black merino and lined with white sateen. Others were made of solid oak, cherry and walnut. Handles and breast plate were silver plated and a white muslin shroud was also supplied. The cost of an adult's funeral within 20 miles was from $25 to $35. After Mr. Bolton bought a glass-sided hearse and a team, the charge for it was $8 extra if the trip was over three miles.

Some strange incidents happened in the old shop, too. A couple of them follow:

Mr. Morgan, a lawyer, afterward Judge Morgan, lived a little below the shop. He used to drop in and chat nearly every day. One evening his little son was with him and started meddling with the tools and his father said to him: "If you don't leave things alone Mr. Bolton will put you into that coffin he is making." The door into the coffin room was open and the coffins stood on end around the wall. The boy got up, saying, "That coffin is too big for me," and he walked into the coffin room and putting his hand on a finished oak coffin said, "This is the one he'll put me in," and strange to say, that night he backed into a tub of boiling water at his home and was so badly scalded that he died the next day and the coffin he picked out was the one he was buried in.

Another odd case was Mr. Alex. Dick's. He was a tall, old man and often dropped into the shop for a chat when he came to the village as he and my father were old friends. Father was finishing a larger size oak coffin and Mr. Dick said, "I believe, Sam, that one would be about my size, and father said, "It just would, but I hope you will not need it for a good while yet," and Mr. Dick said, "You had better set that one away for me as it suits me fine." A very short time after it was the coffin his sons chose for him.

Robert Alexander was an oldtime resident and soon after he came here he bought the house and shop on King St., that had been Sheldrake's harness shop. He had been a foreman in Jacques & Hayes' furniture factory in Toronto, before coming here and started in the furniture business. He was a first class workman and furniture that he made is still in use and in good condition. He had one noticeable peculiarity and that was that winter

or summer, on the street or in the house, he never wore a coat. His shop and dwelling were destroyed by fire in 1907.

Dr. David Bonnar, an exceedingly capable medical practitioner, came to Bolton from Bruce County about 1870. He first lived in the house on King St. now owned by Mrs. T. Shaw and a couple of years later purchased the lot on the corner of King and Ann Sts. from James Johnston, which had a frame house on it. In 1884 he sold the frame house and built a brick residence and office on the property, where his daughter Miss M. E. Bonnar, now resides. Dr. Bonnar took an active interest in village affairs, serving in the Council and on the Public School Board for a number of years. When the Mechanics Institute (later the Bolton Public Library) was reorganized in 1884 he was elected President and held that office until his death in 1899. In 1885 he was engaged to give a course of lectures in the Medical Collage of Buffalo, N.Y. He was very active in getting the Laurel Hill Cemetery Co. formed and the property purchased and was coroner for Peel County for a number of years.

John Godbolt came from England and settled here in 1829. The following year he bought from George Bolton part of the mill property, a farm of sixty acres, for fifteen pounds, and three years later the twenty acres between it and King St. for fifteen pounds more. He cleared and built on the upper part a large frame house, and barn. He married Harriet Bolton in 1833. He died in 1856 and his widow, with the help of her son, Robert, and her daughters, Betsy and Emma, managed and worked the farm. Robert was an odd character, a great reader of the prophecies, and a firm believer in the near advent of the anti-Christ—a slack farmer, but a great man for improving his cattle stock, being about the first to introduce pure breds. His sisters were famous as butter makers, and could never keep up to their orders for butter. Robert had a large cherry orchard and supplied many of the village folk with the fruit, walking and carrying a pail in each hand to deliver them. He was a great weather prophet and rarely made a mistake in his forecasts.

The village end of the Godbolt place and their bush was used by the town, with the consent of the owners, as a public park for over fifty years. Day school and Sunday school picnics were held there, and parents and children roamed through on Sundays and holidays gathering wild flowers, May apples, pepper root and leeks by the basket, and many of the older people of the village can look back to some of the most pleasant hours of their lives having been spent there. There were a couple of beautiful clear cold springs on the side hill, and in every way it was an ideal place for an outing.

In 1843 Richard Beamish came. He was a great man with an axe and cleared a lot of the Shore & Sterne lands for the owners and finally settled to farming where Homeside Park now

is. His son John was a drover and butcher and in 1870 located in the dwelling and shop south of the creek on Queen St. In 1890 two of his boys, Ernest and William, took over the business. Ernest stayed at the farm and Will bought the Extence place and opened a shop there, and they worked together till 1906 when Ernie took over the whole business. Will went to Toronto where he took the management of the T. Eaton Co's. meat department, but has recently retired. Ernest has never hunted much for public offices though he has been a member of the school board and has been very successful in business.

The warrant for Bolton Orange Lodge was issued to Hugh Abercrombie and others in 1857. The first lodge officers were: W.M., Edward Hill; D.M., Thos. Routledge; Sec., Wm. Gott; Treas., Wm. Fuller, and the committee men were Edward Watkins, Samuel Shore, Wm. Johnston, Edward Duke, Alex Catherwood and Robert Cave. There were 58 members and the same year saw the first 12th of July parade in Bolton. The lodge has had many ups and downs, but since 1900 has been one of the finest of County lodges.

In 1879 Columbia Lodge No. 1020 united with Bolton. This lodge was instituted in 1859 with W.M., Thos. Swinarton; D.M., Wm. Scott; Treas., Jas. McGinnis, and Secretary, Robert Elliott. In the sixties the walk was held in regular succession at Bolton and surrounding villages and it was the ordinary thing for our lodge headed by the Cadets Band to march all the way to where the celebration was held. In 1860 it was held at Sand Hill and the day was one of the hottest. They paraded most of the day and marched home. Two of the band boys had brain fever as a result and only a few of the bunch got off with less than a week's sickness.

In 1864 the county celebration was held here, and was attended by several of the high officials of the order. The stores and hotels were well decorated with flags and bunting and a large cedar arch was built over the roads at each entrance to the village with a tremendous double arch at the corners of Queen and King Sts. The speaking and games were held on Godbolt's flats, but before they were over a heavy thunderstorm broke up the gathering. There were about 30 fife and drum bands and 3 brass bands battering away all day and it was generally conceded that they brought the storm, and it certainly looked like it for the storm was only a few miles wide with Bolton in the centre. Three lodge drums were "busted" during the day. Old man Rowley walked in front of his lodge—a very noticeable figure, as he wore a red plush vest over a white shirt. His pants were orange and his hat a straw one covered with orange lillies.

Thos. Gardhouse used to visit his brother, John, here. He was a great sport, out with rod and gun nearly every day. One May day he was out fishing in the race near the mill and Harry

Keyes, a boy about 14, was up on top of the hill above him, annoying him by throwing stones in where he was fishing. Tom threatened him and told him if he threw any more he would take a shot at him. Harry continued the stone throwing and Tom shot. He said he intended shooting over his head to scare him, but some of the shot hit Harry in the face, blinding one eye and disfiguring the other. Another time a big rooster got away and was stepping along the rail of the picket fence in front of the Gardhouse house and the girls asked Tom to shoot it for them. He got his rifle and shot it but the ball kept going and smashed through our kitchen window where my sister was ironing and split her cheek open, burying itself in the board wall behind her, where it stayed till the old house was taken down.

In 1860 Francis McDonald bought the lot on the corner of Chapel and Mill Sts. He built a house (where his daughter, Annie, now lives) and the following year built a large cooper shop, close behind the Gardhouse store. He supplied the mill with flour barrels and the countryside with apple barrels, and the general public with pork tubs and barrel churns. By 1870 he had built up a large business, supplying Kleinburg, Woodbridge and Bolton flour mills with barrels. In the season he employed about 20 coopers and 7 or 8 the year around. His delivery wagon had a very high spindle rack on it which held 100 barrels. The load was higher than a big load of hay and when his son, Jack, got perched up on top to drive the team he was about 30 feet from the horses heads. With the bagging of flour for shipping instead of using barrels the cooperage trade in that line soon petered out. For many years before his death he occupied the brick cooper shop on Queen Street on the lot now owned by his son, James.

In the early days, when pigs and cattle ran free on the village streets, a man on Mill St. owned an old razor back sow that was a fearful nuisance to the people who had gardens, as she would open almost any gate and if the gate beat her would pry off a couple of pickets or a board from the fence and had made out to raid most of the gardens. Her owner either could not or would not keep her fastened up so Jim Lundy, whose potato patch had been rooted up, concluded that he could stop the old beast from coming his way again. He had been to the bush and brought home a large Indian turnip, which he rolled in a chunk of dough and placed the bait where she was pretty sure to find it. He watched her come down the street and take her medicine and in a few minutes the squealing started and after going through all kinds of antics to relieve the burning she started for the mill pond about 50 yards away, rushed in and drowned herself. It was forty years after before the story got out and her owner got to know what caused the suicide.

In 1869 J. P. Plummer came here and bought the hill property at the south end of James St. He took charge of the moulding

and casting department of the "Wm. Dick Agricultural Works," which position he held until the foundry was burned down in 1878. In that year, with George Watson as a partner, they built and started a foundry next to the pond on Queen St. The partnership did not prove a success and Mr. Watson retired. Mr. Plummer then located where the foundry is now on Mill St. His son William bought the place and built the foundry and equipped it and gave it to his father, who, with his son, Charles, ran it for a year, when his son, William, joined them and in 1893, after their father's death, the two sons formed a partnership and continued the business.

The old foundry blower was run by horse power. It was a hand made fan and could be heard roaring for miles. At first the main work was plows and beams, but later furnaces and general cast iron work was added as well as repairing farm machinery and plows. The business grew fast and an extra shop was built for woodwork and 8 to 10 hands were employed the year around, and the manufacture of plows, cutting boxes, horse powers, etc., was carried on.

In 1840 Charles and James Bolton started the Albion subscription library at Bolton's Mills, which was a great boon to the settlers in the district. There were 24 members and about 150 books. The books were mostly history, biography, travel and education with some science, very little fiction—the pioneers assuming to take life a great deal more seriously than the present generation. This library closed in 1860 and the books on hand were divided among its members.

In 1868 The Mechanics Institute was started and a good supply of books bought. Captain Booth was the Librarian. He was our first telegraph operator when the commercial line came through here. His daughter, Sarah, attended the sending and receiving of messages, which were ticked off on a paper tape. He was a very proud man when he learned that his daughter could take messages by ear without consulting the tape. In the 80's the Institute came under the management of David W. Hughes who was appointed librarian. The books were kept in a room at the rear of the store at the corner of Queen and King Streets and it was during Mr. Hughes' term of office that many new books were added and the general usefulness of the library increased. About 1894 the Library name was changed to Bolton Public Library and was moved to the residence of Mr. James Stork whose daughter Nancy had been appointed Librarian. Two rooms of the house were used, the front room for a reading room, with daily and weekly papers as well as local papers on file and a number of current magazines. This room was open every week-day for the use of the public. The room behind it was the Library and was open for the exchange of books every Wednesday and Saturday. Miss Stork was a very efficient Librarian as she interest-

ed herself in the work. During her time of office the greatest membership was obtained, mostly due to her work in getting new members and in having regular meetings of the board of directors to discuss ways and means. The books were shelved under their different headings—Fiction, Adventure, Religion, History, etc., and any book asked for she could find at once if it were in, for she seemed to have a gift for remembering the names of the books and where they were placed. She knew all the members and the sort of book that would suit them and could satisfactorily exchange books for members who could not come and pick for themselves. The place was kept clean and tidy and her taking ways made it a very popular place.

In the sixties and seventies the hotel business made up a lot of the regular trade of the village. There were five hotels for the accommodation of the travelling and drinking public. Each hotel had a dance hall in connection, usually over the driving shed, and the largest room in the house was the bar.

Thomas Curliss had the Albion Hotel, over the bridge at the north. He came here from York State where he had been doing contract work on the Erie Canal. His hotel was patronized mosty by the farmers from the upper part of the township and Adjala. In the fall when the grain was being hauled in to the mill the street on both sides from his place to the foot of the hill would be lined with empty wagons with only road room left for a rig to pass between them. Dinners were served from eleven a.m. to three p.m. Mr. Curliss was very fond of horse racing and kept a trotter of his own.

In 1875 Thomas Curliss captured a monster turtle which had come out of the pond into his garden. It had been taken before as the date "1839" had been cut into its shell. He kept it in a tub, made by cutting a sugar hogshead in two for months and had a new date cut in its shell, but one night some persons upset the tub and the turtle got back to the pond where it probably is yet as turtles have long lives.

Hassards kept the mud brick hotel this side of the river (formerly Sterne's). It stood a little back of where the Enterprise office is now. They did some farmer trade but their principal business was the bar. The stables and sheds were burned down fall fair night in 1872. They made a tremendous blaze, which lighted up the country for miles.

On the opposite side of the street and a little farther south was the Ontario Hotel kept by Mr. McKee, a lame man, and it was noted for serving good meals. Afterwards W. J. Dixon ran it for a number of years, followed by Richard Beamish, J. Squires, T. Linfoot and W. Tedor. Daniel Small, father of Ambrose Small, who so mysteriously disappeared a few years ago, was also proprietor for a time. It was burned down in 1916.

Then came the Exchange Hotel, George Evans, proprietor.

It was a large brick building in the centre of the block on the west side of Queen St. It was much the best and largest hotel here, with large dining room and more bedrooms, as well as sample rooms, and was used by all the commercial men, and also had a large share of the farmers trade as its sheds and stables were large and under the care of James Morrison were kept in first class condition. Jim had a great memory for horses and could tell by looking at any horse in the shed or stable who owned it and where it came from. In 1881 fire destroyed the building, but Mr. Evans rebuilt a much larger and better building. He retired from business, having sold the place to T. D. Elliott, who married Helen, Mr. Evans' youngest daughter. He changed the name to Queens Hotel and continued the business until 1920 (?) when he sold to Floyd Henderson. T. D. did a very large trade outside of the hotel trade; he kept a livery stable with 16 to 20 horses and rigs for hire, ran a bus to the station and a small route up the country and held agencies for buggies, wagons, agricultural implements and cream separators, finally taking the Ford Agency which his son continues. He made a host of good friends and patrons all over the district by his fair and liberal methods of dealing and certainly added a lot to the general business of the village.

The Masonic Arms was on the East corner of King and Queen Sts., where the Imperial Bank is now, and was owned by Wm. Curliss, who in his earlier days had been a stone mason. It was his work that built the stone house on the Edmond Shore farm (now Wakeley's) and several others. His hotel was a quiet place, with a small bar, but he was credited with always serving better brands of liquor than the general run of taverns. After his death the name was changed to Balmoral Hotel and was run by Thomas Gillies for a few years. The cost of living at the hotels was very moderate. Single meals or a bed for a shilling, board by the week, 10 to 12 shillings,, with an appetizer before meals thrown in, coffee for breakfast and tea, beer or water at the other meals. The stable charges were also light, the team overnight cost a shilling if the driver brought his own oats and six if he did not, and when the driving shed only was used to feed up there was not any charge for it. In 1840 drinks cost a penny a glass but in the seventies the price was five cents for a two ounce glass of whiskey or a pint glass of beer, though after the first round or two, smaller sizes where asked for but the price was the same and that was where the big profit came in. If a man got too much he was carried out to the barn and laid on the hay in the box stall to sleep it off if it was summer time; in winter they were laid out in the back room. There was a great deal of drinking, but not so much real drunkeness as one would expect to see. Of course there were always the few regulars who came on purpose and usually managed to get helpless every time they came. Quarrel-

ling was an every-day affair but real fighting did not occur very often, usually on fair nights or after some big days sports. The treating habit was to blame for many of the drunks as it was a general custom for a stranger or a commercial man to treat all hands when he came in and many of the socially inclined farmers did the same, and when there was a bunch of spenders in and no drinks being ordered, the bar tender would invite all hands for a free drink and thus start the ball rolling again. The great blot on the hotel business was that very few of them paid any attention to the laws and regulations for their management. They sold to minors and habitual drunkards. They sold after hours and on Sundays and were pretty sure of not getting caught as the local temperance people would not inform on them and the times of the Inspector's visits were generally known some hours in advance, and many of them were careless about their meals and rooms—counting on making the bar the chief source of income. There were quite a few stills running in out of the way places, which supplied many of the country taverns with whiskey. The general plan was to have a few bottles of duty paid goods on the shelf behind the bar and the "moonshine" out of sight under the counter, and usually the homemade stuff was just as good or a little better than the goods with the government label. Licenses for the year varied in cost according to locality and trade. In Bolton they cost $90, but Macville and Columbia got off with $30. Nearly all hotels had sitting rooms with checkers and dominoes for the amusement of patrons. Very few allowed either dice or cards and then not in public rooms. Very little gambling was carried on, and then only in private rooms or houses. Shooting matches and raffles were common in the fall season and were generally held at or near the hotel and most of the yards had a regular stand for horseshoe and quoit pitching. Dances were put on in the fall and early winter and generally drew a large crowd.

Albion Agricultural Society, the word, "Bolton" being added later, was started in 1857 and a Spring and Fall Show held each year. The Spring Show was discontinued 33 years ago. The horses and cattle were shown on King St., between Mill and James Sts. There were no sidewalks and the south side of the street was used for foot races, egg races and other sports. The Fall Show of grains and vegetables was held in the town hall. Fair days, especially the Fall ones, were busy days for the citizens. The stores did an enormous business as the ladies laid out to do their fall shopping at that time. Hotels and their yards and stables were filled for a couple of days and nights and nearly every private house had their country cousins and friends visiting. Hotel prices were small, six pence for a meal or a bed, and good whiskey one penny a glass or a shilling a gallon if you wanted to take some home with you.

Later, grounds were purchased at the top of the "plank" hill, and still later, in 1898, another field was added to the grounds and the present track laid out and grandstand and hall erected.

The following is a list of presidents and secretaries since the Society was established: Presidents—Charles Barrett, 1857 to 1866; Wm. Rogers, 1867; Joseph Newlove, 1868; George Verner, 1869; Jas. Wolfe, 1870; Wm. Dick, 1871 & 1872; Alex. McCabe, 1873 to 1877; Isaac Wilson, 1878 & 1879; A. Dodds, 1880; W. S. Buist, 1881 & 1882; Thos. Colley, 1883 to 1889; Thos. Swinarton, 1890 to 1892; Robert Burton, 1893 to 1895; Richard F. Ruston, 1896 to 1904; James Ruston, 1905 to 1907; Alsey Norton, 1908 & 1909; William Little, 1910 to 1912; George McKenzie, 1913; George Downey, 1914 & 1915; James W. Maw, 1916 & 1917; D. B. Kennedy, 1918; Alex. Goodfellow, 1919; Bert Mellow, 1920 & 1921; W. K. Westlake, 1922 & 1923; Wm. Goodfellow, 1924 & 1925; Wilton E. Downey, 1926 & 1927; M. J. Kehoe, 1928 & 1929; O. H. Downey, 1930 & 1931.

Secretaries—Thomas Swinarton, 1857 to 1859; L. R. Bolton, 1860; J. F. Warbrick, 1861 to 1863; L. R. Bolton, 1864 to 1871; S. A. Walford, 1872 to 1879; Robert Evans, 1880 to 1882; S. A. Walford, 1883 to 1893; F. N. Leavens, 1894 to 1905; Oliver W. Extence, 1906; F. N. Leavens, 1907 to 1927; W. J. McCabe, 1928 to 1931.

Queen St. was about three feet lower than it is now—mostly a mud road but some corduroy when you got near the bridge. The bridge across the pond was built on cedar piles about 10 feet apart driven into the river bed with a pile-driver. Heavy timbers were laid crosswise on top of them and then four rows of still heavier beams laid lengthwise, to which the 20 ft. 3 inch plank that made the cover was spiked. A 4x4 scantling at each side supported by three ft. posts formed the railing and the approach was a short, steep grade. Six foot plank sidewalks were laid on both sides of the street and verandahs of all sizes and styles were built in front of most of the stores and hotels, the outside posts of which were placed outside of the sidewalk and were used a lot to tie the horses to. They got pretty well chewed up, some of them so near through that they had to be replaced with new ones. There was also a row of hitching posts, about four feet high with tie rings placed about a foot from the sidewalk on the street. Any busy day would see the street lined with teams and wagons with the horses tied to the posts.

There was an odd covered buggy, a few open buggies and a few light spring wagons in the lines, but the heavy farm wagon was mostly in evidence. Most of the verandahs were kept well painted with the name of the dealer and what he sold painted in large letters on a broad panel under the eve. The residences that stood back a little from the street had flowers, rose bushes and flowering shrubs growing in front of them, and a nice little board or gravel walk leading into the front door. So you see it was not a bad looking street even then, though the side ditch have a good

crop of weeds and grass. The store floors were a pretty muddy mess in wet weather but scrubbers and cleaners were easily got.

There were a few money lenders here, the lenders getting from 8 to 40 per cent for a loan, the rate being whatever could be squeezed out of a borrower or how urgent was his need of the money. There were no banks here so the bulk of the surplus money was carried around in the bosses' pocket or hid in the house till such time as it could be banked in the city.

The piles of the old bridge, referred to above, in the centre of the stream, had much to do in causing the river to overflow during the spring freshets. Something over forty years ago the old bridge was replaced by a steel structure on stone abutments, this in turn being superseded by the present steel and concrete bridge. Speaking of the Queen Street bridge recalls an incident which took place during the troublous days preceding the Mackenzie rebellion. The Grits were holding a meeting in a blacksmith shop when the Tories appeared on the scene and after breaking up the meeting drove the Grits over the bridge and out of town. Meeting a number of their friends from the Lloydtown district near Coventry who were on their way to attend the meeting they returned to town and were met by their opponents on the same bridge. A regular melee took place in which many hard blows were struck, one man being thrown over the railing into the river. The men of those days took their politics seriously.

By order of the Albion Council a survey and map of the village of Bolton was made by C. J. Wheelock, P.L.S. This map left many of the streets unnamed and some errors in measurements, so after the village was incorporated in 1872 and Glasgow taken in as part of the village, a new survey and map was ordered by the council and J. N. Bolton, P.L.S., was engaged to do the work. The council renamed some of the streets and gave names to some of the others. William S. Buist owned the Glasgow saw mill and woollen mill and named the main street there Ormistone St., after his son, and the two other streets were called Ellen and Frances after his wife and sister. The Glasgow Road on the original plan started from King St. at Thos. Curliss' Corner and ran west to Shore's farm house (now Roy Hesp's) and then turned north till it struck the hill road out of the village, but the old road leaving Hickman St. before crossing the river and keeping on the east and north side of the river had been made a good gravel road so the surveyed road was never opened for traffic.

The name of the east end of Glasgow road was changed to Hickman St., a compliment Dr. Hickman, whose residence and office were situated there, and except for the log house of Hugh Johnston was the only house on it. The street ran to the edge of the Shore farm and when Tom Dick put in the dam the street connecting it and Glasgow road was called Dick Street. Lockville St. (named after Sir L. Lockville) ran north from King St., west

along the top of the hill and down to the Glasgow road, but it never was opened, although still used in conveyancing as a boundary. Temperance St., from the old mud brick Temperance Hall on King St., to Slancey St., in front of the W. Dick foundry, was the next street east and then Ann St. (after Ann Sterne), which brings us down to Queen St., the principal street of the village. Sterne St. (after Wm. Sterne) runs from Temperance to Queen. East of Queen we have Water St. on the Warbrick property, south of the old tannery, not now open; then Mill St. from Queen to the old mills and then south to King St., for 40 years one of the busiest streets of the place.

Next comes Chapel St. (the Primitive Methodist Chapel stood on the corner) from King St., east, to Mill St.; then Elm St. (because of the big elms that grew on it). South of King St., west we have Jane, Blanche and Nancy Streets (Jas. Stork being in the Council these streets were named after his daughters), and William St., near the old station, named in honor of King William. South of King St., East, we have Willow St., (because so many large willow trees were growing there) from Queen St. to James St. Then east on King we have David St. (in memory of David Norton, a councillor whose brick and tile yards were at the south end of the St.). Then comes James St. (after James Bolton) from King, east, to Hemlock St. (on account of the big hemlocks that stood there then) not open; then John St. (after John Bolton) from King, east, to Victoria. Albert St. (after Prince Consort Albert) past the present school from James St. to King and Victoria St. (after the Queen) past the old school.

There was very little cash used except at the hotels, as the general custom was trade or credit. The credits usually ran from Oct. 1st in one year to the same date in the next when settlements were expected to be made. The trade was mostly butter, eggs, poultry, dried salt pork, dried apples, beans, hay, oats and cordwood. The butter came in large 5 to 10 lb. rolls and first or fifth class all got about the same price—10 to 12 cents per lb. Eggs were 8 and 10 cents a dozen and good dressed chickens brought 20 to 25 cents a pair. Most of the stores had a large butter table and mixer in the cellar and once a week or so the boss and the junior clerk camped there for a few hours, sorting out the butter into two classes, good and bad, and packing it into 25 lb. ash butter tubs. The good was shipped to the city wholesale store and the bad to some firm that manuactured axle grease. Generally speaking the butter trade was a losing game for the storekeeper. Sometimes a large roll would have a veneer of good butter over a roll of very poor stuff and once we bought at Shield's store a seven pound roll with a four-pound stone in the middle. Mr. Shields could not remember who he got it from, so had to stand the loss.

Some of the stores had a keg in the back room where a good

customer could be given a drink or two to put him in buying humor.

Six blacksmiths, seven shoemakers and five merchant tailors had shops here and were kept pretty busy all the time, as ready-mades were not on the market then.

Everybody kept a dog or two and some of the merchants had big ones that were shut in the store at closing time to guard the place. Many of the stores had a back entrance to the warehouse where a farmer could drive up and load up the heavy goods—a barrel of salt, a barrel or bag of sugar, a half barrel of syrup, a 50 lb. chest of tea, and so on. The farmers from any distance only got to the store three or four times a year and so had to buy in large quantities. Some only came twice a year, in the fall, when they brought their grain to the mill and in the spring before the sleighing broke up.

Daddy and Mammy Hog (I never heard them called anything else, so do not know their names) lived in a little log house on Mill St., and were about the oldest residents. They were very fond of children and we youngsters got very fond of them for we never went to see them but we were rewarded with cookies or candy. The old lady grew wonderful hollyhocks in her garden, seven or eight feet high, and covered with flowers which made her place a show place in the season—Daddy smoked a clay pipe and put in a great deal of his time fishing in the pond.

When Bolton Band is giving an open air concert frequently an elderly gentlemen of quiet demeanor may be noticed on the outskirts of those assembled. Hands locked behind (said to be the posture of a thoughtful person), he is evidently giving the players the "once over." Meet this mysterious gentleman—David W. Hughes—the leader of Bolton's first citizens' band. When the band was organized in May 18, 1885, Mr. Hughes was appointed leader, a position he held until he removed to Toronto some years later. The first march-out took place on June 20, 1885, one month after organization. Mr. Hughes obtained his early musical training in the choir and band of the "Children of Peace," as the followers of David Willson, of Sharon, were known. He has never lost his interest in bands. The names of those composing the band at the time of its organization were: H. H. Bolton, Fred Bolton, S. H. Northcot, John T. Beamish, Charles E. Plummer, David W. Hughes, Mr. Duffy (barber), John Noble, Job Hughes, Joseph Taylor, Mr. Weatherspoon, Wm. G. Beamish, Robert Russell, George Brown and Harry Elliott. Later leaders of the band were John Wood, who came from Lloydtown, John T. Galvin, and our own Jimmy McDonald who is now at the head of the band. The band has had its ups and downs but has always been liberally dealt with by the council in the way of grants.

True Blue Lodge, A. F. & A.M., No. 98, is Bolton's oldest secular organization. Just when the first Masonic lodge was started in

Bolton is not clear. What was known as Western Light Lodge No. 13 (note the unlucky 13) was brought here from Lloydtown and had previously been functioning at Aurora or at some place on Yonge Street. In the middle 50's a number of the members of Western Light withdrew and received dispensation to start a new lodge to be known as True Blue Lodge. In 1858 it received its charter from the grand lodge, the following being the charter members: William Graham, Worshipful Master; Robert Dick, James Murray, Turpin Culham, Gabriel Gilmore and William Morris. William Curliss was the first member initiated in True Blue. Western Light Lodge continued to function for a number of years, both it and True Blue being represented at the convocation of Grand Lodge in 1867, but the charter was finally turned in to Grand Lodge the last member locally being Robert Elliott. At first the meetings of True Blue were held in an upper room of the "Masonic Arms" Hotel. Later a lot between the Anglican and Methodist churches was secured and a frame hall erected. This building was later bricked and still later a basement was placed underneath. True Blue enjoys the distinction of being the best furnished lodge in the district. The furniture is of solid walnut, beautifully upholstered the hangings and other furniture being of a quality seldom seen in lodges in the country. An oil painting of William Graham, the first master hangs at the right of the Master's chair.

The dogs were the worst nuisance we had. There were such a lot of them, and very few good ones, and the racket they raised both day and night was awful. There was one, a very cross big brindle bulldog that nearly everybody feared and disliked. It belonged to the old man Walford and was at his heels wherever he went. The old man often went to the mill and would travel over all of its five flats, like an inspector, and the dog with him. The top flat, where the wooden elevators were made and broken barrels repaired, had a light trap door that shut down over the stair head to keep out the dust, and one day when three of the men were working there, the old man and dog paid them a visit. The dog was busy somewhere else and the old man got down the stair far enough to close the trap door before the dog missed him. One of them opened the end door which was about 40 feet from the ground and tried to scare the dog out, but he ran everywhere else and finally got wedged between two elevator pipes and the harder he struggled the faster he was held. There was an old tin kettle up there and the men put a stone or two in it and lashed it to the dog's tail before they put a board under him from behind and raised him high enough to jump loose. The first thump of the kettle scared him and he rushed straight for and out the door. The wind was knocked out of him when he lit but he was not much hurt for he was up and away in a few minutes, full speed for

home. It was a cruel trick to play on the dog but it did some good, too, as he never left his own yard afterwards.

Laurel Hill Cemetery Company was organized at a meeting held in the town hall on March 27th, 1893. At this meeting the presiding officer was Bryan Dowling; A. Dodds, secretary, and Andrew McFall, treasurer. Provisional directors appointed were Charles Jaffary, Albert S. Rutherford, William Dick, E. A. Jaffary, Robert Burton, Dr. David Bonnar, Henry A. Rutherford, Andrew A. McFall, A. Dodds. At a subsequent meeting the appointment of these directors was confirmed and the following officers appointed: President, Henry A. Rutherford; A Dodds, Secretary; Andrew A. McFall, Treasurer. Land was purchased from Samuel Stewart, and a waiting room and a mortuary erected, driveways were laid out and a start made to provide a non-sectarian cemetery for the village and district. The outstanding feature of the early days of the cemetery was the vast amount of gratis work done by the people of the district in grading the grounds and driveways. This was continued for years, trees were planted, fences and a foot bridge built across the ravine, until the whole presents an appearance of unrivalled beauty, a lasting monument to the foresight of those men who conceived and gave so unstintingly of their energy to make a resting place for the bodies of generations still unborn. I cannot do better than quote the lines of Annie McKinley who so aptly describes the scene:

A vale of beauty circles 'round
The City of the Dead.
A hundred shades of restful green,
Wild berries growing red
Conceal thy rugged steppes, where frisk
The creatures of the wood;
The feathered folk flit through the leaves
And rear their hungry brood.
We hear them chant their evening hymn—
A requiem to the dead.
Then silence reigns on Laurel Hill;
The sky glows golden-red.

The sunset kisses Laurel Hill
And turns to burnished gold,
The granites, marking each dear spot
Where lies the sacred mould.
A silent soldier guards the gate;
The sun has crowned his head;
We see the crosses, row on row,
Among the poppies red.
Now sleepy birds are nestling close
Beneath the maple's leaves

That whisper tender lullabies,
Stirred by a fresh'ning breeze.

The evergreens a darker shade
Cast o'er the emerald sward;
The weeping birches, silver-white,
Like mournful ghosts stand guard;
The Persian lilacs, purple, white,
Breathe forth their fragrance sweet;
Syringas tell us of the bride,
Adorned her Lord to meet;
The snowballs hang their heavy heads;
The honeysuckle tree
Holds out its cups of nectar rare
To tempt the honey-bee.

Ah, yonder, Venus, Evening Star,
Gleams o'er the dying Sun—
Bright harbinger of life and love
When Earth's brief day is done.

1924 —*Dorlinda.*

The village road staff for 25 years or more consisted of two men, Michael Galvin and James Henderson. They repaired the roads, bridges and sidewalks and laid all the new plank sidewalks that were put down. Most of the walks were 4 ft. wide. Stringers of 4x4 scantling were bedded and graded, piles of 2 in. plank were cut into length with a crosscut saw, and were then laid across the stringers. Then Mike started the 5 inch spikes in the planks and Jim followed and drove them home with an axe. They never seemed to be working hard but at the day's end could show more and better laid walk than 3 or 4 ordinary men would have done. Jim said it was because they had the "know how" and I guess that was the secret. The usual pay was $1 per day.

One prominent citizen of the village from 1878 to 1900 that I should have mentioned before was S. J. Snell, Druggist and Postmaster, a good business man, member of the School Board, Council and Reeve. His home and drug store on Queen St. was wiped out in the big fire of 1886. He then bought the stock of J. Stork and moved over to his corner till he got a new store and residence built on the old site, which later was bought by H. Shoemaker who sold to C. E. Chambers.

His son, Dr. Arthur Snell, was a very prominent member of the medical corps during the whole of the great war. He was a captain in the permanent force when he left here, but was soon promoted and became a Lt. Colonel and A.D.M.S. of the 3rd division and later was made D.D.M.S. of the whole Canadian Medical Corps.

Athletics played a big part in the life of the young men of the village in the old days, and our boys were able to hold their own with all comers. Running and jumping were very popular. Among those who excelled in these were Jim Middleton and Jim Lundy. Of course there were others but as no records were kept their prowess is lost to the present generation. In 1874 a youth came to town from his father's farm in King who in later years proved Bolton's best all round athlete. His name was Harry Sheardown. He served his apprenticeship in Dick's foundry and continued in the same shop for many years. In foot races, jumping, putting the shot, etc., he had few equals. Alsey Norton and some of the other boys might beat him out in one of the jumps but Harry generally came back next time with something better. For years he attended the Caledonian games in Toronto and also the sports at the neighboring towns and was always able to come home with a good share of the prizes. In lacrosse and baseball he was also a star player, and although advancing years stopped his career as an athlete his interest in the sports of the day has never waned.

Bolton organized a baseball team in 1884 which had a good record. D. W. Hughes was the secretary-treasurer of this organization. In 1885 they won many matches—at Alton on May 25; June 3, Bolton 46, Nobleton 16; July 10, Bolton 71, Brampton 9; Aug. 5, they piled up a score of 18 runs against Toronto's crack team, the Athletics, who secured only one run; Sept. 10, Bolton 53, Tottenham 14; Sept. 22, Bolton 24, Aurora 4. That same year they toured the towns east of Toronto for a week, going as far as Cobourg. They won fifty percent of the games, but made the fatal mistake of taking only one battery along—Harry Sheardown as pitcher and Alsey Norton behind the bat. Playing every day was too much for even these hardened players. Those were the days of real ball—none of your girls' game of soft ball. The curved ball had not come into vogue at that time. Harry's straight balls would hurtle over the plate at the speed of a cannon ball, and it was a good man who could stand behind the bat for any length of time. No mask, glove or chest protector was worn and many of the boys had bones broken in their hands in trying to hold them. Mr. Hughes has the records of the old ball team and to him we are indebted for particulars. The names of the old players were: Tom Barons, blacksmith; Samuel J. Snell, druggist and postmaster; —Jessop, principal of the school; Roxy Wilcox, tinsmith, with Doig; George Reid, miller; Alsey and Dave Norton, brickmakers; Harry Sheardown, mechanic; D. W. Hughes, merchant, and Tom Vance. If report is true this was as hardy a bunch of ball players as ever went onto a field.

There was also a younger set of athletes which should be mentioned. Jack (now Dr. J. C.) Warbrick made a name for himself in his college days, touring England with an all-star

Canadian football team and later with a lacrosse team. His brother, J. F., was also a prominent lacrosse player, being a member of the Excelsiors, of Brampton, for some years. He was considerable of a sprinter and after the games were over at a Dominion Day celebration here one time he was matched against an outsider by his friends for a big wager. The race took place on the main street of the town and Warbrick outdistanced his competitor. His father, who had been counselling his son not to enter into contests of this kind, was the most excited spectator of the contest which he watched from behind a drawn blind in one of the stores.

Then there were Jack and Fred Dowling who learned the game of lacrosse with the local team and afterwards played, the former with the Dufferins, of Orangeville, then one of the best teams in the Province. Fred Scott, a tailor lad, should not be overlooked, and Arthur Snell made a reputation for himself on the old Torontos. Many other names might be mentioned of young men who brought honor to the town in the games played. The game of hockey was of a later date and some other person will have to record their prowess, but without boasting I am confident in asserting that Bolton down through all the years has an honorable record in the matter of sports.

Many years ago one of the local hotelkeepers proposed to a number of young men that if they would provide the fowl he would furnish the whiskey and they would have a blow-out after he closed his hotel at the brick kiln. The young fellows secured the fowl, which were cooked by rolling them (feathers and all) in a layer of clay and cooking them in the intense heat of the kiln. This is a primitive method of cooking fowl, followed by our ancient forefathers and is still used by people in some parts of this world. When mine host arrived with the drinkable the fowl were taken from the kiln, the hardened clay removed and the fowl were found to be done to a turn. Their appetites whetted by the liquor, the feast proceeded, during which the hotelkeeper exclaimed: "By japers, the man who fed those chickens knew how to feed chickens." He was not so well pleased next morning when he found half a dozen of his prize-winning pullets missing.

I have not made mention of the tradesmen, but in 1860 and '70 they formed a good part of the community. The shoemakers as far back as I remember, were John Clark in the log house at the corner of Queen and Sterne Sts.; Jim Middleton on King St., East; John Friar on King, West; Wm. Norris on King, East, and John Bell, Village Treasurer, on Queen St. These were followed by Robert Elliott, S. Quale, Dudley Smith and Robert Wallace.

Blacksmiths—P. Rogers on Queen St.; James Wolfe, corner of Mill and Queen; T. Lundy, East on Mill St.; Wm. Segsworth, opposite the Mill, and later George Coates, Wm. James and Hugh

Kennedy.

Merchant and Custom Tailors were Thomas Mills, Joseph Wilson, Thomas Cooper, C. A. Martin, all on the East side of Queen St., later J. J. Wadsworth, E. Cummings and Charles Duke.

The early carpenters were the Callahan Bros., S. Bolton, W. C. Hughes, J. Elliott, Mat Hardwick, T. Sanderson, J. Brocklebank, and later John Cairns and Andrew Noble.

Wagon Makers—T. Lundy, Kit Postill and G. Murch and later W. Seymour and A. Dodds.

Brick and Stone Masons—H. Burnett, Wm. Curliss, John Armstrong, followed by C. Longbottom, Henry Black, Jos. Strong and Wm. Hurd.

Harness Makers—John Harper, Chas. Sheldrake, E. Jackson and later W. J. Dixon, D. Pearcy and T. Linfoot.

Butchers—John Tindale, J. Beamish, Wm. Smith, Wm. Coates followed by D. A. Kennedy, J. K. McEwen and H. A. Rutherford.

After the close of the Crimean War, when the prices of everything were greatly inflated, Bolton experienced its first and only land boom. Real estate went to high prices. The men of Bolton who had a little money got the speculating fever, much as the men of a recent generation, their operations being generally confined to the Village of Nunnville, a suburb to the east of the Village. The speculators got a great kick out of their buying and selling, the lots selling as high as $350. Fences were erected, a house or two were erected, but the boom burst and the lots were sacrificed for a mere nothing and reverted to farm lands. Old Jack Wilson, something of a character, was the last resident of the district. He lived in a small house where the village "dump" now is and was known for years as the "Mayor of Nunnville."

In 1865 the Mill owner thought there would be some easy money made in fattening pigs with millwaste and as there was room between the mill and the river he built a large pig pen and yard there close to King St. and fed a couple of hundred pigs there all the time. It was an awful place for smells. People driving in held their noses from the Nunnville hill till they got to James St. The nuisance was put up with for three years, but the complaints from the nearby residents and the general public, to the Albion Council were so numerous and threatening that the Council ordered the pens to be removed. There were always some restless pigs that broke out and one pair were a special nuisance as they always headed for C. Bolton's garden and setting the dog on them was very little use as they would be back almost as soon as the dog. One day two of the boys and the dog headed off the pair and chased them over the high bank above the deep hole. They swam out but in some way managed to cut their throats with their hoofs. They bled pretty freely, but were able to get back to the pen but bled to death soon after. Of course nobody knew what had happened to them.

BOLTON — SOME HISTORY AND EVENTS

Dr. W. A. McFall, of Toronto, has kindly favored me with the following notice of Dr. W. H. Dalton, also a copy of a doctor's bill in 1844. Its moderate rate and easy "anything you have" method for payment is certainly a wonder when compared with the doctor's bill of today.

Albion

John Godbolt,
1844 To J. Allenby, Surgeon, Dr.

	£	s	d
Aug. 11 To Journey, etc., for family	1,	10,	
Aug. 15, To Blister and powder (sons)			1,6
Oct. 9, To Powders for wife and daughter			2,6
Oct. 9, To Cough Syrup			2,6
	£1,	16,6	
Deduct for 4½ lbs. ham @ 5d			6,½
	£1,	10,5½	

(Settled Jan. 1845)

J. H. Smith.

Sir,—

I beg to send in your account that you may have a chance, if it suit you, of paying to Mr. Smith, storekeeper, in wheat, pork or any other thing, or if you prefer paying the amount in cash I will call at your house about Jan. 15th, 1845.

John Allenby.

Dr. William Henry Dalton was born in Newfoundland in 1811. He worked in his father's printing office till he was twenty and then took up medicine under Dr. King, of Toronto, and five years later got his license to practise from the Upper Canada Medical Board. He married Susan, daughter of James Warbrick, of Bolton, in 1842 and in 1859 moved to Bolton where he practised until 1875 when he moved to Toronto, dying there in 1890. He had a very large practice here and was made coroner for the Township. Two of his sons, Bob and Ad., were great leaders of sport in their school days here, being good all round athletes and as full of mischief as boys of that age could be. I think it was Bob put the cayenne pepper on the old school stove on examination day. Jack was younger and more of a student. He later graduated as a land surveyor and civil engineer and still comes here occasionally to do some surveying and call on old friends.

The Doctor lived in the last house on the north side of King St., West, and his orchard and garden ran back to the top of Pearcey's hill and was enclosed by a high picket fence. His hobby was growing musk melons and he certainly grew a lot of the very finest and they, with the best of fall apples, tempted some three or four of the boys every fall to do some "hooking." They had a picket pried off the fence and watching their chance one night when the folk were away stole in and filled their pockets

and blouses with apples and carried two or three melons apiece in their arms, but getting down the hill was a big job as it was covered with wild grass and very slippery; first one fellow would slip and a melon would drop and go full tilt down the hill; then another, so by the time they got to the foot there would be three or four busted melons around. These were devoured on the spot and the rest and the apples were carried to the den and stored for future consideration. The den was an old unused stable back at the river with a supply of old boxes for seats and a half stable door on top of a barrel for a table. A few clay pipes and a greasy euchre deck were hid away there too and many a wet Saturday afternoon was spent there learning to smoke and play cards and incidentally to practise a few swear words. It was a usual thing for one or more to have to leave pretty sick before the session was over for the tobacco, even when mixed with dried mullen leaves, was a very strong dose for a boy's stomach.

One night in the fall of 1859 there was a special celebration as one of the boys had got hold of a few bottles of beer, others brought bread, buns and cold ham which, together with the stored fruit on hand, made a "never to be forgotten" feast, after which pipes and cards were brought out. Everybody carried matches. They were the old fashioned kind, a block of pine ¾ inch square and 1¼ inches long, split down three parts of their length and covered with a brown paper cap on the lighting end; pretty good matches, too, and when you wanted one it was easily split the rest of the way. The party broke up about ten o'clock. The next day the old building was seen to be on fire, but too late to save it. There was no investigation. "Them were the days."

Monday, September 5, 1881, will go down in history and be known as 'The Dark Day.' Remembrance of the day will never be effaced from the memory of those who lived at that time. In the middle of the afternoon it began to get dark, caused by the smoke from forest fires in Michigan. People became alarmed; some thought the end of the world had come. Teachers could not carry on their work in the schools and were afraid to let their charges start for home. Lamps were lighted in the homes and stores; threshing operations were stopped on the farms and traffic on the railways came to a standstill. Switch and semaphore lights had not been lit so dispatchers cancelled all trains for a time. Travellers on the roads found it impossible to proceed and some farmers were reported to have wandered for hours in their own fields. Consternation was depicted on the faces of many people and some fell to their knees and prayed to be delivered from the mysterious darkness. Next morning conditions were normal. This condition prevailed throughout Ontario and in several of the States of the Union. The darkness was due to the forest fires which swept over large areas of the State of Michigan. Much bush and several villages were destroyed, the

counties of Huron, Sanalac and Tuscolo being particularly hard hit. This was fifty years ago and even yet we occasionally hear old men refer to "The Dark Day."

I am getting to the end of my reminiscences and I am told that I have missed many things that I should have told about the Village, but I could only tell what I knew or remembered, so it is very probable that I have missed more than I have written. I think it would be a good move if someone else would write up the Village history after the eighties as I was away from here a great deal of the time from 1872 to 1893 and I know very little about the Village doings during that period. Mr. Leavens tells me that the files of The Enterprise are intact from 1888, and anyone can refer to them to get the chief events from that time and it would certainly make interesting reading for our own people here and away.

If I have interested my readers half as much as I have been interested myself in making these notes, I have done as well as I expected. There were many other stories that might have been added but as friends and relatives of the families are still living their publication would not be advisable.

A great deal of the credit for these papers should be given to Mr. Leavens of The Enterprise for his help in looking up notes, arranging, managing and editing the whole matter—in fact it was his suggestion and persuading that got me started on the job and the only regret I have in closing it is that there are so few of the old timers left to talk over the old days with.

—James H. Bolton, 1931.